East and West

VOL-17, Part-1

1918

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XVII. JANUARY 1918 No. 195.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

The year 1917.

Another Christmas has come and gone and it has brought no peace to the groaning world. The year just over has witnessed the fall of many historic cities. The victorious British armies now occupy the city of the Arabian Nights and the town around which raged great battles between the Crescent and the Cross. King Constantine no more rules the ancient isles of Greece. The mighty Czar, who at one time was affectionately called 'Little Father' by his people was compelled to abdicate the throne. Russia, like France a hundred years ago, is in a state of chaos and in search of its soul. The world has entered on :—

"A long, long course of darkness, doubts and fears
The heart sick faintness of the hope delayed
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears.

And through it all the hand of God is working to enthrone righteousness and justice between man and man, and between nations great and small.

World in Agony.

The agony of the unhappy day is only relieved by brave and wonderful deeds, and the heroic endurance of our soldiers, sailors and airmen on land and sea and in the air, in all the far flung battlefields of the world, and brave and wonderful suffering of the bereaved mothers, wives and fathers at home. The determination of Great Britain to fight on till the world is made safe for democracy remains unchanged. The "Potsdam Priesthood's" incantations have failed to change the will or the purpose of the allied nations, who recognise that a German peace will not ensure the peaceful progress of mankind and only serve as a prelude to another war.

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A United Empire.

The differences of caste and creed, class and colour have disappeared within the Empire to meet the common peril. And out of evil God will bring forth good. Already a higher consciousness is bringing recognition of the unity of the human race and banishing lunacy. Never before have democratic ideals been so frankly, so persistently and so boldly championed by English statesmen who guide the destinies of half the world, The coming in of America to take part in the Great War of human liberation is the greatest triumph of British statesmanship. Germany affected to laugh as one by one small neutral States fell off from her; she can laugh no more now; her growing isolation is approaching completion.

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Side Shows.

On the Western Front Germany still holds her own. Russia has gone out, while America has not fully come in, and German armies in the Western Front have been reinforced from the East. The situation in Italy is not

without its dangers, but elsewhere the skies are clear. British forces in various parts of Asia and Europe have been slowly going forward and establishing control. The importance of these small expeditions is overshadowed by great events happening nearer home. It is forgotten that the British Empire has been built up by such 'side shows.' At the final casting up of accounts it is these expeditions that will tilt the scale in our favor.

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India.

India has played a worthy part in the world war and is determined to share to the full the burdens of the Empire, which is uniting men of diverse races and creeds into a nation, holding forth promise of future fulfilment. There has been a certain amount of political unrest but it is a sign of health rather than of ill health. The heart of India is sound and loyal to the core. The desire for constitutional reforms which has found expression, proclaims the faith of Indians of all shades of opinion in the ultimate victory of British arms, and gives voice to a legitimate aspiration that India should take its proper place in the Commonwealth of the Empire. There could be no higher test of the loyalty of India than the fact that even in these dark days it is seeking paths to social progress and responsible Government as a member of the British Empire. Says the Indian "If we are to take an equal seat with the representatives of Self-Governing countries we must also learn to govern in the school of Self-Government and share in the councils out of which responsibility grows.

Local Self-Government.

It is said India must begin with Local Self-Government and work its way up slowly. Let us look back and see how Local Self-Government has been fostered in the past. As early as 1833 provision for the future Legislative Council was made, but no move was made in the direction of Local Self-Government till 1864, just 31 years after. No legislation was undertaken till 1870 to place the policy of Local Self-Government on a sound legal footing. Thus the top was being got ready long before the details of foundation were settled, and yet the complaint is that Indian reforms are top heavy.

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Lord Ripon's Resolution.

It was not till 1882 that Lord Ripon issued his famous resolution. He laid it down, "That it is not uncommonly asserted that the people of this country are themselves entirely indifferent to the principle of Self-Government, that they take but little interest in public matters and that they prefer such affairs managed for them by Government officers. The Governor-General in Council does not attach much value to this theory. The Governor-General in Council has no hesitation in stating his conviction that the only reasonable plan open to Government is to induce the poeple themselves to undertake, as far as may be, the management of their own affairs; and to develop or create if need be, a capacity for self-help in respect of all matters that have not for imperial reasons, to be retained in the hands of representatives of Government." Lord Ripon forced the pace and enunciated the principles:—

(*a*) "The plan of Municipal Government in the cities and towns should be maintained and extended as far as possible.

(*b*) The area of jurisdiction of Local Boards should be so small as to ensure both local knowledge and local interest on the part of each of the members.

(*c*) There should be a large preponderance of non-official members in both classes of Boards.

(*d*) Both with regard to Municipal Committees and Local Boards, official control should be exercised from without rather than from within. The function of Government should be to revise and check their acts and not to dictate them.

(*e*) Non-officials should wherever practicable, be Chairmen: but if an official became Chairman he should not in that capacity have a vote.

(*f*) Local Boards should have the entire control over the proceeds of all local rates and cesses levied within their jurisdiction for their own special purposes."

Unhappily Lord Ripon left this country before his term, and the task of giving effect to his schemes was left to his successors, who did not support his policy. Lord Ripon was genuinely anxious to start India on the promised road to Self-Government by giving local control but very little has been done to educate the Boards by giving them both the initiative and the responsibility. Sir Rivers Thompson, it is true suggested the formation of Local Government Boards. "The Times" published the suggestion prematurely and the India Office promptly set it aside. Then followed a policy of stagnation. The percentage of elected members

in Municipal bodies at the close of the year 1893-94 (Lord Lansdowne) was 51·6 per cent. while at at the close of 1903-04 (Lord Curzon) it was 49·7. With regard to local bodies for the corresponding period the figures were 51·4 and 41·0.

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Decentralisation Commission.

The Decentralisation Commission undertook the examination of the working of the Local Self-Government and made certain recommendations which were more or less endorsed by the Government of India's Resolution of 28th April, 1915. In a table the number of Municipalities was shown as totalling 695 of which 222 had elected non-officials as Chairmen, 248 elected officials, 51 nominated non-officials and 174 nominated officials. But no information was given as to how many of these Municipalities enjoyed the privilege of elected majority. Was this a conscious omission or a mere unconscious oversight? If we may supply the omission in the year 1915-16 there were about 700 Municipalities of whom about 400 had an elected majority and 200 had non-official Chairmen. Out of this only 180 Municipalities had both an elected majority and elected non-official Chairmen. In 1915-16 there were about 200 District Boards out of which about 80 had elected majority and only 15 had non-official Chairmen. Similarly the number of Local Boards was about 500 of which 180 had elected majority and 45 had non-official Chairmen.

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The Coming Instalment.

What ought to have been given long ago is about to be conceded now. It is said that the principle of elected Boards by common consent has been accepted and will find a place in Mr. Montagu's reform scheme. But if Local Self-Government is to make any headway every

Province ought to have its Local Government Board to control and guide the local bodies. At present there is no popular constituted central authority entirely responsible for the progress of Local Self-Government in this country. The control by an Executive member of a Local Government exercised through the Secretariat will be opposed to the spirit of Local Self-Government.

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India in Transition.

In recent years there has arisen an enormous aggregate of opinions, sentiments, beliefs and prejudices. People are awakening to the economic incongruities and incorrigible caste traditions, under which a whole people have been labouring and disintegrating. Ideas of all kinds have been dissolving the influence of time honoured traditions and engendering a new spirit, born of the union of East and West and the demands of human nature. Dramas of English romance have touched the imagination of men who yesterday were bound fast with limitations without number. India has not escaped being influenced by the changes which have invaded the world. There are two opposing movements in conflict with each other working towards the making of new India. The first is a disorganising movement owing to the break-up of old institutions and beliefs, the second is a movement towards a definite social state broad based on principles of equality, justice and individual freedom. "In the flux of time change alone has the appearance of permanancy," said Iqbal the great poet of the Punjab and India is changing. The question that arises is how is this crisis in Indian affairs to be met? The answer is that all new movements move on the spiritual as well as the temporal plane. On the spiritual plane it is only great ideas of human freedom which can influence and

guide society. This implies that men who have the power to influence thought should be associated with the Government. The great rulers of the East, in the patronage of art and learning, found the strength of their rule. In the temporal plane the situation could be met by the distribution of power and the creation of institutions in response to the call of the new times, to promote happiness and knowledge, the end for which all Governments are formed.

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The Danger.

The only danger that darkens the future is the absence of mutual understanding and comprehension between the rulers and the ruled. God has brought them to work together and yet they are drawing no nearer. The men in the services are human and resent strongly the criticism which is showered on them without a word of praise. The Indian publicist resents no less that those who yesterday proclaimed the ideals which he now seeks to realise are opposed to his aspirations. Such misunderstandings often breed bitterness and have already done great harm. The vital difference between public men and men in office is that while the official confines his faith within the region of established facts, the publicists anticipate a time when the endeavour of the best minds would raise the ideal of public weal to such a pre-eminence that all right-minded men will co-operate in serving the best interests of the country.

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The English Official.

In the dust-storm of words there is a risk of the services which Englishmen in India have rendered and are rendering being ignored. Indeed the eye is fixed so much on the shortcomings of the administration that its achievements

are hardly spoken of. India owes a deep debt of gratitude to men who give the best years of their lives to the country and cherish no other dream but to promote the best interests of India. They face famine and plague without murmur, harness rivers, and make deserts blossom. They administer law without fear or favour, spending weary days, away from those whom they love, in remote districts, maintaining peace and order content in the thought that the days' work was neither shirked nor allowed to be shirked. They provide the driving power and the British ideals of efficiency, justice and fair play. Even in the present war they have met all the anxious questions with calmness and courage and undiminished faith. They have worked incessantly in organising the resources of India, and saved the fair name and fame of India. They have helped to secure the position which India occupies in the Empire today. To long generations of English officers India owes a deep debt of gratitude. From Lord Chelmsford down to the unknown Collector all have worked for India and the Empire. Even in these anxious times the Viceroy invited the Secretary of State to decide on the spot the question of future reforms and thus save time which would be lost in correspondence. This is an important fact which should not be ignored. There is difference as to the pace of progress, and it is an old saying that things that ripen slowly are the sweetest. Indeed the Congress would have done well to pass a vote of confidence in the Govenrment ofIndia.

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East & West Circles.

The only way to promote kinder feelings between the two people seems the creation of East & West Circles in all Districts and Provincial towns so that the officials and non-officials can meet and discuss freely their different

views. Terms alter but the issue is constant. Indians will claim more and more in future, individual liberty and equality and all the privileges of Self-Government which have made England herself so great. No stopping of the ears or closing of the eyes can obscure this issue. That India can only grow slowly into responsibility must also be conceded without reserve. If there existed human relation between the officials and non-officials the future would be freed of all dangers. The officials are just but they do not come in human touch with the people, the people are not ungrateful but they have no chance of knowing the heart of their rulers. What is needed is a common ground to bring the best men of the two races together. The people never know the dreams their rulers dream about them, nor do the officials know the respect and confidence which it still retains in the hearts of the people. Moods of nations change like clouds, and no people have ever been satisfied with the mere casting up of accounts, or details of past achievements. It is on the future that the eyes of a new generation rest. The new times call for action inspired by hopefulness and affection. Affection is born of mutual understanding and esteem which again is the outcome of friendly associations. East & West Circles can provide the meeting ground and the opportunities of associations, out of which affection will be born.

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The Need for Unity.

The tie between the rulers and the ruled is loose, imperfect and non-moral. It is based on material interest, and on the arid soil of prestige and power, the delicate plant of loyalty and devotion can hardly grow. Human relations must replace interested individualism if the tie is

to be strengthened. The rulers and the ruled must seek unity in larger acceptances and broader understandings We hold that such an understanding is desirable in the interests of the Empire. Any genuine understanding can only result by a gradual broadening of those very sympathies which are now being stifled by constant controversies. Sacrifice has always been the road to success. We must all learn to sacrifice some of our prejudices and preconceptions. We must have faith in the future union of East & West. We must cultivate belief, enthusiasm and practice in the future of India and in the upward and onward progress of the destinies of mankind. Have we the faith, enthusiasm and practice ? If not how without these can we look hopefully forward to the future, for action is bankrupt, tragically empty, dry and formal without belief and enthusiasm. We must all learn to live for others and then the growing bitterness will go and our Government will find anchor in the hearts of the people " a true tie of love and mutual helpfulness beneficial to both nations and blessed by God. "

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The Crucified.

Mrs. Besant has spoken with her usual eloquence and with her usual optimism making light of inherent conditions which made India the crucified of the nations. She believes that India is now at her resurrection morning and all difficulties will be swept away in the glory of the new day. Mrs. Besant as a student of spiritual verities has written a good deal on evolution, re-incarnation and the coming races, tracing cause and effect and declaring that men suffer from themselves. Is she quite sure that disintegrating factors which sapped the strength of a virile race have disappeared and are disappearing? Is she quite sure

that the message of self realisation in the domain of politics has gone deeper than the message of Vedanta in the spiritual domain, or like it remains outside the lives of men, an interesting topic for sweet and transcendental discourse? Natural growth is always slow and unseen and has never been the gift of any nation or man. Trancendentalism can stimulate aspiration, but it can not produce the fruit, when the seed has only begun to sprout; the talk of an irreducible demand seems a little premature. Perhaps Mrs. Besant wishes to point out the objective, the goal to which all eyes must be fixed and which must be brought within reach and not remain for ever 'distant like the cold, far off stars.' As an incentive to strong and determined effort, the will to believe, must always precede attainment and as such her spirit of hope and confidence is to be welcomed. Mrs. Besant is not ignorant of the tragic desertion of the "*mother*," by her children and the humiliation to which "*mother*" has been subjected. Mrs. Besant did not say a word about it in her comprehensive address. Perhaps the rules of the game do not permit any clear speaking and the policy or make-believe is the breath of metapolitics What will bring her children back to the forsaken mother freed from the contentious spirit, united, in heart and soul? Politics, or spiritual purification. The new teaching has faith in the capacity of the individual to follow the tendencies of his own mind, the old teaching, inculcated faith in the wisdom of the teacher which of the two paths India shall follow.

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The New Spirit.

Mrs. Besant has given us a careful analysis of the causes of the new spirit in India. But this is by no means complete. Her omissions are singularly unfortunate. The new spirit is essentially due to British occupation and

administration. It is also a part of the great world movement which has found expression in socialistic thought and activities and in the growth and power of democratic ideals in the East as well as in the West. The Japanese success over Russia, and the loss of the prestige of the White Races in consequence, were also largely responsible for the awakening of Asia. This has raised the new bogey of the yellow peril which everybody knows does not exist in India nor will even appear in the political horizon of the country. Mrs. Besant in her eulogy of the Arya Samaj and the Theosophical movement has been guilty of unconscious injustice to the Brahmo Samaj of which Raja Rama Mohan Roy, the father of the Indian political movement, was the founder, and also to the Indian Christian community which stand for a national church and a national prayer-book to-day.

The Woman's movement in India on which Mrs. Besant has laid so strong an emphasis is still in its infant stage. Female education when compared with that of boys has made hardly any progress. As regards the masses they are truly more in touch with their educated brethren than with their rulers or any body else.

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The Plea for Self-Government.

Nobody will ever deny that Self-Government is necessary for the self-respect and dignity of a people. Other government emasculates a nation, lowers its moral level and lessens its national efficiency. This has been admitted by several Viceroys including Lord Hardinge and Lord Chelmsford, and that is why Mr. Montagu made his famous statement about responsible government to Parliament, and why he is now in India.

It is only a question of time and opportunities and the pace of progress. The official would make no forward move. India is the sick man of the Empire, almost past cure according to him, while the advanced politicians claim an immediate grant of Home Rule. The Moderate men are welcome nowhere. Mrs. Besant was expected to offer advancement towards responsible Government in India. Mrs. Besant has suggested no compromise. She must have the Congress Moslem League proposals *en bloc* or nothing at all and adds "If these are not granted, any further discussion is useless; if they are, then we can discuss subsidiary matters." Like the Christian scientists she refuses to admit the existence of evil at all. This, of course, makes the task of Mr. Montagu very difficult. He has received a number of embarrassing addresses in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras and elsewhere, and our leaders ought to meet him in a spirit of compromise and help him to see his way to a satisfactory solution. It is easy to multiply programmes and stimulate national anticipations, but this in no way lessens the difficulties of framing a practical programme of reform and reconstruction. The disparity between impracticable ideals and practical politics is the despair of modern statesmen.

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Realities.

Leaving aside high politics, if we come to the realities of Indian administration there are many things which deserve attention. The present war has proved conclusively that India's military expenditure, though high, has served to insure peace within and secured for her a place in the Councils of the Empire. At the same time it will be idle to deny that military charges should not be allowed to grow out of all proportion to the Revenue.

Lord Hardinge, the last Viceroy, emphasised her pre-War services, showing that, though 19¼ millions sterling was fixed as a maximum by the Nicholson Committee that amount had been exceeded in 11 out of the last 13 budgets, while his own last budget had risen to 22 millions. During these 13 years the revenue had been only between 48 and 58 millions, once rising to 60 millions. Could any fact speak more eloquently of India's War services than this proportion of military expenditure compared with her revenue ?

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The Commissions.

India has sent nearly a million men to the war in one capacity or another and yet in the Indian army the question of commissions for the Indian has not been finally settled. The army reserve of officers has risen from 40 to 3000. India is represented by the meagre nine. This is not as it should be. There does not seem any alternative to meet the future needs of India and the Empire but the creation of national service jointly officered by British and Indians. Indeed to couple national service with the coming instalment of responsible Government will be a happy idea.

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Retrenchments.

Mrs. Besant talked of retrenchments in the civil administration which a Home ruled India could effect and she quoted Gokhale:—

"The estimates for the revenue of the present year stand at £86, 199, 600 sterling. The expenditure is reckoned at £85, 572, 100 sterling. The

cost of administration stands at more than half the total revenue:

Civil Departments Salaries and Expenses	£ 19 323,300
Civil. Miscellaneous. Charges.....	£ 5.283,300
Military Service.....	£ 23,165,900
Total	£ 47,772,500."

Mrs. Besant perhaps does not come in touch with the activities of Indian life. Twenty years ago you could bny nearly a maund of wheat for a rupee and a half, and now a rupee cannot buy more than 30 seers of wood. The purchasing power of the rupee has gone down and consequently India pays her services proportionately less than it did twenty years ago. No reduction of salaries is therefore possible.

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Education.

No material improvement in India can be effected till our people are educated to act and co-operate and do joint stock business Education is, therefore, the most pressing problem of Iudia and the educational progress is much too slow. Mrs. Besant remarks :—

"The percentage to the whole population of children receiving education is 28, the percentage having risen by 0·9 since Mr. Gokhale moved his Education Bill six years ago. But even this percentage is illusory. It is recognised by educationists that children taught for less than four years, lose what they had learned during that time. In the Educational Statistics (British India) for 1914-15, we find that 6,333,668 boys and 1,128,363 girls were under instruction, 7,462,031 children in all. Of these 5,434,576 had not passed the Lower Primary Stage, and of these

1,680,561 could not even read. If these be deducted from the total, we have only 2,027,455 children receiving education useful to them, giving us the appalling figure of 0·83 per cent. The money spent on the 5½ millions might as well be thrown into the Bay of Bengal. The percentage of children of school-going age attending school was 20·4 at the end of 1915. In 1913 the Government of India put the number of pupils at 1½ millions, this has been accomplished in 59 years, reckoning from Sir Charles Wood's Educational Despatch in 1854, which led to the formation of the Education Department. In 1870 an Education Act was passed in Great Britain, the condition of Education in England then much resembling our present position: grants-in-aid in England had been given since 1833, chiefly to Church Schools. Between 1870 and 1881 free and compulsory education was established, and in 12 years the attendance rose from 43·3 to nearly 100 per cent. There are now, 6,000,000 children in the schools of England and Wales out of a population of 40 millions. Japan before 1872, had a proportion of 28 per cent of children of school-going age in school, nearly 8 over our present proportion, in 24 years the percentage was raised to 92, and in 28 years education was free and compulsory. In Baroda education is free and largely compulsory and the percentage of boys is 100 per cent. Travancore has 81·1 per cent of boys and 33·2 of girls. Mysore has 45·8 of boys and 9·7 of girls. Baroda spends As 6·6 per head on school-going children, British India As. 3. Expenditure on education advanced between 1882 and 1907 by 57 lakhs. Land revenue had increased 8 crores, military expenditure by 13 crores, civil by 8 crores, and capital outlay on railways was 15 crores.

I am quoting G. K. Gokhale's figures. He ironically calculated that, if the population did not increase, every boy would be in school 115 years hence and every girl in 665 years. Brother Delegates, we hope, to do it more quickly under Home Rule. I submit that in Education the Bureaucracy is inefficient."

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India's Weakness.

The war has revealed India's weakness in all directions. India has proved herself without resource and without the capacity of taking advantage of the favourable trade situation. Some of the industrial necessities of the couutry are still imported from abroad. Even the Railways which are the great national asset have had to cut short their service and sacrifice revenue to economise stock. After the war when India again seeks European markets, engaged in supplying the needs of Europe, India will have to pay heavily for her needs. Cannot the Government and the people combine together and develop the natural resources of the country.

The Viceroy remarks truly that previous "efforts were more sporadic than systematic," but proceeds:

"The marked success which has followed the organisation of research and demonstration work in scientific agriculture, and the assistance which has been given to the mineral industries by the Geological Survey are striking examples that encourage a bolder policy on similar lines for the benefit of other and especially the manufacturing industries."

The industrial prospects in India are by no means discouraging, if Indians exert themselves to hold their own. Mr. Tozer, in his *British India and its Trade* says :

"The cotton and jute manufactures, already conducted on a large scale, offer scope for still further development. Sugar and tobacco are produced in large quantities, but both require the application of the latest scientific processes of cultivation and manufacture. Oil seeds might be crushed in India instead of being exported, while cotton seed, as yet imperfectly utilised, can be turned to good account. Hides and skins, now largely exported raw, might be more largely tanned and dressed in India. Again, the woollen and silken fabrics manufactured in India are mostly coarse fabrics and there is scope for the production of finer goods. Although railways make their own rolling stock, they have to import wheels and axles, tyres and other iron work. At present steel is manufactured on a very small scale, and the number of iron foundries and machine shops, although increasing is capable of greater expansion. Machinery and machine tools have for the most part to be imported. Millions of agriculturists and artisans use rude tools which might be replaced by similar articles that are more durable and of better make. Improved oil presses and hand looms should find a profitable market. Paper mills and flour mills might be established in greater number. There are openings also for the manufacture of sewing machines, fireworks, rope, boots and shoes, saddlery, harness, clocks watches, aniline and alazarine dyes, electrical appliances, glass and glassware, tea chests, gloves, rice, starch, matches, lamps, candles, soap, linen, hardware and cutlery."

Obviously, India might be largely self-sufficing, and, as of old, export her surplus. But now her imports are

rising and under the present system her exports do not enrich her as they should. The war, however, has drawn the attention of Government to the industrial development of the country. The Munition Board has its finger on the pulse and the Industrial Commission will no doubt report to the Government at an early date and make practical proposals. Early action will mean a good start but things in India never move with any speed. His Excellency Lord Chelmsford takes a keen and a personal interest in the industrial development of India, but does a Viceroy ever get a chance of carrying into effect even 1/10th of what he wishes ?

THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN.

If we consider the growth of Industry in Japan, we shall notice that the progress up to the present point may be divided into six stages or periods.

The first five stages need but a few words of explanation; but the last, which marks the day in which Japan became an industrial power in the Far East, we will consider more minutely and we propose to give a full account of the development during that period.

The History of Japan runs back for 2560 years or more. Converting, therefore, for the sake of convenience, the Japanese years into the European Calendar we will divide that time into the following six periods.

1st Stage	660 B. C.	539 A.D.
2nd „	540 A.D.	806 „
3rd „	807 „	1185 „
4th „	1186 „	1593 „
5th	1594	1867 „
6th	1868	1917 „

If, as has been often stated, the idea of Industry first began with the thought of how to feed, clothe and house oneself it is quite appropriate that the subject now under consideration should begin first with an inquiry into the early mode of life of the Japanese.

During *the first stage* (660 B.C.—539 A.D.) the Island of Japan was conquered, and the conquerors were the forefathers of the present Japanese and appear to have already attained a material degree of civilization. From their old writings and traditions, handed down from one generation to another, we are able to get some idea of their way of living. We are led to believe in the first place that the food of the primitive Japanese consisted much more largely of animal than it has been in later times. This was doubtless due to the fact that for the early Japanese there was no restriction in the use of animal food such as the Buddhists introduced later. The only kind of drink referred to is "Sake". Chop-sticks are spoken of in the earliest Japanese writings also vessels made from clay which they used for the food and cups for drinking made of oak leaves. As for houses the dwellings of the early Japanese were extremely simple, stone was not used, all buildings were made entirely from wood. Mats made from the skins of the animals or rushes were used on the floors. As for clothing at that time the rituals enumerate "bright cloth, soft cloth and coarse cloth" and from the old writings left us, we understand such materials were made either of paper, or else the mulberry leaves (which are now mainly used for feeding silk-worms) were twisted into a thread and woven into a serviceable cloth.

Besides the things we have just mentioned pertaining to their houses, clothing, and food, we find references in the legends to a girdle, skirt, an upper garment, trousers, and a hat. We are not given a complete description or full particulars yet the numbers of garments used indicate considerable development; even at that early date, in the making of articles for use and wear.

The making of various articles was a profession which was handed down from father to son who might be called hereditary specialists and this can be proved by the family names which are still in existence the meaning of which shows the profession—as for example YUGE (the bow-maker or bow-sharpener), YADZUKURI (the arrow-maker), TATEBE (the shield-maker), MIDZUKURI (the raincoat-maker), HATTORI (the cloth-maker) etc.

Great numbers of such professional men were in the employ of a lord or chieftain who gave them rations and made them not only to produce all the necessities of life, but all their military stores as well. Consequently, industry in those days depended mainly upon the opinion and discretion of these local lords.

During *the second stage* (540 A.D.—806 A.D.) we find Buddhism introduced for the first time into Japan from Korea. Buddhism not only came in with its golden image of Buddha but was also followed by a sacrificial procession of Buddhist scholars. At the same time some of the brilliant arts from China and India were also introduced and even some Greek sculpture and art. Painting and architecture, all springing from religious ideas, were first known to the Japanese at this time. They were greatly attracted by the skill and beauty and quickly learned and copied the continental arts. In consequence we see a notable progress in various arts during this period. Besides the three mentioned above we find the Japanese now making lacquer-ware, glass, ware, embroideries, cloisonê, etc. Yet Buddhism while on the one hand it greatly increased the skill of Japanese artisans on the other hand it caused a certain deterioration in their former original technique.

The progress of industry was so rapid and remarkable at this period that posterity has always looked upon it with the greatest admiration. This was mainly due to the fact that all the Emperors who reigned during this period were in sympathy with the zeal and devotion found in Buddhism and so encouraged their expression. Nevertheless during this stage Japanese Industry was chiefly an imitation of the Continental products and however brilliant that was we see there was very little originality shown.

Japan during *the third stage* (807 A.D.—1185 A.D.) as in the preceding period was still in an utterly chaotic condition, due to the fusion of the Continental civilization and her own. This was not only true in regard to her industry but was also true of her fashions and manners as well.

In this period, however, began the so called "assimilation" or "blending" of the Japanese and foreign civilizations. For instance the colour and designs introduced from China and India seemed too rich to the Japanese taste, but during this period they succeeded in toning them down and applying them to their own designs the result being a most pleasing and graceful effect entirely satisfactory to the Japanese eye and taste. Besides this they made a notable progress in the quality of the silk produced ; the paper also was better than that manufactured by either the Chinese or Koreans. As to the sericulture, the Japanese seemed to have learned much by this time and it is said that more than forty-eight provinces were engaged chiefly in sericulture. Japan had learned from the Chinese and Koreans how they manufactured paper from various plants by a natural fermentation. This process, however, made

the paper weak. The Japanese then invented a process of boiling the raw material and then mixing it with a certain plant juice the result being a very strong paper. This was a great invention.

This period was especially noted for the pomp and luxury of the noblemen who might be given much credit for the development of industry.

In the first half of *the fourth stage* (1186 A.D.—1593 A.D.) we find the Industry of Japan took a decidedly different turn from that of the preceding era, while during the last half it returned to the original course and continued in its progress. This was due chiefly to the change in current thought upon which the progress of industry often depends. This change of thought was effected first, by the coming of the Zen sect of Buddhism which preached "a simplicity of life;" secondly, by the transfer of power to military clans; and thirdly, by the rise of an astounding national crisis called the Mongol invasion of the Japanese coast. The nation at that time did not care much for the luxuries of life. Accordingly there was no progress of industry in that line, but on the other hand the war spirit caused a great advancement in the manufacture of cutters and shipbuilding.

But when the first half of this era had passed, and the military clans give way to the others, Japan was facing a new condition of affairs in which she had to trade with European countries. The Portuguese and Spaniards were the first to come to Japan, bringing with them European goods for exchange. This caused a new department of industry to rise just as the Chinese and Koreans had caused the previous evolution. The Europeans brought various kinds

of goods from which the Japanese learned to make clothes. They learned how to make "Setin" from the Portuguese, "Volludo" from the Spaniards, "Gobelins" from the Indians, (although this came originally from the French), "Sandoways" from the Indians, Bengal and Mogol. Leather making was also introduced taking as models that brought from India, Persia, Macao and Luson. Shipbuilding after the European style of structure was first studied from a man, William Adams by name, whose ship happened to be wrecked on the Japanese coast and whom the Japanese government rescued and treated very kindly.

During this period Japan became known to the western people first through that famous book written by Marco Polo and secondly through those who came to trade with the nation. In short: the work and point of view of the Japanese merchants and artisans was very much broadened from this stage because of this intercourse with foreign nations.

During *the fifth stage* (1594 A.D.—1867 A.D.) the industry of Japan had gradually become systematic owing to the expansion of her export trade which was undertaken by various intrepid individuals. Thus in the beginning of this era we find adventurous merchants who did much trading with the South Islands and with South India.

Such trading by the sea developed the shipbuilding industry and the adventurous spirit of the nation as a whole.

Within the country, the feudal lords who owned vast areas of lands in various districts, saw the need of developing the growth of industry in their own dominions in order to excel the trophies of war. Thus the arts attained their greatest perfection during this period and are still famous

to this day. They achieved such a degree of excellence in the manufacturing of Keramics and Lacquer that people of to-day can only look back upon it with hopeless admiration.

Apart from these industries we must mention a few others which were taken up at this time. In 1848 some of the local lords had already turned their attention to encouraging industrial enterprise along European lines. The lords of Satsuma, Mito and Saga were notably zealous in their efforts. The first named established porcelain and glass manufactories on the Dutch model, and constructed a spinning mill furnished with spinning machines imported from England. In this way, the dawn of modern industry gradually appeared in the sky of Japan.

During *the sixth stage* (1868 A.D.—1917 A.D.) together with the dawn of modern industry, there appeared in Japan the morning star of political changes, a revolution which was succeeded by the brilliant sunshine of constitutional monarchy.

The restored government lost no time in creating examples of industrial development in three effective ways ; first it created model factories, secondly—technical schools were founded, and thirdly—great numbers of students were despatched to the European countries for study.

In 1872 the Government established a model filature in order to introduce labour saving methods in the manufacturing of raw silk, and operatives trained there were afterwards sent out all through the principal silk districts. A woollen factory was established in a suburb of Tokio. As for cotton spinning there was not only a model mill established, but the supply for the spinning plant was furnished

on easy terms in order to interest the people. The Government founded many other factories such as a glass factory, paper mill, machine shops, soap factories, type foundry, porcelain factory where porcelain was made in western style, and a paint factory and so on.

Meanwhile private individuals began to build factorie modelled after those established by the Government and the Government, after having for some time devoted a certain superintendence to these private enterprises, and having paid annual subsidies to some of them, perceived there was no longer any necessity of maintaining the model factories and began to sell them to private individuals in 1880.

The Government paid the most attention to technical instruction. In 1871 it started a Department of Industrial Education and in 1878 a college for Technical Education was established, in which there were courses on Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Shipbuilding, Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Chemistry, Mining, Metallurgy etc. The pupils educated at this college did much toward spreading technical knowledge and also helped to increase the amount of effective work in the Empire. In 1881 a Technical School was opened by the Government for the purpose of teaching primarily the Industrial Arts. Dr. Wagner was engaged to superintend this school and the institution did much for this phase of education, and was the origin of The Higher Technical School now in Tokio.

Among other benefits received from the Government we must mention the annual subsidy of Yen 150,000 given for the industrial education, and the establishment of a training school for technical teachers.

In 1893 there were twenty-three schools receiving such subsidies from the Government. Among them six were Technical Schools, thirteen were schools for working men, and four Supplementary Schools.

Thus a Technical Education, due to the great care paid to the subject by the Government, developed year by year. After the two great wars in which Japan was a combatant were over, there was great progress made not only in her Industrial power but also in the region of Technical Education and there are now five Technical Schools which impart instruction to the highest degree of efficiency. Besides these in each Province of the Empire (of which there are forty-three) there is a Technical School of an intermediate grade and another of a still lower grade. The first five are under the direct control of the central Governments, the second forty-three are under the Provincial Government, the rest are controlled by the Provincial or Municipal authority. Besides all these Government schools there are great numbers of private schools in the big cities and towns.

Thus these three policies initiated by the restored Government have become the most important factors in the present growth of Japan as an industrial power in the Far East.

After this foundation had been laid, the Government then established various guilds the object of which was to prevent the deterioration of national products whether raw or manufactured and it produced a most effectual plan after several others had been tried and proved failures.

These industrial societies or unions working together with the manufactories concentrated their powers upon the improvement of the products, particularly those intended

for exportation from the country. Moreover, they had no hesitation in sending finished products to the great industrial exhibitions held in America and Europe. The first formation of industrial guilds was in 1883, and their first exhibition of products in foreign countries was made in Austria in 1885.

In this way Japan reached the present stage of modern industry and year by year developed her power as a manufacturer in the Far East. The development in the past ten years has been particuarly notable in the departments of shipbuilding, cotton spinning, mining and in mechanical engineering.

The total number of private shipbuilding yards in 1911 was 216, these yards built 358 steamers and ships having a total tonnage of 54,361, while in 1914 the output had increased to 230 steamers and ships having a tonnage of 95,123 tons.

In 1905 Japan had 78 cotton spinning factories that employed 65,911 operatives, while in 1914 she had 103 factories employing 116,005 hands, and the amount of production was double during that time. In 1905 there were 75,505 labourers working in the Japanese coal mines, in 1914 the number had increased to 182,638.

Before we conclude, let us consider the condition of the Japanese working men, which is one of the most important problems in the growth of industry.

In 1914 the total number of factories existing through the Empire was 17,062, among which those in which motive power was used amounted to 10,334, those without it 6,728. The total number of people employed was 853,964, of these

318,667 were men and 535,297 women. The greater part of the female workers were employed in the weaving and spinning mills. Their labour is so cheap that one often fears that they are employed regardless of whether they are efficient or not. There has been known a case where an able manager found it possible to reduce the number of workers from 3000 to 1500 when he took his predecessor's place, simply by paying attention to the efficiency of his employees.

The pay is so small, if we compare it with that of the European and American labourers, that in a cotton spinning mill the minimum wage per day for female operatives is only 17 Sen, or about 4 d. in English money which amounts to 2 s. 4 d. per week, while the maximum pay amounts to nearly 7 s. per week. At the present time, therefore, one of the most difficult labour question is to find the best way to arrive by some calculus at a point of harmony between the work done by hand and that done by machine. This "point of efficiency" is the one which will help their industry to become the most productive.

Another question is the Japanese treatment of the labourers. Until some fifty years ago, the relation between employers and employees was like that between father and son. The workman lived with the master and his family and so the employer could take direct care and oversight of his labour. But the evolution of industry into the modern factory system has made this familiar relationship impossible. To-day in factories other than those which manufacture on a very small scale, there are thousands of labourers and their welfare depends entirely upon the will of an abstract master called the "Juridical person." The Government,

for this reason, has been investigating the qustion of factory laws for a long time and last year passed a set of laws to suit the present condition of Japanese workers, which is doing much good by protecting the working people in the factories.

In spite of the remarkable growth in industry, there have until very recent years been very few strikes experienced in Japan. This has probably been due to the fact that the relation between the capitalist and labourer was not yet so much a matter of legal bargain in Japan as in western countries, and that there is still left much space for mutual consideration between them. But that this will continue long into the future we have no assurance, yet if the managing bodies of the factories have the welfare of their workers always in mind, and are not the blind servants af the shareholders, it will be easier to avoid strikes in Japan than in western countries.

The great European war is very actively stimulating the progress of industry in Japan. Almost every line of manufacture is seen with abundance of work, some of the products being sent to European countries and the others being supplied to the Chinese or Indian markets. Amongst the various industries thus favourably affected by the war, shipbuilding, coal mining and cotton spinning take a leading position, and those classes of manufacturers reaching their maximum power of production are now feeling the shortage of machinery and also labour, the latter being taken away by the thousands of the small manufacturers who pay comparatively larger wage than that of the manufacturers on a large scale.

This sudden rise of industry and its large output for foreign markets are bringing an enormous amount of gold

into this country, consequently enhancing the prices of commodities and giving much trouble by increasing the cost of living. The future of the industrial development of Japan will largely depend upon the profitable use of the overflowing capital now in Japan, for the stimulation of further production, and the promotion of the best harmony between capital and labour.

NAKABA YAMADA B. A. CONTAB.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DADABHAI NAOROJI
[*A Short Sketch.*]

"Peace hath her victims no less renowned than war."

ON 30th June 1917 passed away a great warrior of Peace and a sincere lover of Humanity. The ideal which helped Dadabhai Naoroji to work patiently for sixty years, though the tangible results of his labours were small, was the instinctive belief in the ultimate triumph of justice. Dadabhai was not a genius, nor had he a trumpet voice, or a prophetic vision of things to come. His strength lay in a transparent sincerity of purpose and an abiding faith in his ideals. He was never tired of quoting Lord Salisbury that "Injustice will bring down the mightiest to ruin." There was within him the firm belief that it made all the difference in the world whether Truth was placed in the first place, or in the second place, and during his long life he never deviated from this principle even in the smallest matter.

A great many people have referred to his belief in the Englishman's inborn sense of justice and rightly too. He cherished the undimmed hope during all the years of his long life, that India will one day take her place among

the nations of the world by the help of the British people. There was nothing surprising in this belief. England after her struggle for the liberty of Europe against Napoleon, herself became uplifted and within the first half of the 19th century, she freed the slaves, emancipated the Roman Catholics, repealed the Corn Laws and purified her own Government by the Reform Bill. Last but by no means the least of her glorious achievements, was the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, when India was taken over by the British people from the East India Company. Whatever the present generation may think of the sincerity of the English statesmen of that time, to Dadabhai Naoroji it was a most sacred covenant, a solemn pledge given by one people to another,—a pledge given to a nation that had fallen upon evil days, and was looking for help and guidance. In all his controversies, whether about the higher services, or taxation, or trade, he always came back to the Proclamation, and often used to say :—"Keep your promise in the spirit and not merely in the letter, and both England and India will become prosperous, and England will win for herself eternal glory for having raised a great people to their original greatness." I cannot help quoting here, rather a long passage from one of his speeches made at a meeting of the East India Association in 1887. John Bright was in the chair and the speech was made in reply to a paper read by Mr. A. K. Connell on "The Indian Civil Service." "But he (Mr. Connell) "Mr. Dadabhai observed, forgets one thing : that the pledge you have given you have never given a fair trial to: if you only give a fair trial to that pledge, you will find that it will not only redound to your glory for ever, but also

result in great benefits to yourself. For if India is to be for a long time under your rule with a blessing, and not with a curse, it is the fulfilment of that pledge which will secure that result. Ah! gentlemen, no eternal or permanent results can ever follow from dallying and palavering. Eternal results can follow only from eternal principles. Your rule of India is based not on sixty thousand bayonets or a hundred thousand bayonets. It is based upon the confidence, the intense faith like the one that I hold, in the justice, the conscience and the honour of the British nation. As long as I have that faith in me, I shall continue to urge and plead before statesmen like Mr. Bright, and before the English nation. Fulfil your pledge honestly before God, because it is upon those eternal principles only that you can expect to continue your rule with benefit to yourself and benefit to us. A foreign rule can never be but a curse to any nation on the face of the earth, except so far as it approaches a native rule, be the foreigners angels themselves. If this principle is not fairly borne in mind and if honest efforts are not made to fulfil your pledges, it is utterly useless for us to plead, or to expect any good result, or to expect that India will ever rise in material and moral prosperity. I do not mean to say a word against the general personnel of these services, as they are at the present time, they are doing what they can in the false groove in which they are placed; to them there is very honour due for the ability and integrity with which most of them have carried on their work; but what I say is this. This system must be changed. The administration must become native under the supreme control of the English nation. Then you have one element in India, which is peculiarly favourable to the

permanence of your rule and that is if the people are satisfied that you can give them the justice that you promise. It is upon the rock of justice alone that your rule stands. If they are satisfied, the result will be this. It is a case peculiar to India: there are Mahomedans and Hindus; if both are satisfied, both will take care that your supremacy must remain over them; but if they are both dissatisfied and any paltering with justice and sincerity must produce that result, they will join together against you. Under these circumstances you have everything in your favour; in fact, the divine law is that if you only follow the divine law, then only can you produce divine results. Do good, no matter what the result is. If you trifle with those eternal and divine laws, the result must be disastrous."

Of his own countrymen he believed that both in the quality of head and heart, they were second to none. Even as far back as 1869, he read a paper on the European and Asiatic Races before the Ethnological Society, in reply to a paper read by Mr. Crawford, F. R. S., who happened to think that Asiatics had neither spirituality, morality, poetry nor art. In fact, according to Mr. Crawford, it was a pure mistake on the part of the Diety, that such a continent as Asia ever existed. Alas! for poor Mr. Crawford, as far as some Asiatics are concerned, he is only known as a blot on a remembered name. In a very instructive paper on the Moral Poverty of India, Mr. Dadabhai points out that the Europeans refuse to be the natural leaders of the people. They do not belong to the people and when they go away, they take away their experience and he continues:—"The most deplorable moral loss to India needs most serious consideration, as much in its political as in its national aspect."

In his speeches he had a great felicity of choice of quotations from British statesmen, to emphas ize his point. In his Presidential address of the third National Congress, over which he presided in 1906, he seemed to collect all his life-long work in the one word "Svaraj" and he quoted no less an authority than the late Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, to emphasize his point :— "Self-government and popular control, and we believe in that principle not only on grounds of justice, and on the grounds of effective administration, but on this other ground—that it exercises a wholesome influence on the character of the people who enjoy the privilege." At the outbreak of the present war, he passionately admonished his countrymen to stand by the cause of Liberty for their own salvation, and to show their rulers that they understood the sacredness of the cause, before they asked for freedom themselves. But, he said, quoting Mr. Asquith that "It was the work of English statesmen, to make the Empire worth living in, as well as dying for."

It is hardly possible in this short sketch to do more than mention the various other activities for the uplifting of mankind in which he interested himself before dedicating himself absolutely to the political salvation of India. Having been left fatherless at the age of four, he owed all his early education to his mother, and to her affection and thoughtfulness for him, he pays her the highest tribute when at the age of seventy-five, he says in an autobiography that "She made me what I am."

From 1845 to 1855, when he sailed for England as a partner in the firm of Kama & Co., his abundant energy

found an outlet in helping to found the Literary and Scientific Society, the Bombay Association, the Framji Cowasji Institute, the Irani Sund, the Parsee Gymnasium, the Widow Remarriage Association, the Victoria and Albert Museum and last but not the least, the first girl's school of Bombay. Even before the schools were started, this small band of devoted young men went from house to house asking permission of the parents, if they might come and teach their daughters reading and writing. In his old age Dadabhai used to laugh and recount his experiences, how some parents turned them out of the house with scant courtesy at the iniquity of such a request. The women of India will always dwell tenderly on the picture of a young man of eighteen, a veritable Galahad in purity and endowed with extraordinary physical beauty, who courageously took up arms to lighten for them through knowledge the burden of life. During his long residence in England, he sympathised with the work of Josephine Butler, Florence Nightingale (The Lady of the Lamp) and Mrs. Henry Fawcett's early efforts for women suffrage. To his own children and grand-children of both sexes, he gave the highest education they were individually capable of assimilating.

In his dealings with the members of the family, in spite of his ninety-two years he remained the youngest member of the family till the end. He was very fond of children and besides sympathising with them and reasoning with them if they were at fault, he took the same delight in their little jokes and amusements, as they did themselves. One of the chief amusements of two of his grand-children, when they came home from the holidays was "to

make Dad laugh till he choked." It was this sincerity and simplicity of character which endeared him to the working classes in England.

In 1907, while Mr. Dadabhai was lying seriously ill, a trunk belonging to a young member of the family was being sent from Liverpool Street Station and the porter, an old man, who was putting the trunk in the train saw the name Naoroji on it. He turned to the person in charge of the trunk and said :—"Do you know Dadabhai Naoroji! Dear old man, I wish I could hear him speak again and shake hands with him." Another time the writer of this article overheard this conversation in a crowd, when the number of the votes and the name of the successful candidate for the different constituencies was being posted up, at the time of the election of 1905. The first speaker asked, how was it that Mr. Naoroji was not the successful candidate for North Lambeth. The reply he received was :—"Well! I think North Lambeth has made a great mistake, though Mr. Naoroji is old—he is over eighty—he is the finest man I have ever met." One of the unconscious services he has rendered to India was to make the Englishmen with whom he came in contact, realize the pettiness and futility of social prejudice and that sincerity and honesty of purpose were not the monopoly of any particular race or nation.

In 1869, after his firm came to grief, Mr. Naoroji returned to India, after having worked zealously for India for nearly fourteen years. It was during this period that he founded the London Indian Society, and helped to found the East Indian Association. In 1873, Mr. Naoroji returned to England and gave evidence before the Fawcett

Commission and there he showed that the average income of British India was Rs. 20 per head and that a taxation of Rs. 3 on that income was very heavy.

In 1874, Mr. Naoroji was selected by the Gaekwar of that time, Mahalarao,. as his Diwan. But this office he resigned within the year, owing to differences with the Maharaja, as well as the Resident, about certain reforms. Sir Bartle Frere wrote to him in the following year that he (Mr. Dadabhai) had the consolation of doing his best and that no human being could have done better under the circumstances.

In 1886, Mr. Naoroji decided to carry the pleading voice of India within the halls of Westminster. He contested Holborn against a popular Conservative member at the general election to secure a seat in Parliament. Though he was defeated, it was a defeat which gave promise of a future victory and following his motto of "Patience and Perseverance," Mr. Naoroji in 1892 had the satisfaction of being the first Indian to be elected a member of the British Parliament. In 1893, laden with honours and as the idol of his countrymen, he returned to India to preside over the 8th Indian National Congress. Just about three months before his arrival in Bombay, he suffered the deepest personal sorrow of his life—the loss of his only son, a most lovable man in the prime of life. In 1906 he was once more, and for the third time elected President of the National Congress—a unique distinction. It is a strange coincidence that presiding over the Congress of 1906 was the last public duty he performed before his retirement. For the eleven years, he spent in his home

at Versova, he was like a warrior who had hung up his sword and shield. During these last few years, he came more in contact with the simpler minded of his countrymen and countrywomen. Those who only saw in him the great rishi, who with peace of mind and all passion spent had come to rest in their midst he was their "Dada," so they reverently touched his feet and walked out sometimes even without uttering a single word.

In this short sketch, it has not been possible even to mention the work done by Mr. Dadabhai as an editor of newspapers or the successful manner in which he gained the support of the English Liberal Press, or his dignified and well-reasoned correspondence with the India Office and the War Office. Nor has it been possible even to outline his work on various Commissions or in Parliament. His own words taken from a speech made at a meeting proposing a memorial to Lord Ripon at the end of his term of office, apply to Mr. Naoroji himself with equal appropriateness:—"But what will a hundred such memorials be to the great monuments he has himself raised to himself? As self-government and self-administration and education advanced, for all which he has raised great new landmarks. His memory shall exist at every moment of India's life, and they will be the everlasting monuments, before which all our memorials will sink into utter insignificance."

Those who were privileged to be able to pay their last respects to the mortal remains of Dadabhai Naoroji will never forget the dignity of the scene when thousands of people of different nationalities came to prove, that if blood is thicker than water, thought is thicker than blood

The inspiration of one such life had raised them to the glory of brotherhood. There was nothing of the feeling of the transitoriness of life, which the presence of Death generally brings uppermost to the mind. The devoted service of that life so long, so full and so pure seemed to incarnate itself to promise the continuity of great ideals beyond mortal vision.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

A PARSI LADY.

MOGHULS AND JESUITS.

In A. D. 1526 Babar issued from the mountains of Afghanistan and founded the Moghul Empire of Hindustan.

Within a few years of the same date there issued from the two little towns of Loyola and Xavier in the Pyrenes two men known to the world as Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier who founded the spiritual empire, represented by the Society of Jesus.

We are not accustomed to connect these two—the Moghulsand the Jesuits—in our minds; but it is none the less the case that Jesuit Missionaries had for many years the closest intercourse with the Moghul Court, and the incidents of this intercourse are not without interest.

The fact that Jesuits had been closely connected with the Moghul Courts has been long known to historians, but it is only within the last twenty-five years that the old records of their visits to the Court have been studied in any detail. The relations between the Jesuits and the Emperor Akbar were first subjected to careful examination by the late General Maclagan., R. E., and the results of his researches, with considerable amplifications, were published by his son in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1896. The history

of the Jesuits in northern India has since been further explored and for most of our present information we are indebted to two enthusiastic and industrious gentlemen, the Reverend H. Hosten, S. J., of St. Xavier's College at Calcutta, and the Reverend Father Felix, O. C., of Maryabad, in the Chenab Colony in the Punjab. The former of these gentlemen has ransacked nearly all the available sources of information in India and in Europe and has placed the result of his researches before the public in numerous isolated papers—more especially in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, the *Memoirs* of the same Society, *The Catholic Herald* of Calcutta, and *The Examiner* of Bombay—with all the thoroughness and exactitude of a truly scholarly historian. The latter has put together for us in a few valuable monographs (mostly published by the Punjab Historical Society) the information which he has collected on certain aspects of the Jesuit missions, and more particularly in connection with the title-deeds and other documents issued by the Moghuls in their favour, many of which survive to this day in the custody of the Archbishop of Agra. Those who wish to learn the detailed history of the Jesuit missions in the Moghul Country—or 'Mogor' as it was usually termed—will find it a most fascinating form of research, and it is in the details of those old studies that most of the interest lies: but in this present paper it is not proposed to do more than indicate a few of the chief outstanding features of the story.

The chief seat of the Jesuits in India was for many years at Goa, the capital of Portuguese India, and for a long time nearly all the Jesuits who came to India, whatever their nationality might be, sailed from Lisbon. Among

those who came out in the early days was Thomas Stevens, an Englishman. He was, so far as we know, the first Englishman to land in India. He was a Wiltshire man and a scholar of Winchester College: possibly also, though this is less certain, a member of New College, Oxford. He was fired by the example of St. Francis Xavier to come to the East and sailed from Lisbon in 1579. For the next 40 years, Goa was his home and he settled down to study the local languages. He found at first, so we are told, that none of the Fathers could hear the confessions of their converts, but by writing a Konkani grammar he enabled them not only to hear confessions, but also to preach. He also studied the language then spoken of as Hindustani (which may have been Mahratti) and he composed in vernacular an enormous 'Purana' of over 11,000 couplets which reproduced the whole story of the Old and New Testaments. He appears not to have lost his patriotism in his new surroundings. Within a few years of his arrival four Englishmen who were captured by the Portuguese in Persia were brought to Goa as prisoners. With the help of their countryman they procured sureties and being released from prison shortly (as one of them briefly puts it) 'ranne from thence.' This was not the only occasion on which Stevens helped the wandering Englishmen of those days, irrespective of the differences in their religious denomination.

Monserrate.

Thomas Stevens had, however, no direct connection with the missions to the Moghul. There were three such missions in Akbar's time. The first of them left Goa in December 1579 in response to an invitation from Akbar. A copy of Akbar's letter is extant, in which he

states that his object is to be 'well informed of your faith and its perfection' and there is no reason to suppose that he had any other object than this. The mission proceeded straight to Fatehpur Sikri and was more or less in attendance at the Court of Akbar for about 3 years—well received by the Emperor and his immediate entourage, but, as might be expected, somewhat coldly treated by the Mahommadans generally, and more especially by stalwarts of the type of the historian, Badaoni. The mission contained two remarkable men—Antonio Monserrate and Rudolf Aquaviva, each of whom may for a moment claim our attention.

Antonio Monserrate had passed through a fiery trial when the plague was raging at Lisbon in 1569 and had distinguished himself by his zeal in collecting the orphans and waifs left in the streets of the plague-stricken city. He seems like so many of his Society to have combined his religious zeal with a gift for teaching and writing. When he was at the Moghul Court Akbar confided to him his second son, Sultan Murad, to take, as Budaoni sarcastically puts it, 'a few lessons in Christianity by way of auspiciousness.' It was apparently his task to try and teach this young man Portuguese and good morals, and the Father's story is that when the Prince began writing his Portuguese lesson, as in duty bound, with the words 'In the name of God', the tolerant Emperor insisted on his adding 'and of Jesus Christ the true Prophet and son of God.' In 1581 when Akbar's brother broke into revolt in Kabul and marched against Lahore the young Prince went with Akbar to crush the insurrection and Monserrate accompanied the Court in its march. He kept a careful diary of all his experiences and of the information, historical and geographical, which

he gained during the mission. He returned to Goa in the autumn of 1582 and settled down to summarise his notes into a substantial book which he called 'Mongolicae Legationis Commentarius.' The book has had a curious history. It was still incomplete when Monserrate was sent in 1588 on a mission to Abyssinia. He was captured by Arabs off the coast of Arabia and he was twice robbed of the manuscript, but ultimately completed it in 1590 while held a prisoner in southern Arabia. What happened to the book afterwards we do not know, but by 1818 it was in the Library of the College of Fort William.. In 1836 it was transferred to the Calcutta Public Library and in 1903 to the Library of the Anglican Cathedral in Calcutta. There it was discovered by Archdeacon Firminger in 1908 and next year it came into the hands of the Rev. H. Hosten, S.J., who at once realized its value and set himself to decipher its contents. He has since published in the Memoirs of the Asiatic Society of Bengal a complete and scholarly edition of this useful work.

Rudolf Aquaviva.

Monserrate's companion Rudolf Aquaviva was a man of signal piety and devotion. He was the son of the Duke of Atri in Italy and nephew of Claudio Aquaviva who was afterwards General of the Society of Jesus. He was a man of weak physique, but of indomitable enthusiasm, and his youth had been one long fast and prayer. Although only 30 years of age he was put in charge of the Mission to Akbar's Court and it is clear that on his arrival at Fatehpur Sikri his saintly character won him the affection of the Emperor. The Fathers were soon brought up from the town into the palace and allowed to build a small chapel there, at

which the local Christian community could hear daily mass. Every consideration was shown to them not only by the Emperor, but by Abulfazal also and by his father Mubarik. The Fathers' letters tell us of the respectful way in which the Emperor treated the copies of the Gospels which they gave him, taking off his turban and placing the volumes on his head and kissing them. He at times visited their chapel and on such occasions not only bowed himself with the greatest reverence, but also exacted the strictest reverence on the part of his following. Full liberty was given to the Fathers to baptize whom they would, and when they organized processions with crosses and lighted candles none was allowed to interfere. When one of the Christians, an Armenian, was married to an Indian woman, the Emperor attended the ceremony and translated to the bride in vernacular the discourse which Aquaviva made in Persian. He even stayed on till evening and supped at the Father's house and kept his sons with him there.

All this was very gratifying. But there was another side to the picture. There were the disputes in the Ibadat-Khana which Abulfazal describes, when both sides displayed much heat and vehemence. From both Mahomadan and Christian sources we hear of a challenge to prove the superiority of the respective religions by passing through a fire, and it appears that the Fathers wisely declined this test. Outside the immediate protection of the Emperor they were ill received. 'We are hated and despised by every one', wrote Aquaviva, 'We are the reproach and scorn of the mob. They call us black devils and kafars. Then they pelt us with filth. But all this' he adds 'seems as nothing. *Nondum usque ad sanguem resistimus.* We have

not as yet resisted unto blood.' The Emperor's mother Hamida Begum joined the Mullas in their complaints. The Emperor too began to lose interest in the Fathers. Their hopes of converting him to Christianity gradually faded. They saw that Abulfazal's sympathetic enquiries about Christianity were merely a means of providing 'copy' for his master. The Emperor himself was loquacious and changeable: full of strange whims, unable to concentrate solidly on any line of thought, and diverted by every sort of novelty and amusement. Aquaviva was left alone at Fatehpur Sikri and his austerities increased. His health began to give way. The Emperor was still kind to him but refused to let him go. At last in February 1583 he was permitted to return to Goa. A large present of gold and jewels was sent to him, but he refused to take more than would suffice for the journey and only begged leave to take with him some Russian slaves from the household of his old opponent, the Queen Mother.

Aquaviva had not much longer to live. Soon after his return to Goa he was sent with a few companions to the tract opposite Goa known as Salsette, where the zeal of the Portuguese had evoked bitter resentment among the Hindu population. On the 25th February 1583 he and his friends were attacked by a mob at a village called Cuncolin. As the mob approached, Aquaviva knelt down and was struck several blows on the neck with a sword. As he died he cried out 'Pardon them O Lord. St. Francis Xavier, pray God for me. Lord Jesus receive my soul.' His claim and that of his companions to be considered martyrs was soon brought to notice at Rome, but the necessary formalities presented points of difficulty and it was not till 1893 that he was finally beatified. He is now known as 'the Blessed Rudolf.'

In 1590 Akbar invited another mission from Goa and two Fathers were again sent, but they were mainly occupied in teaching Portuguese to the Princes and no progress was made in the main object of the Jesuits, namely 'the conversion of the Emperor to the Catholic Faith.' The mission for some reason returned almost immediately, but some two years later a third invitation was received and a third mission started. This mission was not of a temporary character, but was maintained by a continuous succession of priests, the last Jesuit giving way, after the suppression of the Society, at the end of the 18th century, to the Carmelites, who were soon after replaced by the Capuchins. Thus were past and present linked together.

Benedict Goes.

One of the mission, Brother Benedict Goes, was a man of great fortitude and is known to us more as an explorer than as a missionary. He had begun his career in India as a common soldier and lived a violent life, followed, when he was 26 years of age, by a violent conversion to religion. He accompanied the Jesuit missionaries to Lahore and Kashmir and elsewhere, but was not long with them. The Fathers had heard much of the land of Cathay and of the Buddhists there who were represented to them as Christians with Christian ceremonial and a Christian King, and they decided to send Goes to find this country. He started with some pecuniary assistance from Akbar and travelled through Lahore and Kabul to Kashghar and on to Sucheu in Kansu on the borders of China. There he was met at the beginning of 1607 by a Christian who had been sent to greet him by the Jesuits at Pekin, but he was weakened by disease and the hand of death was already on him. He

had, as the chronicle records, 'no strength, no physician, no medicines,' and within twelve days he was dead. 'Seeking Cathay,' as one of his brethren has said, 'he found heaven.'

Jerome Xavier.

The third mission to Akbar's Court was headed by Jerome Xavier, a nephew of the great St. Francis. He was not as young as Aquaviva nor had he perhaps the same ascetic enthusiasm. But he was an earnest worker who had held responsible positions in the Society and he quickly gained the respect of the Emperor. He went with Akbar for one summer to Kashmir, but he was for the most part in Lahore or Agra. His experience with Akbar was not dissimilar to that of his predecessors. Whatever the Emperor's religion may have been, he made no pretence, we are told, of being a Mahommdan. *'Mahumetan prorsus exterminavit'* 'He has utterly cast out Muhammad.' He treated the religion of the Padres with respect and was constantly making enquiries regarding it. We hear of the Emperor and the princes holding out their arms to see how long they could bear the position of the cross without fatigue. They constantly asked for pictures and the Jesuits supplied them with nnmerous specimens of religious art; some of them replicas of well known pictures in the churches of Rome. The Court painters were set down to make copies of these. Certain of the subjects were reproduced on the palace walls of Lahore, and elsewhere: others are to be seen in the background of the miniatures of Akbar's and Jahangir's time: and there is no doubt that by the time Shah Jahan ascended the throne Italian Art, which owes its introduction in Northern India to the Jesuits, had

exercised a marked influence on the style of the Moghul paintings. Jerome Xavier also studied carefully the Persian language which was then the language of all educated men and he wrote a number of Persian works in furtherance of Christianity. One of these was 'The Mirror of Holiness' or 'Life of Christ.' Another was a 'Life of St. Peter.' Another was 'The Truth reflecting Mirror,' a dialogue between a Padre, a free thinker and a Mulla. The 'Life of Christ' begins with a curious parallel between Akbar of Hindustan and Akbar (Abgarus) of Edessa, who sent to make enquiries regarding Christ and received a likeness of Christ in reply. All this, however, failed to effect the great conversion which the Jesuits were looking for. Their efforts to see Akbar in his last illness were frustrated. We are told that about half a century later a Jesuit was asked by the Prince of Bijapur: 'Sachh hai ki bara badshah Akbar kristan mua ki nahin.' 'Is it true that the great Emperor Akbar died a Christian?' and the Father sorrowfully answered 'Sire, I would it were so, but the Emperor while living failed to be converted.'

Jerome Xavier stayed in 'Megor' for some years after Akbar's death, but at last in 1614 returned an old man to Goa. He is said to have been nominated for the Bishopric of Granganere, but he died on the 16th of June, 1617, before the news of his nomination could have reached Goa.

The Christian Congregation.

Early in Jahangir's reign the Jesuits achieved transitory triumph in the baptism of two, or, as some say, three nephews of the King whom they christened by such names as Philippe, Carlo and Henrice, but these princes did not long continue in the faith. We do not know the

reason for their backsliding, but it was alleged by Sir Thomas Roe, the English ambassador, the whole episode was a fraud concocted by Jahangir and that the princes reverted to Islam on finding that they could not obtain Portuguese women as wives for themselves or for the King.

It used often to be urged against the Jesuits that they confined their efforts to the teaching of literature and the spiritual welfare of the great ones of this world. These were no doubt the characteristics of their early efforts in Northern India. But there was another side to the picture which came more prominently in notice as time went on. Father Xavier himself, Father Pinheiro who accompanied Xavier from Goa, and other Fathers who followed—Father Gorsi, Father Machado and the rest—though they did not abjure the Court and the Throne, bestowed much care and effort on the spiritual welfare of growing Christian communities of Agra and Lahore. These were to a large extent Indian converts, but there were also not a few Europeans; mostly employes in the Army—for the most part artificers and gunners and—occasionally prisoners captured from Portuguese ships. The Christains, we are told, kept Lent well and the services for the Indians were in the Persian and Hindustani languages. There was at times much opposition—chiefly from the Hindu population; but we hear of baptisms on a fairly large scale—39 on one occasion, 20 on another, and on another 47. The Fathers went to much trouble to prepare representations of the Manger at Christmas and Budaoni, their arch-opponent, speaks of the 'Kanablan' (candbula) 'which is their time of mirth and other childish playthings'. Passion plays also were got up. Adam would appear crushed by sin and would be consoled by Simeon with hopes of the

Messiah : or Mercy and Justice would dispute regarding Adam's sin and be interrupted by an Angel and a shepherd announcing the birth of Christ.

The services were conducted at first in or near the Fathers' own quarters in the place, but later on they were able to build churches both in Agra and in Lahore. The Englishman Roe writing in 1616 twitted them with having more church than congregation 'rather *templum* than *ecclesiam*' and though the congregation does not seem to have been wanting, the churches were undoutedly fine and spacious buildings. The Church at Agra had tower and halls; it succeeded a previous chapel in 1604 and occupied the site of the present chapel. That at Lahore was also considered a fine building and at its opening in September 1597 there was a considerable ceremony, attended by the Governor of the Province. It was near the Fort in some site not now traceable. Both at Agra and at Lahore a building was attached for the residence of the Fathers, that at Lahore being a two storied building and apparently adjoining the old river front. That at Agra came to be called a 'College' but in the sense only that it had become the chief house of the Society, the other Fathers in the Mission depending on the 'Rector' of it. At Agra there was at an early date a Christian place of burial, but the permanent burying ground now known as the 'Padres Santos' cemetery was bought in 1609-10 and the bodies previously buried transferred to it in 1610 or 1611. It can still be seen and contains a number of historic graves. A cemetery at Lahore was bought in 1613 or 1614 and consisted of 12 bigas of land in the village of Mozang Hari Phulwari, and the title to the land was confirmed by a sanad of Jahangir

of the year 1626 and a *parwana* of Aurangzeb of the year 1672, both of which are still extant, but the cemetery cannot have been much used and no trace of it now remains.

The relations between the Catholics and Protestants in the Moghul towns varied in their character from time to time. The English and Dutch had in those days no idea of proselytizing and the chief occasions for dissension were of a political character. The Fathers were at times in high disfavour with the Protestants, not as Jesuits but as Portuguese or as supporters of Portuguese interests. On such occasions feelings ran high and the English, in particular, were very violent in their language. At Agra the English agent, Hawkins, went so far as to convince himself that the Jesuit Pinheiro was intriguing to murder him, 'but God for his mercie sake,' he says, 'afterward discovered these plots and the counsell of the Jesuits took not place.' 'The Portugalls,' he says again, were like madde dogges, labouring to work my passage out the world. Apart from national disagreements of this character, however, the two classes of European strangers seem to have been friendly enough towards each other and one is glad to find that in some instances individuals of the opposite class entertained a very real affection for each other.

The attitude of Jahangir towards the Christians was generally of the same tolerant character as that of Akbar, but when political trouble arose with the Portuguese his displeasure was none the less visited on the Christian congregation at headquarters. The Lahore church was shut by his orders in 1614 and was not reopened for some time. When Shah Jahan came to the throne in 1628 the old toleration gradually disappeared. Mahomadanism again prevailed

at Court and the Fathers were forbidden to make converts. The Lahore Church was destroyed in 1635. At Agra there was for a time much distress. Shah Jahan had taken Hugli from the Portuguese in 1632 and a long train of four thousand Christian captives was brought to Agra, where in their 'Babylonian captivity' they suffered great indignities. They were called on to abjure their religion. 'A few,' says the Mohamadan historian, 'appreciated the honour offered to them and embraced the faith. But the majority in perversity and wilfulness rejected the proposal. So it came to pass that many of them passed from prison to hell.' The wrath of the Moghul descended also on the local community of Christians. The three bells of the Church—one of which was a gift from Jahangir—were forcibly removed. Later on the Fathers were turned out of their College and the images and pictures in the Church were broken and torn. The Fathers were kept some days in prison and one of them was scourged. It was only after many months and through the intercession of Asaf Khan that they were allowed at the end of 1635 to return to their College; but the Church was at the same time utterly dismantled.

After this storm there was a lull, but the Jesuits never recovered their influence in the Court.

Mirza Zulkarnain.

Across the history of those times, however, there flits the figure of a friend at Court, the Christian Mirza Zulkarnain. This nobleman was the son of an Eastern Christian—usually spoken of as an Armenian and his parents had close connections with the Court of Akbar. His mother is known to history as the Lady Juliana, and the savants style her 'Juliane I' to distinguish her from another

Lady Juliana—Juliana Dias da Costa—who held a high position in the Court of Aurangzeb and Bahadur Shah a century later. Round her name has grown an interesting legend which still gives rise to much discussion among the learned. It is said that Juliana I was married to John Philip de Bourbon, a prince of the house of Navarre, from whom is descended the Bourbon family of Bhopal, and that she had a sister who was married to Akbar—the elusive 'Christian Queen' of that sovereign. This mystery is not at present satisfactorily solved, but we know that Zulkarnain, the son of Juliana I, was brought up on terms of intimate familiarity with the Princes (the future Shah among them) in the Imperial zenana. In spite of many temptations to conform to Islam, he remained throughout his life an unswerving Christian. The Mahomadan historians speak of him as 'Zulkarnain Farangi,' and we find him during the reigns of Jahangir and Shah Jahan in charge of high offices in Bengal and Rajputana. He was specially connected with the salt works at Sambhar and he held a little Court there, with some two hundred Christians in his entourage. He had usually one or more priests with him and was most devout and regular in his attendance at mass and in the observance of the fasts of the Church. He initiated at Sambhar a 'Sodality of the Blessed Virgin' and he arranged an endowment for the support of the 'College' or Fathers' residence at Agra. This endowment consisted of the revenues of certain lands at Parel in Portuguese territory and these lands were chosen with a view to keeping this source of income out of the reach of the Moghul: but alas! the Portuguese possessions at Parel passed with Bombay in 1665 into the hands of the heretic English, and after much friction the Jesuit properties were finally confiscated by the English in

1720. The Jesuit chapel of Parel became part of the old Government House and is now embodied in the Parel Plague Research and Bacteriological Institute.

The founder of the endowment, being a rich and influential man, was, as may be supposed, a great help to the Jesuits. He was, as they said, 'omnibus omnia' and his talents for verse and song made him a favourite at Court But he suffered with his co-religionists in their troubles of. 1633-5. He was then arrested aad was not released till he had disgorged 8 lakhs and been reduced to poverty. He managed, however, to emerge once more into royal favour and we find him later on in high positions in Bengal and at Lahore. His wife was buried in a fine tomb—now vanished, at Lahore and he himself died about the year 1656.

One of his sons survived him, and of this son is told that in a moment of ill judgment he allowed himself to be converted to Islam. 'Recognising his error, however 'he felt intensely grieved and making a very big cross he took it upon his shoulders and with a rope around his neck, dragged it about the City of Dely, confessing his sin aloud and begging God's mercy.'

The Tibet Mission.

It will be remembered that even in the early days of the Mission the Jesuits had been much attracted by the accounts of Cathay and Tibet and the stories of men with Christian rites and a Christian King. These accounts still had their fascination for the Jesuits and in 1624 we find a Father d'Andrada starting from Delhi with a lay brother and two Christian servants to penetrate Tibet by way of Srinagar in Gharwal. He reached the little town of Chaprang in the Gartok district of Western Tibet and found the local

Raja favourable. In 1625 he returned to Chaprang and established a regular mission in that remote and desolate spot. The mission held its own for more than twenty years, but at length about the year 1650 a revolution occurred, the Jesuits had to flee and the mission was broken up.

This, however, was not the end of the story. Early in the eighteenth century an Italian Jesuit of the name of Desideri was fired with a desire to resume the work of d'Andrada in Tibet. He had read probably how d'Andrada had reached Tibet by way of Srinagar, and conceiving that this was the Srinagar of Kashmir, not that of Garhwal, he set out by way of Kashmir and Ladakh in search of the city of his hopes. Pushing on he ultimately came, not to Chaprang, the name and position of which he seems to have ignored, but to Lhassa. There he found the land had been occupied, and temporarily abandoned, by a Capuchin mission from Bengal. On the return of the Capuchins he contested their right to usurp what he considered to be the old Jesuit centre established by d'Andrada, and the matter had to be referred to Rome. Ultimately a decision was given in favour of the Capuchins and Desideri returned in 1721 to Agra by way of Nepal.

Decline of the Jesuits in Moghul territory.

Meanwhile with the growing disorganisation of the Moghul empire the missions in Northern India gradually lost their former prominence.

In Lahore, although the Church was destroyed, a small congregation of Christians survived. These Christains, with a Jesuit priest in charge, were found at Lahore by the Augustinian Manrique on his arrival there in 1641. Some ten years later we find the community at Lahore in charge

of a Jesuit from Flanders, Henry Owens, *alias* Busi, 'a man of fine presence, tall and portly,' and a special friend of Prince Dara Shikoh. A strange commotion was caused in his time by the arrival of Bishop Mathew of Chrysoplis, a Brahman convert of the oratory of S. Filippo Nori, who accused the Jesuits of treason, and induced the authorities to cast Father Busi for a time into prison. This storm was, however, successfully weathered, and a small Christian community including many employees of the Government continued in Lahore until the middle of the eighteenth century, being visited occasionally by a priest from Delhi or Agra. In 1752 Ahmad Shah Abdali removed to Kabul all the Christian gunners in the service of the Governor, Mir Mannu, but, even after this invasion, there remained not a few Armenians and Indian Christians in a quarter of Lahore, near the Fort. What ultimately became of them in the turmoil that ensued, we do not know.

The new Delhi was occupied by Shah Jahan in 1648 but, if later reports are to be trusted, there were already two churches at Delhi in the days of Jahangir. When the Court had made Delhi its headquarters, the number of Christians increased, and in 1739 we find some 700 Christians there, with two churches, in the spiritual charge of Jesuits. The churches—we do not know where they were situated—were burnt down during the sack of Delhi in 1739 by Nadir Shah, and although the Deremac Cemetery at Delhi contains the graves of at least two Frenchmen and several Armenians who died in Delhi before British occupation, we hear nothing definite of any continuous Jesuit mission in that city after the date of the catastrophe of 1739.

It was in Agra that the Jesuit mission maintained its vitality longest. After the terrible days which followed the

capture of Hugli, the Fathers seem to have been little molested. They were again in the possession of a chapel in 1640 and although it was much damaged by the soldiers of Ahmad Shah Abdali in the middle of the 18th century it was repaired by Walter Reinhardt (the notorious Samru) in 1772 and further extended by Colonel John Baptist Filose of the Gwalior service in 1835. The Fathers themselves seem to have been regularly exempted even in the days of Aurangzeb from the *jiziya* or capitation tax, and in addition to their pastoral duties they always, as became trne Jesuits, maintained a reputation for learning and science. Father Roth who died in 1668 was the first to make the Sanskrit alphabet known in Europe: Fathers Tieffentaler and Wendel were well known geographers and it was largely with Jesuit help that the astronomical observatory of Jaipur was established in 1733-43. It was due to events in Europe rather than to obstruction in India that the Jesuits ultimately lost their hold on the Moghul territory. In 1759 the Jesuits were banished from all the Portuguese colonies. In 1764 they were suppressed in France: and in 1773 the Society itself was abolished by Pope Clement XIV. All intercourse with Europe had then to cease and all external help came to an end. The Portuguese Fathers soon disappeared and the remainder—who were mostly Germans and Austrians—gradually died off until Fathers Tieffentaler and Wendel alone were left. The former died in 1785 and with the death of the latter in 1803 the long story of Jesuit effort in Moghul India may be said to have come to an end.

In the same year the last vestige of independence passed away from the empire of the Moghuls.

MOGOR.

INVOCATION.

1. Creative Love! an all-prophetic strain
Of sleep distilled and some diviner air,
Pour out, pour out upon a world of pain,
And poesies in Thy peculiar care;
Thy throstle-birds of many a darkling dawn,
And dripping bough and leafless woodland-lawn,
To still sing on in ecstasy again,
In rocking wind and all-torrential rain,
Thy budding Day, Thy Spring that shall be fair.

2. Bring on with starry eyes this nether right
Of black forebeing that we may not flee,
Till every tear poured out before Thy sight
Becomes a pool reflecting only Thee;
Thee only, Source of our ephemeral life
That whelms not wholly with the watery strife,
But reascends to regions all its own,
And flings aloft, from zone to starry zone,
E'en as a fount, to find itself in Thee.

3. Awake! Majestic Genius of a race
On this dim orb conspiring with the skies,
To fashion Thee the hands, the form, the face
Shall yet sustain Thine Earthly Paradise;
And Temples towering from the steeps of Time
With outlook on a universe sublime,
To greet their Angels of the prescient sward,
That speak with inter-planetary chord,
The Path, and the imperishable Prize.

E. M. HOLDEN.

THE GARLAND OF LETTERS

A STUDY IN INDIAN SYMBOLISM.

The world has never altogether been without the Wisdom nor its Teachers. The degree and manner in which it has been imparted have, however, necessarily varied according to the capacities of men to receive it. So also have the symbols by which it has been conveyed. These symbols further have varying significance according to the spiritual advancement of the worshipper. This question of degree and variety of presentation have led to the superficial view that the difference in beliefs negatives the existence of any commonly established Truth. But if the matter be regarded more deeply, it will be seen that whilst there is one essential Wisdom its revelation has been more or less complete according to symbols evolved by, and, therefore, fitting to, particular racial temperaments and characters. Symbols are naturally misunderstood by those to whom the beliefs they typify are unfamiliar, and who differ in temperament from those who have evolved them. To the ordinary Western mind the symbols of Hinduism are often repulsive and absurd. It must not, however, be forgotten that some of the symbols of Western Faiths have the same effect on the Hindu. From the picture of the "Slain

Lamb", and other symbols in terms of blood and death, he naturally shrinks in disgust. The same effect on the other hand is not seldom produced in the Western at the sight of the terrible forms in which India has embodied Her vision of the undoubted Terrors which exist in and around us. All is not smiling in this world. Even amongst persons of the same race and indeed of the same faith we may observe such differences. Before the Catholic Cultus of the "Sacred Heart" had overcome the opposition which it at first encountered, and for a considerable time after, its imagery was regarded with aversion by some who spoke of it in terms which would be to-day counted as shocking irreverence. These differences are likely to exist so long as men vary in mental attitude and temperament, and until they reach the stage in which, having discovered the essential truths, they become indifferent to the mode in which they are presented. We must also in such matters distinguish between what a symbol may have meant and what it now means. Until quite recent times the English peasant folk and others danced around the flower-wreathed Maypole. That the pole originally (like other similar forms) represented the great Linga admits of as little doubt as that these folk, who in recent ages danced around it, were ignorant of that fact. The Bishop's mitre is said to be the head of a fish worn by ancient near-eastern hierophants. But what of that? It has no such associations now.

Let us illustrate these general remarks by a short study of one portion of the Kālī symbolism which affects so many, who are not Hindus, with disgust or horror. Kālī is the Deity in that aspect in which It withdraws all things

which it had created into Itself. Kâlî is so called because She devours Kâla (Time) and then resumes Her own dark formlessness. The scene is laid in the cremation ground (Shmashâna), amidst white sun-dried bones and fragments of flesh, gnawed and pecked at by carrion beasts and birds. Here the " heroic " (Vīra) worshipper (Sādhaka) performs at dead of night his awe-inspiring rituals. Kālî is set in such a scene for She is that aspect of the Great Power which withdraws all things into Herself at, and by, the dissolution of the universe. He alone worships without fear, who has abandoned all worldly desires, and seeks union with Her as the One Blissful and Perfect Experience. On the burning ground all worldly desires are burnt away. She is naked and dark like a threatening rain-cloud. She is dark, for She who is Herself beyond mind and speech, reduces all things into that worldly " nothingness ", which as the Void (Shūnya) of all which we now know, is at the same time the All (Pūrna) which is Peace. She is naked, being clothed in space alone (Digambara), because the Great Power is unlimited; further She is in Herself beyond Māyā (Mâyâtîtâ); that Power of Hers which creates all universes. She stands upon the white corpse-like (Shavarūpa) body of Shiva. He is white, because He is the illuminating transcendental aspect of consciousness. He is inert, because He is the changeless aspect of the Supreme and She the apparently changing aspect of the same. In truth She and He are one and the same, being twin aspects of the One who is changelessness in, and exists as, change. Much might be said in explanation of these and other symbols such as Her loosened hair, the lolling tongue, the thin stream of blood which trickles from the corners of the mouth, the position of Her feet, the apron of dead men's hands around Her waist, Her

implements and so forth. Here I take only the garland of freshly-severed heads which hangs low from Her neck.

Some have conjectured that Kālī was originally the Goddess of the dark skinned inhabitants of the Vindhya Hills taken over by the Brāhmanas into their worship. One of them has thought that She was a deified Princess of these folk, who fought against the white incoming Aryans. He pointed to the significant fact that the severed heads are those of white men. The Western may say that Kālī was an objectification of the Indian mind, making a Divinity of the Power of Death. An Eastern may reply that She is the Sangketa (symbol) which is the effect of the impress of a Spiritual Power on the Indian mind. I do not pause to consider these matters here.

The question before us is, what does this imagery mean now, and what has it meant for centuries past to the initiate in Her symbolism? An exoteric explanation describes this Garland as made up of the heads of Demons, which She as a power of righteousness, has conquered. According to an inner explanation given in the Indian Tantra Shâstra this string of heads is the Garland of Letters (Varnamāla), that is the fifty, and as some count it, fifty-one letters, of the Sanskrit Alphabet. The same interpretation is given in the Buddhist Demchog Tantra in respect of the garland worn by the great Heruka. These letters represent the universe of names and forms (Nāma-rūpa) that is Speech (Shabda) and its meaning or object (Artha). She the Devourer of all "slaughters," that is withdraws, both into Her undivided Consciousness at the Great dissolution of the Universe which they are. She wears the letters which, She as creatrix bore. She wears the Letters

which, She as the Dissolving Power takes to Herself again. A very profound doctrine is connected with these Letters, which space prevents me from fully entering into here. I have set it out in greater detail in a forthcoming work of mine on the "Serpent Power" (Kundalini) which projects Consciousness, in its true nature blissful and beyond all dualisms, into the World of good and evil. The movements of Her projection are indicated by the Letters subtle and gross which exist on the Petals of the inner bodily centres or Lotuses.

Very shortly stated, Shabda which literally means Sound—here lettered sound—is in its causal state (Para shabda) known as "Supreme Speech" (Paravāk). This is the Shabdabrahman or Logos; that aspect of Reality or Consciousness (Chit) in which It is the immediate cause of creation: that is of the dichotomy in Consciousness which is "I" and "This," subject and object, mind and matter. This condition of causal Shabda is the Cosmic Dreamless State (Sushupti). This Logos awakening from Its causal sleep "sees," that is, creatively ideates the universe, and is then known as Pashyanti shabda. As Consciousness "sees" or ideates, forms arise in the Creative Mind, which are themselves impressions (Sangskāra) carried over from previous worlds, which ceased to exist as such when the Universe entered the state of causal dreamless sleep on the previous dissolution. These re-arise as the formless Consciousness awakes to enjoy once again sensual life in the world of forms.

The Cosmic Mind is at first itself both cognising subject (Grāhaka) and cognised object (Grāhya); for it has not yet projected its thought into the plane of Matter: the mind

as subject cogniser is Shabda and the mind as the object cognised, that is the mind in the form of object, is subtle Artha. This Shabda called Madhyama Shabda is an "Inner Naming" or "Hidden Speech." At this stage that which answers to the spoken letters (Varna) are the "Little Mothers" or Mātrikā, the subtle forms of gross speech. There is at this stage a differentiation of Consciousness into subject and object but the latter is now within and forms part of the Self. This is the state of Cosmic Dreaming (Svapna). This "Hidden Speech" is understandable of all men if they can get in mental *rapport* one with the other. So a thought-reader can read the thoughts of a man whose spoken speech he cannot understand. The Cosmic Mind then projects these mental images on to the material plane and they there become materialised as gross physical objects (Sthūla artha) which make impressions from without on the mind of the created consciousness. This is the cosmic waking state (Jāgrat). At this last stage the thought-movement expresses itself through the vocal organs in contact with the air as uttered speech (Vaikhari Shabda) made up of letters, syllables and sentences. The physical unlettered sound which manifests Shabda is called Dhvani. This lettered sound is manifested Shabda or Name (Nāma), and the physical objects denoted by speech are the gross Artha or from) Rūpa.

This manifested speech varies in men, for their individual and racial characteristics and the conditions, such as country and climate in which they live, differ. There is a tradition that there was once an universal speech before the building of the Tower of Babel, signifying the confusion of tongues. A friend has drawn my attention to a passage

in the Rig Veda which he interprets in a similar sense. For it says that the Three Fathers and the Three Mothers, like the Elohim, made (in the interest of creation) all comprehending speech into that which was not so.

Of these letters and names and their meaning or objects that is concepts and concepts objectified the whole Universe is composed. When Kālī withdraws the world, that is the names and forms which the Letters signify, the dualism in consciousness, which is creation, vanishes. There is neither "I" (Aham) nor "This" (Idam) but the one non-dual Perfect Experience which Kālī in Her own true nature (Svarūpa) is. In this way Her Garland is understood.

"Surely" I hear it said "not by all. Does every Hindu worshipper think such profundities when he sees the figure of Mother Kālī?" Of course not, no more than, (say) an ordinary Italian peasant knows of, or can understand, the subtleties of either the Catholic mystics or doctors of theology. When, however, the Western undertakes to depict and explain Indian symbolism, he should, in the interest both of knowledge and fairness, understand what it means both to the high as well as to the humble worshipper.

Calcutta. JOHN WOODROFFE

LOVE THE CONQUEROR.

Across the restless waves of many waters
I send forth song,
To India's noble sons, and loving daughters,
Brave, loyal, strong
For now is forged an everlasting chain,
That through all time, unbroken will remain.

In England's hour of need—the first to gather
At England's 'Call'
Were India's sons, ready, nay willing rather,
To fight—or fall;
And in the torrent of a living flood,
They sealed fidelity with their own blood!

And shall we e'er forget their true devotion
To Emperor-King
Of many lands—ah no! with deep emotion
Their praise we sing:
Sisters, who bore these sons, to gain us glory,
Your share was great, in this world-startling story.

Within the quiet grave-yards, shaded, holy
Of England's Isle
Repose three Eastern warriors, brave and lowly
Of rank and file
With faithful allies, one in peace is lying
Lulled by soft winds thr'o Yew trees* branches sighing.

Fear not, the rest is earned, each well fought battle
Shall count our gain;
Tho' long drawn cries of anguish, and the rattle
Of leaden rain
Still mingle—this dark night shall end proclaiming,
The cause is won. *"Love the True Conqueror is reigning!"*

CHARLSTY M. SALWEY.

Boldie, New Forest, Hants.

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* These trees in our Church-yard were planted in the days of the Norman Conquest.

A PLEA FOR THE PANDIT.

LET us conceive of such a thing as a select coterie of native scholars in the Athens of to-day, possessors, by long inheritance, of the true torch of old Hellenic lore, and concerned only with the maintenance of that sacred flame and its transmission, with undimmed lustre, to posterity. Let us suppose that in this community the ancient learning, preserved in pristine purity, was conveyed from generation to generation through the medium of the Attic dialect itself, with as little contamination from the modern world as perfect reverence could compass. Would it not follow that all the world of educated opinion would unite in honouring that faithful band, and that the first premonitions of its dissolution would be viewed with something like dismay? I would submit, however, that in modern India we are provided with the disheartening spectacle of precisely such a venerable community at death-grapples with the adverse circumstances of our times, the while the world looks on almost indifferently.

To claim that in his *pânditya* the old-school Pandit of the present day does actually preserve, in *pristine purity* the lore of high antiquity, would perhaps be claiming over much. In some departments, at least, it is now demonstrable that continuity of exegetical tradition has been lost,

despite the Pandit's efforts. But to prove this for such a field as Vedic exegesis, (*e.g.*, to show that Sâyanâ does make mistakes) does not necessarily vitiate the claim in other branches, and in the fields of grammar, rhetoric, philosophy and medicine, while something may have been lost, still very much has been preserved, and an extraordinary measure of continuity is undeniable; while to the amazing preservation of colloquial fluency in the Sanskrit tongue, on the part of these devoted Brahmans, I myself can testify from personal experience. I hold, therefore, that a definite analogy exists between the old-school Guru of the Benares type and our hypothetical Athenian; and inasmuch as all classes of opinion seem agreed that the type as such is sadly languishing, I propose to consider the causes of so lamentable a fact and the possibility of restoratives.

But since there is a not an inconsiderable body of opinion in these practical times which may be counted on to refuse attention to either the causes of the malady or yet its cure until convinced of the practical utility of the patient's life, let us first of all ask what the function of this old-school Guru is, and what the effect would be on the community were his personality to be removed. In this matter I make bold to take up an extreme position, and to assert that in the person of the Guru, more than in any other single figure, are embodied precisely those elements of Indian life which constitute the ancient pride of India, and that with his passing from the scene will pass for ever precisely that quality in Hindu life which up to now has differentiated it from the outer world. India is honoured among the races of mankind for its deep spirituality, for its introspective,

meditative character; for its freedom from the mad, materialistic "hustle" of the western world, and, in its peasantry, for that simple piety which leads unlettered millions every year to undergo with cheerfulness the sacrifices and privations of distant pilgrimages to the sacred shrines. I will submit that in the person of the Guru we have the unappreciated and unconscious fountain-head of all these qualities. He is, *in propria persona*, the supreme repository of this inherited tradition, the mint, if I may put it so, wherein the spiritual coinage of India is stamped for universal circulation. And just as a debasement of our commercial coinage would inevitably result in a lowering of credit abroad and in incalculable deteriorations and miseries at home, affecting most of all the poor who form the mass, so too I take it any lowering of the Guru type, still more its final elimination from society, is bound to involve a debasement in the spiritual coinage of India and to affect the whole body of the people, to a greater or aless extent.

There is not one us, I hope, who does not, in his heart of hearts, admire that childlike, trusting piety, that implicit, honest, unenquiring faith, which lies behind those toiling streams of peasantry *en route* to Jagannath or to Hardwar. We may, if we are foreigners, regret, that the goal is neither Rome nor Canterbury; but I for one suspect that Rome and Canterbury both would find legitimate cause for pride were similar pilgrim hosts found wending thither in these latter days—yes, and for larger future hope than now is theirs. But however that may be; whatever we may think individually of the worth and value of the peasant's creed, however much we may feel, (if we are missionaries) not only the possibility but the need of an improvement, we must, I

think, admit that perfect faith like this, whatever its cult or outward icon, does constitute a possession of incalculable value to society; indeed, it is perhaps the sole possession of the peasantry which is an actual asset to them.

I do not claim that there is either qualitative or quantitative identity between this simple rustic piety and the rarified philosophy of the Guru's personal faith; still less would I imply the absence of the loftiest spirituality in other sections of the Hindu world. What I do contend is that, so far as purely indigenous and traditional religion is concerned, untouched by any western influence, the really learned Guru is the fountain-head from which the multifarious streams of ancient Indian piety are drawn, and that to remove his figure and his influence would be like cutting off this current at its source. I do not say, of course, that all the lessening channels leading off from the main stream and radiating far and wide to the most distant village would at once dry up. We are told that our planet is still receiving light from remote stars whose actual flame was quenched millennia ago, and so the Guru's influence might still go on some time at least beyond the fading of the central orb. It is indubitable, though, that in this case, the ray must lose its brilliancy in course of time, and inevitable that in the end it fade away. However dark we may now think the peasant's spiritual world to be, such rays of light as do illumine it are largely from this source; and sorry for the Indian world will be the day when this indigenous source of light is gone. Such substitutes as one or other would propose have mostly been rejected of the mass.

In the world of letters the old-time Pandit of the highest type (and it is of none other that I speak), plays a

role of no less prominence; and here his cliams to our regard meet wider recognition, though lessening sadly now-a-days. It is his class which first give birth to all those sciences and philosophies (except the heretic) on which the admiration of the world for India is justly based; and he alone it is who now transmits that lore unmodified. When we remember that that most intricate and marvellous analysis of human speech known as the Paninean grammatical system, was stereotyped and codified in the third century B. C. at latest, at a time when the most cultured nations of Europe were hardly awake even to curiosity regarding the structure of the tongues they spoke; and when we realise that this marvellous science is as instinct with life to-day as ever two millennia ago, that its subtleties are even now discussed in Brahman circles with the same keenness as in the days when Alexander came to India, we can form a clearer conception of the service which our Pandits have performed, and appreciate more justly the miracle which they have wrought in bringing even to our distant age this mass of ancient learning still intact.

If it be asked wherein the value of the system lies, I would rejoin that to it attaches that importance which is not denied to grammatical science elsewhere, with thefurther factor in its favour of its unrivalled historical priority. For more than two thousand years it has constituted the unchallenged form of correct usage in the sacred tongue of India, that tongue in which the whole heart and soul of the nation have expressed themselves, (when free from heresy), and in which is inscribed what is this nation's greatest contribution to mankind. It may be true that modern western savants, twenty and more centuries after Panini, have at

last detected minor faults in him, even errors. One wonders, though, whether twenty further centuries will now elapse before mistakes are noticed in their writings, and whether, on the basis merely of those portions of the literature which have survived, they are necessarily correct in denying what the great grammarian recorded on the basis of the works he knew, which we know not. This much at least is clear that what were looked upon as baseless entries in the ancient Indian lexicons have, in multiplying instances, met with substantiation as our knowledge of ancient Indian linguistry has grown. Numbers of words our Sanskritists had pronounced unquotable have in more recent times been traced in Prakrit works, and I have reason to suspect that in some other instances our non-perception of a given usage is due more to our ignorance than to any error in the ancient lexicons. The same is also true in the field of those old chronicles we call Puranas in which the nearest approach to history in India has been preserved. It has been, and even now still is in certain circles, the fashion to decry these works, and to disparage them as though they were deliberate lies contrived for our misleading. The view-point is a childish one; but those who hold it do well to make the utmost of it now. Their little day will prove but brief, for just so sure as there is any truth at all, so surely shall we see some day that where the statements of these chronicles are now obscure, apparently conflicting and untrustworthy, the fault is frequently with us, and with our limitations. An instance of what I mean is afforded us by the work of Rai Sahib Daya Ram Sahni in Kashmir. The Rajatarangini of Kalhana, in which the history of the Valley is enshrined, has all along asserted that Kashmir formed part of the dominions of the Kushan emperors, and most of us have thought

it credible. But the fact that in its account of them it names these monarchs in an order which we challenge, omits two, and adds a name unknown to us; joined to the fact that up till now no clear monumental evidence was available for any period antedating Lalitaditya, has misled others to dispute the validity of its assertions, and to doubt if Kushan influence had really penetrated to this spot. In recent excavation, however, Pandit Daya Ram has found clear proof that Kushan influence did actually exist, and although the memorials recovered up to date are not yet numerous, the general trustworthiness of the ancient chronicles is established for a period five centuries earlier than heretofore. I see no reason to doubt that their essential reliability will likewise be established for yet earlier ages, when archaeology finds opportunity to test their statements; nor do I doubt but what large portions of even the Mahabharata, which we dub "mythical" in our present blindness, will gain historical significance when once the scales are fallen from our eyes, and we can really comprehend the ancient text. In other words, we modern scientists are on the very threshold of our subject and rash is he who yields to dogmatism at this stage. Since, moreover, the Guru of the older school is by hereditary right the prime expositor of these ancient texts; since he alone is free from those humiliating errors into which the profoundest western scholarship is occasionally betrayed by reason of its lacking just those things which make up *panditya*, I say it would be a positive calamity were this repository of the ancient lore to perish. That western scholarship can accomplish certain things beyond the Pandit's scope, I should be the last one to deny. That side of the question is so reiteratingly insisted on that it requires no emphasis from me. But I

would contend with equal vehemence that there are some things withiu the compass of the Pandit which are absolutely unattainale by us, and neither the one nor the other can be suffered to disappear without irreparable loss.

If we could feel any assurance that the Pandit, on his passing, would be legitimately succeeded by such Indian types as the venerable Sir Ramkrishna Bhandarkar in the west, or Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Haraprasad Shastri in the east, we could perhaps contemplate that passing with more equanimity. These two distinguished scholars combine the virtues peculiar to both eastern and western scholarship to a most unusual degree. But alas! this word "unusual" is all too apt, and when one sees how prone the younger generation is to follow western methods only almost neglecting the older system which is their native heritage, a certain feeling of alarm is justified.

Turning now to the causes underlying this decline and threatened fall of what, to me, is one of India's noblest types, the first obvious factor in the situation is the altered attitude toward the Pandit of the Hindu world. I do not, of course, speak now of the Pandit as a Brahman, but as a scholar. That the declining prestige of caste, as such, contributes to the end, I do not deny, but that is nothing with which a stranger may concern himself. It is the altered attitude of Hindu society towards the Pandit's learning which I mean, and this, it seems to me, can yet be remedied. In days gone by, when greater reverence was paid to ancient lore, the learned Brahman was the peak and pinnacle of honour. Even my modern eyes have had the privilege to see a glittering prince rise from his throne to make obeisance before such a representative of the older school, and in so far as this wase xpressive of the relative values attaching in Indian esteem to

learning and to wealth, respectively, I think it was of whole. some import for the race. One may, however, apprehend that there is danger of this spirit passing, and that in the increasing materialism of the age respect may depart progressively from its former goals, and either shift to money merely, or at best, turn only to such lore as western nations recognize as learning. In the West it is to be feared that all too scanty reverence is felt for anything in these levelling days of wide democracy, and little indeed to learning in the abstract of whatever kind. One hopes, therefore, that the East will cherish its old reverence the more, and thus retain one marked superiority at least.

No wonder when his intellectual attainments secured for the individual Pandit pre-eminence like this, he was content to let the Kshatriya monopolize the pomps and vanities. The real power frequently reposed in him, and to his intellectual supremacy no challenge was conceivable. All this is changed. His learning, ill comprehended by his jostling neighbours, is sometimes looked upon as out-of-date, and the poverty which has overwhelmed him on the withdrawal of that princely succour he depended on exposes him to unwonted indignities on every hand. Public honour and respect are no more directed toward his figure, but to his enterprising neighbour, of whatever caste, proportioned to his income. One standard and one only of popular esteem now seems to rule his world, and that the alien standard of the purse. Is it any wonder that his heart misgives him? It was one thing to forego the sparkle of this world when by such sacrifice he purchased what was far dearer in his eyes, the universal veneration of his fellowmen. It is quite a different matter to persist in abnegation of this kind, when once the incentive to it is removed. As

a natural consequence, finding now that by the course he has pursued neither wealth nor honour can accrue to him, he naturally is increasingly inclined to turn the footsteps of his son to other paths—to paths perchance his ancestors had scorned, but such as lead to honour in these days, when honour and full purses are so frequently synonymous.

This being, as I conceive it, one of the root causes of the malady I deplore, namely the growing tendency of the Pandit class to reach out to occupations of a more remunerative kind, the remedy is quickly seen. Alas, however, it is not so readily applied, in the financial circumstances of our times. What can we expect, though, save the decline and fall of *Panditya* when ordinary academic attainments are rewarded in the usual services by anything from Rs. 200 to Rs. 700 a month, while for a Guru in Benares perhaps Rs. 250 is a maximum? A graduate of the full Achārya course, with all that that connotes, is deemed fortunate if he secures Rs. 50 straightaway; and I heard not long ago of a certain Shāstrī who had been felicitated by his friends on getting Rs. 35! "We congratulated him, of course, but inwardly we laughed," so I was told:—It had been more far-seeing and judicious to have wept.

That the British Government as such is alive to the situation and regretful of it, has been clearly shown in all the Conferences I have had the honour to attend, and in which measures have been discussed for the greater encouragement and sustenance of the Pandit class, unanimous sympathy and admiration being invariably expressed. But while Government is clearly desirous to do what it can to foster that ancient learning which now languishes, it is to be apprehended that perhaps the main cause of the

decay which threatens is the attitude of the public toward the ancient lore, and its tendency to look on it as "sterile." I venture to plead, therefore, for an enhanced realisation of India's indebtedness to this Pandit class, and for a restored admiration for that pure learning for which the Pandit stands. Let his knowledge be reverenced for its own sake as it used to be, and Government measures for the Pandit's sustenance can almost be dispensed with.

But since, in the sorry condition of shattered idealism which seems threatening to prevail, it is useless to expect the *hoi polloi* to pay respect where money is not paid, it seems to me that liberal measures are now called for if the impending disaster is to be forestalled. Most of all could presumably be done by the ruling Princes of the land, if they would only reward the best *panditya* in the ancient way, and guarantee its equality with its modern competitors. But even in British India I venture to believe that something toward the desired end could be achieved at no impossible outlay if Government would only consent to establish certain Imperial Fellowships, wherein the selected leaders of the older school should draw for life stipends commensurate with their worth and native dignity, and which should place them visibly before the world on a footing of at least equality with the most successful exponent of the modern school. Could the public see clearly and unmistakably that equal tangible honour was bestowed upon the older lore, and that the old-time Pandit by his noble sacrifice of modern things for the sake of his *Panditya* was not inevitably involved in disabilities, it could but tend, so far as I can see, to clear the public vision of that learning's worth. With this renewal of popular appreciation, and with substantial goals to work for, I take it that the Pandit

would no longer feel the need to turn off from his ancient paths, and that with this restoration of his credit, the danger of his disappearance would largely fade away.

To arguments like this a common answer is that the type of Pandit which alone we labour to preserve is not a type which cares for money, and that by adequately rewarding him, we might destroy the very qualities we most admire. If destruction were not pressing on from other sources, there might be force in this. But if my diagnosis is correct, the remedy I name would seem to be the only hope. Whatever the effect upon the individual recipient, the effect upon the community and upon public opinion generally could not fail of good. So long as it is apparent to the casual observer that there is no modern graduate who may not aspire to competence and public honour, while conversely the most distinguished exponent of ancient lore can never aspire to more than what the other calls a pittance, so long is any radical cure for the present evil hopeless ; and so long must our present fear persist that when the present and succeeding generation shall have passed, India will have lost forever the main surviving link between the materialism of the present age, and that nobler, more inspiring epoch when that wisdom and those sciences which are India's boast to-day were evolved by the ancestors of the men whose claims upon our reverence I plead.

" VIDYARTHI."

Simla, August 15, 1917.

MUSINGS AND COMMUNINGS.

In August last, Londoners could hear the noise of the terrible artillery duel fought on a four-hundred Front in Flanders. The noise reached their ears by means of the longitudinal wave motion in the air above their heads and the fighters. Did it matter very much to the air? Perhaps as much as the flame-throwers to the sun, or the motion of the various solar systems and of the nebulae, their mothers, to the æther! And yet not an atom or sub-atom of matter or energy is ever lost! But the air and the æther are around us to remind us always that a sense of proportion and of perspective are absolutely essential in the affairs of this world. If there were no longitudinal wave motion in the air, what would become of the ears of even the greatest Emperor or the greatest Commander on earth. If there were no transverse motion in the æther, what would become of his eyes!!!

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The science of physics conceives the universe as a sea of æther which has penetrated the very structure of all matter, and in which the heavenly bodies are immersed, but through which they move unimpeded by it—a sea which directly connects us with the sun, whose energy is being constantly dissipated into it, and through which an infinitesimal portion of this energy reaches us and supplies the

means whereby life, in all its myriad forms on this planet, is maintained and perputuated." The science of Atma conceives God as a spiritual sea, interpenetrating every individual and cosmic entity, and forming the medium in which they live and move and have their being, and yet never impeding them in the least. But for that spiritual sea, there would be no luminiferous æther, and there would be no light or sound, and the eye would not see and the ear would not hear, and our twelve pairs of cranial nerves would be useless.

* *

Silvanus Thompson tells us that, according to American experience, "the average resistance of the human body to the flow of electric current through it is 25,000 Ohms; and 3,000 (alternating) volts applied between the head and spine cause instantaneous death." A creature so fragile living on a small planet moving round a sun, which is only one of a large number, in a universe permeated by the sea of æther and the sea of Spirit, is, nevertheless, endowed with a strange power. Just as every particle of a magnet is itself a magnet, so every drop of the sea of Spirit is itself a Spirit. (Hence all our ideas of Freedom, Equality and Fraternity.) It is this truth which is the key to the whole ancient philosophy of India, and no one who realizes it can ever be deceived by the fallacies into which Nietzsche has fallen, or speak of a Chandala morality and Arya morality, or consider democracy as "the triumph of Chandala values". The higher the level the better the flow of water, the higher the temperature the better the flow of heat, the higher the potential the better the flow of electricity, the higher the Arya, the better flow of goodness and true nobility to the

Chandala. Woe to those who do not obey the Law of Sacrifice, and, by not obeying it, cut themselves off from the highest spiritual influence! Woe to those whose creed is "Will to Power", not "Will to partnership in Power."

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How thought travels! Schopenhauer said: "The Upanishads have been the solace of my life, they will be the solace of my death." Nietzsche studied Schopenhauer and looked upon him as one of the greatest of men. His "superman" and his "Periodic Recurrence" are both Hindu ideas. Every Gnani, every Yogi, every Bhakt is a superman, (in a good sense), so is every Avatar, plenary or partial. India has also its doctrine of Pralayas major and minor, and its doctrine of the Yugas. Nietzsche wanted all the nations of the earth to co-operate in producing a new type of man, a new species, the species of the superman. He wanted sacrifices to be made by the Present in the interests of the Future. He was against any nation acting selfishly. He longed for at least a united Europe and he called himself a European. But his ideas in the brain of Bernhardi & Co. assumed a form, which, it is said, had a great deal to do with the present war, a war likely to mould the destinies of the world!! What a chain have we here: the Upanishadic Rishis, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Bernhardi & Co., Hindenburg and Co., the Emperor Wilhelm II and Co!!! The spiritual truth has been transformed into a lie, and light has become darkness.!!! This is a world in which (from the Relative standpoint) Matter appears at war with Spirit, Necessity with Free-will, Law with Love.

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The life and teachings of Nietzsche exemplify this struggle, for he believed in Matter, Fate and Law, and yet

set forth a goal which could be achieved only by freedom of will and by sacrifice; he even spoke of *spiritual* friendship between man and woman as the true basis of marriage. His superman was to spring from couples higher than the modern, and those higher ones were to spring from eugenistic marriages, which, however, were to have an auxiliary in *concubinage!!!* Why? Because, it was feared, says M. A. Mugge in his monograph on Nietzsche, that if every man chose a wife "to serve for the sole satisfaction" of his sexual needs, on the grounds of his health, the production of descendants would be accidental, and their "successful education highly improbable". Nietzsche's ideal of his super-species demanded men and women economically independent, "rectangular in body and soul", and free from parish-pump jingoism, from narrow-minded bovine nationalism, from war-manias starving education and progress. He considered, therefore, a spiritual friendship between husband and wife necessary for producing the superman, but the spiritual husband, with his life-furthering ideas and hatred of "everything that makes for weakness and exhaustion", and love of every action increasing man's strength and power, and his anti-egoistic and altruistic morality, and his belief in law and order (though not in the God or Christ of St. Paul) was to be free to have a mistress!! Nietzsche's idea of spirituality is thus shown to have been as divergent from the Upanishadic doctrines, and even from those of his admired Manu as his conception of the superman from the conception of true Gnani, Yogi, Bhakt, or Avatar.

* * *

"The Will to Power is the driving force of the Superman, he does not want contentment but more power; he prefers war to a dishonourable peace." He is to stand

sublimely above the whole species of man, and rule the mechanical universe, and conquer Nature. When his type comes into being there will be no "Stationary level of mankind, where economical consumption of men ..... an ever closely involved 'Machinery' of interests and services, result in stultification, higher Chinese culture, modesty in the instincts." Well, what then? The ancient Hindu philosophy found even Paradise, and the state of a Prakratilaya, and of a Videha, not free from fear; for where there is desire there is fear, and where there is fear there is no freedom. It wanted a superman absolutely free from fear. To attain that "Nirbhai Pad" was the goal it proposed to itself, not the ruling of the world or even omniscience, both tabooed explicitly in the Yoga Sutras and other authoritative books. Even Nietzsche's superman was not to be a contented creature: Why, because none who has the indwelling Spirit in him can ever be satisfied with anything short of God.

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The Bhashya on the Yoga Sutras (see iii—18) tells the following story: "Bhagavan Jaigisavya obtained the knowledge breeding discrimination between the real and the unreal, after he had seen the direct series of life-transformations during ten great creations (maha' sarg), by having obtained direct knowledge of his residual potencies. The holy Avatya, having taken a body asked him: "You have lived through ten great creations, and on account of your placidity, your mental essence (Buddhi sattva) has not been overpowered. You have experienced the troubles of life in hells, among animals and in wombs. You have been born again and again among men and gods. Have you through all this life experienced a greater quantity of pleasure or of pain—which?"

Jaigisavya replied to Bhagavan Avatya. "I have lived through ten great creations, and on account of my placidity, my mental essence has not been overpowered. I have experienced the troubles of hell and animal life. I have been born again and again among men and gods. I consider all that I have experienced as pain only."

Said the revered Avatya. "This mastery of your reverence over Nature (Pradhána) and this your invaluable joy of contentment—do you place these also to the credit of pain?

The revered Jaigisavya said: 'The joy of contentment is invaluable only in comparison with the pleasures of sensation. *Compared to the bliss of absolute freedom (Kaivalya), it is pain only*.....The chain of desire is of the nature of pain. It has been said that when the trouble of the pain of desire is removed, there comes joy, calm, undisturbed, all-embracing." Blessed are those whom the Lord teaches freedom from desire, and even hope, for they will never be disappointed.

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Is it selfish to desire "joy, calm, undisturbed, all-embracing"? The lovers of God in all lands say the best course is to surrender one's self into God's keeping, to make ourselves worthy of His love, to follow the Lord of Sacrifice, and to ask for nothing and to desire nothing except His love. To leave all and to follow Him is their creed.

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It is not easy to attain that state of mind at once, and there is abundant room for those who want to make other experiments—for them, for example, who want to have a paradise on earth by exerting their Will to Power, and learning all the secrets of nature or who want a paradise after death, or to attain the condition of a prakratilaya or Videha. These experiences may then serve as so many

steps leading to the final goal. Man, truly, can have whatever he desires—even a heaven on earth—provided he practises concentration and perseverance, is not selfish and has faith that nothing won in any life is ever lost. Man can have whatever he desires, for he is not a lump of matter but a spirit, though a spirit whose apparent inequalities are due to the extent and depth of his imprisonment in matter. Man can have whatever he desires, for we see how even the blind can do the work of the seeing, and how even cripples can learn to swim and take part in swimming races. A remarkable living example is Annette Kellerman.

* * *

"Extent and depth of imprisonment"! Why should Spirit be imprisoned in Matter at all.! Whence came Matter at all? Why should there be any suffering, any fear, at all. Why should we have to battle at all against what Nietzsche calls "Chance and Nonsense"? Why should there be a struggle for existence and a struggle for power at all? Why should we be kept in ignorance of God's secrets at all? There is the Vedantic solution now being adopted more or less even in Europe and America in various disguises by thoughtful minds. For example, Professor Seth Pringle Pattison in his Gifford Lectures published lately under the title: "The idea of God in the light of recent philosophy," meets the pluralism of Professor James, by positing a God "who lives in the perpetual giving of himself, who shares the life of his finite creatures, bearing in and with them the whole burden of their finitude, their sinful wanderings and sorrows, and the suffering without which they cannot be made perfect." This does not go as far as Vedanta, but it goes a great way towards it. At any rate if God *in* man is bearing the whole burden of man's limitations, sorrows and sufferings, He has many grievances against those who

complain of such limitations, sorrows and sufferings, without giving Him any such credit in their accounts. Moreover, it may be justly said that to judge of God's whole plan and its execution, in the inter-connected, inter-dependent universe by what we see on this earth, will be, (to compare small things with great) like judging of Lord Hardinge's work in India from the Mesopotamia Commission's Report! There are so many worlds, and our little world is less even than an anthill in comparison with them! But even in it we have numerous compensations for all our drawbacks. For one thing, the struggles we have gone through, according to the theory of Evolution, have made us articulate and endowed us with a consciousness, a sub-consciousness and a potentiality for super-consciousness which are simply marvellous. Then there is the ecstasy of heroism, the ecstasy of self-sacrifice, the ecstasy of love, the ecstasy of the worship of beauty of harmony and melody, of unity in variety, the ecstasy of the pursuit of truth, the ecstacy of discovery and invention, the ecstasy of trying the soul's strength on matter and educing a man and a superman. The mind has been gaining in vigour by grappling with mystery, the bounds of freedom and co-operation have been enlarged, and the stress and strain of Space, Time and Causation have been reduced. Considering these results should we not at least give the benefit of the doubt to God if we have the presumption to put Him on his trial and refuse to believe that our sufferings are His? Nay may we not even say with Browning:

"That which seems worst to man to God is best,
So, because God ordains, it, best to Man."

A RECLUSE.

THE END.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portals we call death."—Longfellow.

Death is a cruel word, because we have all learned from ages past to pin our love on the things of earth-life, to live entirely in the body and its senses. It needs much time, thought and effort to break away from these material fetters and see ourselves alive now and for ever, to realise that our earth-life is only a school-time, wherein we should learn much. For this primary education in the school of the senses we are given this garment of flesh suited to earthly conditions and when the training is finished we lay it aside and take another, invisible to physical eyes. We cannot die, because we are immortal.

Death, or departure from the body, is only an episode in the real life—the life of the spirit. The material mind seeing what seems to be death, dissolution and decay in all humanity, and ignorant of the fact that the real self has in such seeming death only cast off a worn-out garment, thinks that decay and death are the end of all humanity, and for this reason it cannot avoid the sadness and gloom which pervades so much of human life at present. There is no

death ; it is an illusion, like the sunset. The sun is still in the heavens though we cannot see it; darkness comes over us, but we know that the sun is still shining and that in due time we shall wake again to its invigorating rays.

"Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall cease
to be never ;
Never was time it was not, End and Beginning
are dreams !
Birthless and Deathless and Changeless remaineth
the spirit for ever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though
the house of it seems.
The man new dead is like the man new born,
still living man,
One same existent spirit . . . Wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death, the end of death . . .
is birth."

Here on earth we are as it were just on an isthmus between two boundless eternities. Death is but a hand closing before it opens and lets out the spirit into beautiful freedom.

Perhaps you have seen a small bird, a robin or a swallow, fly into your room, and then, not finding again the open window by which it entered, it beat itself against the walls and windows in its struggles for freedom till it fell exhausted on the floor? In compassion you took it up and, as you closed your hand on the tender little body, you felt the captive's terror in that quivering frame and fast-beating heart, and knew that the closing of your hand was causing it an agony of fear ; yet in no other way could you lift and

free it. As you took the little bird to the open window and unclosed your hand, with what joy you watched it spread its wings and soar away into freedom!

Does not this in a way represent our earthly life, and its struggles, and how the spirit of love in the form of death must close his hand before he can open it and release us into boundless eternity. We need not fear the closing hand that will let our spirit escape into the larger life.

"Death is no enemy; it is a friend who, when the work of life is done, just cuts the cords that bind the human boat to earth that it may sail on smoother seas."

THE OLD FOOT-PATH.

The old foot-path across the fields
That leads into the town
The three quaint stiles which bar the way
(One often broken down)
I see it all, though years have passed
Since I that path-way trod
And some who knew and loved it well
Are since at rest with God.
The fields in spring—the rich, brown earth
And then the springing corn,
The shining dew upon the blades

Seen in the early morn
The bank at one side of the path
Holds other treasure yet
Rewarding, patient careful search
The sweet blue violet !
The fields in August—golden corn
With scarlet poppies gay
The path-way almost hid from view
With grasses o'er the way—
The autumn fields the stubble bare
The cold wind sweeping o'er.
The seabird's mournful wailing cry
The distant ocean's roar
And then, in winter, prisoned oft
For days beneath the snow
Until a kindly thaw sets in
And bids the tyrant go
The foot-path way ! The foot-path way !
What memories it brings
Of golden summers, autumns grey
White winters, balmy springs
And more than all of loved ones dear
Who in each scene had part
For love of these the foot-path way
Leads straight into my heart.

B. M. WILLS.

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DANCING IN INDIA.

DANCING as practised in India is an old-world institution. Like music, its practice as an art was in every probability prompted by an appreciation of the rythmic principle of sound and motion in the universe, to which the ancient Hindu mind was especially susceptible. Even among the earliest Aryans the art seems to have reached perfection, it was in vogue as a delightful pastime; and in the Rig Veda we read of the admirable performances of dancing women clad in robes 'pretty as paradise to look on.' In the epic period too, the hold of this form of amusement over the people did not slacken. Society broke up, creeds changed, forms of worship varied, the people grew more philosophic and meditative, and yet dancing survived. In King's palaces there were spacious theatres set apart for dancing, where the high-born ladies met and amused themselves. Again, we have the picture of Brihaspati's son in the Mahabharata, entertaining his preceptor's daughter with music and dancing. Disguised as Brihannada, Arjuna undertook to instruct the princess of Viratadesa in the arts of melody and motion. Long after the heroic age in the ascetic times of Buddhism dancing as an art did not lose its popularity. The 'Lasya' form of dance perhaps suffered, but the dance of devotees absorbed in religious

ecstasy met with the approval of the Buddhists, as it did not clash with their idea of ecstasy as a means for attaining Nirvana. The *samajjas*, we gather from the Buddhist and Jain records and also from Asoka inscriptions, were tribal concourses held on fixed feast days for the purpose of shows with scenery, music and dancing. Coming to more recent times, the days of Shivaji, the frenzied dance that frequently accompanied the 'Katha' performances in his mountain fortress fired the ardour of the young Maharatta, and they rushed on to battle with the magic of the dance implanted in their breasts. Thus has dancing in its many phases exercised a sway over the people. It is only now that as an amusement, men and women of higher classes refrain from joining the dances in person. Dancing has nothing indecorous or ignoble about it any more than music, but, on the other hand, it is a fine art of a high order pursued for the pleasure it affords, the noble sentiments it expresses, and at times for the religious exaltation which it brings about.

As an art and science dancing has been classified in the Vishnu Purana under the category of Ghandharva Veda, of which the inspired sage Bharata was the instructor, though not the actual founder, as certain legends seem to suggest. The name *Bharata* is suggestive of dancing as a harmonious blend of motion, melody and measure. In his days, the ancient Indian dancing had a renascence, the technique of the art was subjected to a critical scrutiny and improved upon, the old principles were thoroughly overhauled and to a great extent were reformulated and reorganized, the alliance between music and dancing was strengthened and another attempt at perfection in dance and music completed.

Dancing has ever since gone by the name of *Bharatanatya*. A few of his works which are extant mention ten different styles of dancing, the classification being based upon the emotions expressed and the persons representing them. Among these is the *Thandava*, a dance of frenzied vitality, with little or no art but only an outlet to religious fervour, such as that of the modern Bhajana parties. As distinguished from the Ninthana, there comes another variety, the *Natya*, a dance combined with gesticulation and speech which gradually paved the way for the introduction of the drama. *Lasya* is a purely feminine dance. For training up young persons adequately in the various branches as classified by Bharata, Natanasalas or schools of art for the study of dancing were in existence under the patronage of the State. In Kautilya's *Arthasastra* it is laid down that instructors in fine arts such as dancing and singing should be endowed with maintenance from the State. Evidently this speaks of the status of dancing in ancient India, and just as in the days of Louis XIV in France, a nobleman's education could hardly have been said to be complete, unless he had mastered dancing, chiefly the dance named the *Courante*, so too were there periods in Indian social life, when dancing was as essential as a literary education. The Mahabharata speaks of Virata's palace which had a special hall for the girls to learn dancing. In the *Katha Sarit Sagara* written by Somadevi in the 12th century, we find that Mrigavati attained great skill in dancing and music before she was married.

Everywhere and in all ages, dancing has played a prominent part. With some it is for the infusion of martial fire, such as the Bravery Dance of the Dahomans which

imitates mock-fights, also the war-dance of the Natal Kaffirs. Among certain savage races it is the huntsman's trade that comes to the fore in such entertainments, as for instance, the tribal dances in Northern Asia that copy the habitual sports of the chase. Again, tinged with a religious aspect, there is the professional devil-dance performed for the cure of diseases, to appease the wrath of animistic spirits that are supposed to plague people with epidemics. Strangest of all, dancing in Tasmania has a phallic motive. Dancing in ancient India was primarily a spontaneous response to religious exultation, and a source of enjoyment.

In the Rig Veda (X. 72. 6.) the Yatis or dancing gods are said to have stood clasping one another and dancing with such an exhilarated vigour as to raise a cloud of dust. Under a variety of names as Nataraja, Mahanata and the like, Siva is glorified as the greatest of dancers, the master of the *Thandava* fashion, fabled to have been introduced when the nymphs and spirits of Indra's heaven exhibited their performances before the gods. During the Dussera celebrations, dances are very often arranged for, when the little coterie of worshippers circle round and round, keeping time with the hands clapped at regular intervals and a slightly varying step. In ancient Rome, a similar form of dance was in vogue among the priests. In the Cathedrals of Spain and Portugal, religious dances were once performed. What really marks off the Indian dance from the rest is that in all its varieties it has a strong touch of religion.

T. S. VENKATARAMA AIYAR, B.A., L.T.

A NEW ZEALAND SKETCH.

The Tragedy of Anakiwa.

ABOUT sixty years ago, in the Queen Charlotte Sounds, at a beautiful bay called Anakiwa, many Maoris made their homes.

Wharves were built all along the shore, and the great carved canoes were moored close to the beach, for fishing in winter days.

In summer, they hunted wild pigs, and snared and shot the wild birds, kakars, and the flocks of brilliantly coloured paroquets that flew on to the bush clearing by the shore.

Then, when the tawa berries were ripe, scores of pigeons would fly down from the neighbouring mountains to feed on this luscious black berry.

At night, great flocks of sea birds came to the quiet sanctuary of the bay, and often the beaches and bush gullies echoed with their harsh shrieking as they wheeled high overhead, above the placid depths of water.

A wise Chief, with his one beautiful daughter, ruled the tiny kingdom of Anakiwa.

He had no enemies, save a distant cousin who claimed the right to be Chief.

This man had one son, a strong, handsome fellow of about twenty, named Tui skilled in the arts of warfare and hunting.

Unknown to his father, Tui had fallen violently in love with his enemy's beautiful daughter.

But love is brave; so, one evening in the middle of summer, he journeyed across the water in his great carved war canoe, and came to the old Chief's wharf, bringing with him an offering of birds and wild honey.

The Chief permitted him to enter, and straightway the youth asked permission to tell the beautiful girl of his great love.

"You may", said the Chief, "when you bring to me the felt of the great white pigeon!"

Tui thanked him and went sadly on his way.

He knew that for years every Maori of the tribe had tried to catch the great white pigeon, for, it was said, whoever caught this wonderful bird (it was about twice the size of an ordinary pigeon) would be Chief of the Maoris, and marry the most beautiful maiden of the tribe.

For days and weeks Tui sought the bird, he laid snares in every possible place, then, one evening as he walked along the shore and listened to the moreporks screeching in the bush close by, he suddenly saw the great white pigeon fly out, close to the water's edge.

Seizing a stone, Tui flung it at the bird, and the next instant its wings fluttered, and it dropped to the ground.

Rushing up to seize his treasure, Tui's foot slipped and he fell, just as the bird rose into the air with a weird, wild shriek.

Each evening Tui haunted the beach, but the pigeon came not again.

So, one morning in early autumn, he went to look at his snares, when behold! in one, not a hundred yards from his whare, lay the white pigeon, quite dead.

That evening, when the sun flung great red and purple shadows upon the water, Tui took his prize and set out for the Chief's home.

The old man was in a great passion when he saw the youth with the white bird in his arms, but controlling his wrath, he sent Tui in search of Rata, (that was the maiden's name) and set himself thinking of some way by which he could prevent his enemy's son becoming Chief of the people in later years.

All heedless of mischief, and thinking only of the maid of his dreams, Tui set out along the stretch of glistening sand.

He found her sitting in a little cave, her great brown eyes gazing seawards, and the soft wind blowing her masses of black hair round her like a cape.

Tui, with all his youthful ardour, pleaded his cause, and, when the yellow moon flung her smiles upon the waves, they went to tell the old Chief of their happiness.

Rata, more beautiful than ever, proudly showed her father Tui's gift, a wondrously beautiful, greenstone battle axe with a bird carved in the centre.

"My children," the old man said, in a cold mocking voice, "you have my blessing; but Tui, before you take my daughter to be Chieftainess of your tribe, you must bring to me from yonder mountain, a piece of gold, the size of an owl's eye."

He had but finished speaking, when, through the open door, flew in a great black owl, its yellow eyes blinking with the light.

Rata shrieked, and even the old Chief shuddered, for with the Maoris, an owl is the sign of death!

Tui drove out the unwelcome bird, and after a tender farewell to the terrified girl, he went out into the night.

A great fear gripped his heart, for, as his canoe glided out upon the silver sea, the black owl flew screeching over his head.

All that autumn, and the long winter following, Rata went at sunset to the little wind swept cave, and gazed with sad, wonderful eyes at the hills beyond the sea.

But her beloved came not; and when summer came again, Rata was too tired to walk to the cave in the sunset's calm.

Late in spring time her grief-stricken father carried her there, and buried the "light of his life" beside the singing tide.

And Tui?

Many said that the old Chief had set warriors to watch for and kill him among the mountains.

Be it as it may, the young handsome Chief never more returned to his people, but, to their great joy, early the following autumn, two great white pigeons, larger than the one Tui had entrapped, came to their regions.

All believed them to be Tui and Rata whose spirits had come back to watch over their sorrowing people.

ETHEL B. BEAUCHAMP.

STORIES FROM THE GANJI BAR.

A Polygamist Philosopher.

Murad, lean and wizened-faced, had not the appearance of a much marrying man, and yet it was an indisputable fact that he had contrived to marry two women who followed him like his shadow. He was never known to smile. He came to work with a grim determination and a twinkle of purpose in his eyes, to pursue undisturbed the even tenure of his life. He never worked with his own hands. He only made others work, as he sat and smoked, plunged in thought, drawing puffs of tobacco from his pipe, extremely insular and self contained. His influence over his band of workers was unquestioned, and even other people looked up to him for advice. His success in the marriage market served as a prelude to his success in the world. He often said that a second marriage did not bring redoubled happiness, it secured, however, two women in wedlock to work and sweat for him, while he smoked and supervised. He gave an impression that he was above following the plough and that his mind was engaged on deeper things. He was a bit of a Doctor and a Necromancer. He cured snake bites and exorcised evil spirits. He dispensed simples, and discoursed wisely on various things. The desert folk spoke of him in awed whispers, and he considered it his privilege to be served by others.

A poet friend, once said that completeness was only to be found in polygamy. He said that the husband of a single wife was a slave, that of two distracted, and the third disturbed the equilibrium which was only balanced by the fourth, who brought completeness and restored the sovereignty of the man. Such a man is no more at the mercy of a woman, her headaches and her whims. He is freed from the perpetual slavery of the sex. Instead of courting the favour of a single fair, fragile and uncertain creature, he can recline on soft cushions as a master, served by the four fair daughters of Eve competing for his favour. There is no illness in the house, and every thing goes on smoothly. The women look at each other with a naked eye, unlike men who look upon them as butterflies swarming down from heaven, to be treasured, prized and protected so that the golden dust may not be rubbed off their wings.

Murad was far from finding perfect happiness in the polygamy promised by the poet. It may be because he stopped half way. Murad, however, was neither distracted nor disturbed. He was content with his achievements. He had done better than many a man of his intelligence and position. Murad before he married his second wife was a gay fellow. He sang of Sassi and Punnun and played his flute for hours together under moonlit skies: strange, sweet plaintive melodies freighted with the soul of the East. His second marriage somehow damped his spirits. He was entirely changed. He found that he could not hold the balance even between his two wives contending for his favour in strict adherence to the prophet's law. If he smiled or spoke tenderly to the one in the presence of the other the transgression brought its own punishment. It meant a smoked pottage, burnt chapatties and a sullen woman looking

at him with large reproachful eyes. Murad had married a second time out of pure bravado. He did not really want a second wife, the first was young, strong and healthy. He admitted that the second marriage was a mistake but having done the deed he was compelled to look into the exigencies of the situation and mould himself to meet its relentless demands. He strove manfully in the first few years to afford equal amusement to his two wives, but it was no use. He failed to give satisfaction to either. It was impossible to be just to them both and afford no grounds of complaint, unless he maintained an attitude of complete indifference to them both. He was a wise man. He wrapped himself in gloom to observe a studied neutrality. He became mysterious, and taciturn, and acquired power not only over his two wives but also over others. His wives who had made his life a burden before, now went about their business quietly. They worked and laboured while he sat and smoked. Murad was respected by his own band. He had the knack of enforcing discipline. He knew when to command and when to be kind; his success was assured.

Civilization somehow increases complexities of life. In primitive village society men work in the fields and the women manage the house. The one produces the raw material while the other turns it into a finished article. Life flows smoothly, the horizon is limited but it is full and all-sufficing for millions. It is a sight for the Gods the procession of women at noon with jars of skimmed milk poised on their heads and savoury chapaties wrapped in cloths coming to the fields to feed their men. The men cease work and turn from labour to refreshment. Each woman becomes the centre of a group, men sit round her with contented

faces waiting for her bounties. She gives them thick chapaties and ladles out dal or vegetables. The men love to be mothered, and laugh and chat as they enjoy their simple meal. There is no clashing of interests, no division of labour, and no cry for votes for women here! They are all in the lap of nature each working in his own sphere as God ordained it. Men rise from their repast and take their spades, while the women wait or walk home, or take their places with the men.

The two wives of Murad loved to work under the eyefo their husband. One day they broke out into a bitter quarrel. The senior wife spoke sharply to her junior, who retorted strongly. They hurled at each other missiles of words which burnt like vitriol. The junior wept and looked towards her husband for encouragement. He refused to be moved, he smoked away as if he was absolutely unaware of the scene that had gathered a crowd of men and women round the two women. Work for the time being was stopped. Here my Irish friend intervened. Look here 'Murad,' he cried, all the work is stopped on account of your wives.

Murad took the Huqa from his mouth deliberately. Mark them 'absent' he said, and continued to smoke as if nothing had happened. His words somehow had a magic effect. The workers went to their work, and the two wives took their baskets and walked away, though their sobs could still be heard. In the evening the two women walked together home, following him meekly. Murad had evidently discovered the path of peace, though it cost him dearly.

JOGENDRA SINGH.

THE RIGHT INTERPRETATION OF VARNASHRAMA—DHARMA.

Almost all the people of this country are now aware of one Varnashrama movement which has taken its lead for the past two years. Evidently, as understood from the lectures and other things which the Varnashrama-Dharma Sabha can claim of, we can conclude that it does not endeavour to restore the religious systems of the past. Instead of doing this, the Varnashrama movement insists upon observing some inconsistent ceremonials in our religious system as it is, the omission of which will in every way help us from the thraldom and narrowness, to which we are subjected.

The word 'Varna' means caste and 'Ashrama' means stages and 'Dharma' means duty, and as such, a true Varnashrama-Dharmite ought to be observing the rules laid down in ancient works as Vedas, Manu etc., and not to be emptily boasting that he is *one* so, because Their Holinesses and other similar Oracles are satisfied with his pseudo-Dharma.

The Varnasharma-Dharma if it is rightly interpreted, gives ample scope for a Sudra even to become a Brahmin. To quote instances there are too many in our own national works. Vishvamithra, a warrior, became a Brahmin, a Rishi,

and then a Brahma-Rashi equal to Vashista a naturally-born Brahmin. So the Varnashrama-Dharma movement should try to give such spiritual comfort to the castes other than Brahmin, who should be given every chance of rising to the castes above them by sheer merit. Hindu scriptures mention only four castes and no Panchama one. The reformers who interpret the works are committing a serious blunder by just mentioning a fifth caste, also thereby proving their illegitimate claim to the Aryan race.

In Madras there has been a League of the Liberal Brahmins, which is indeed one step towards the right interpretation of Varnashrama-Dharma. Unlike the crude notions of Varnashrama-Dharma prevalent now-a-days, owing to gross misrepresentation of every thing under imperfect and perverse knowledge, there should be such a cosmopolitanic temperament which alone will save us from a religious disaster which is impending, and which will surely commit its ravages if the right interpretation is lost sight of.

Our country's welfare rests upon our spiritual advancement, and that under a pure simple unprejudical and unsullied one.

P. VIJAYA RAGHAVA ACHARYA.

IN ALL LANDS.

Christmas and Peace.

Simla had early snow this year, and India Christmas rains. This means a return to normal times. During the negotiations between Russia and Germany, the latter is said to have expressed a desire for peace with all the Allies. England and America are sceptical about the utility of peace uutil the Kaiser is humbled, but if the Kaiser gives in there is nothing to prevent peace.

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Germany and Russia.

The collapse of Russia has not only made the military situation grave for the Allies, it is likely to create several international complications. Germany will not think it worth while concluding a peace with any party in Russia without reserving to herself the right of interference in Russian affairs in order to maintain that party in power. Russia wants peace, without being able to set up a stable Government. It was announced some time ago that Siberia had asserted its independence, and it is now announced that Ukraine has followed suit in south-western Russia. Such a state of things affords ample opportunity to a Power like Germany to interfere in the internal affairs of the country, at least for the time being. The party now in possession

of Petrograd has annulled all foreign loans, and as long as this decree remains in force the foreign nations concerned cannot be friendly to Russia.

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Man-Power.

As a matter of form Russia will conclude peace not merely with Germany, but also with Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. But German agents are at work in Russia, and if the parties to the treaty together form a confederacy in eastern Europe, Germany will be at their head in practice and direct their future policy in international politics. This combination will strengthen the position of Germany as against the Powers of western Europe and America. For the present it adds to the difficulty of the Allies in securing the necessary man-power. America's millions are not yet ready. When they are ready on the other side of the Atlantic, they will have to be transported to Europe and provided with all that they want. A referendum in Australia has resulted in the defeat of conscriptionists. India's man-power has not been fully exploited. A great future lies before India in this direction.

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Victims of War.

The experience of mankind is said to be that "truth will triumph." An amended version of that maxim is that truth will triumph if we fight for it with our might. Hence a great warrior said that Providence is on the side of big battalions. Germany is reported to have agreed to a peace on the basis of "no annexations, no indemnities." The British conquest of East Africa last month completely wiped out the German colonial empire. Turkey has

also lost considerable territory. In the circumstances well might the Central Powers agree to the proposal of "no annexations". This means that Belgium will be released. Mr. Lloyd George's complaint has been that Germany never officially agreed to that condition. He may possibly modify his attitude now, though nothing is known at the time of writing this note. But how cruel to Belgium is the condition "no indemnities"! She has suffered for her geographical situation, and no other offending.

* * *

Mr. Montagu has concluded one part of his enquiry. He has received addresses and deputations and conferred with non-officials. Local Governments have already placed their Secretaries on special duty in connection with constitutional reforms. Their views will be formulated in a few weeks and it is expected that the heads of the provincial Governments will meet and discuss the reforms at Delhi about the end of this month. Ever so many suggestions have been submitted regarding the constitution of the provinces and their Governments, and the devolution of power on the representatives of the people. The Ruling Chiefs, the landed aristocracy, the intellectual elite, Hindus and Musalmans, Buddhists and Jains, Sikhs, Christians, Anglo-Indians, Europeans, planters, raiyats, merchants, the untouchables—all these have offered food for digestion and Mr. Montagu is credited with a strong appetite.

Mr. Montagu's Enquiry.

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Before starting for India Mr. Montagu, with the concurrence of the whole Cabinet and the parties represented therein, laid down three broad propositions—that the policy of the British is to confer the privilege of responsible

Mr. Montagu's Mission.

government on the people, that this goal is to be reached gradually, and that a substantial step in that direction is to be taken as early as possible. In defining the "people" the relation between British India and the Native States will have to be considered. The greater the number of interests and communities to be represented, the larger must be the legislative councils. Whether in these councils the Government is or is not to have a majority, the question will arise whether a definite portion of the councils should consist of officials who are withdrawn from their usual duties for the purpose of voting. In what respects is the Executive to be subordinate to the Legislature, when the latter expressly declines certain great responsibilities? These are the main issues.

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England and India.

Some of the addresses presented to the Viceroy and the Secretary of State have emphatically asserted that the social structure of the country makes it impossible to introduce democratic principles here for the present. Apart from that difficulty, public life is not yet fully organised in India. In England the different parties in Parliament have their newspapers, clubs, and Whips. In India the result of voting on a given question in a legislative council, say of 100 members, will be more or less a matter of chance. Some members may not be able to leave their work and attend, for the country is much larger than England and locomotion is less rapid and less easy. Many members of the existing councils have in the past protested that only "professional politicians" can devote more time to the work of the councils than they are at present called upon to spare. In such a

state of things snatch votes will be very common. Safeguard against these risks will no doubt have to be provided.

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Calcutta Conferences.

The last week of December is a week of conferences, the most important of which were held in Calcutta in the year that has passed away. They were all very well attended. Even the Social Conference attracted such large numbers that the appointed hall could not contain them and the assembly adjourned *sinedie*. It is not surprising that the attendance at the National Congress beat all records. Self-government was naturally the leading theme discussed, and the utilisation of the man-power of India for military purposes was urged more enthusiastically than in previous years. Home Rulers have declared that Mr. Montagu did not conduct an independent enquiry as an authority above the Government of India, but placed himself in official hands. He is himself an official and the etiquette followed did not affect his position as Secretary of State. Nevertheless Home Rulers expect less from Mr. Montagu, the official, than from Mr. Montagu, M.P., and they will increase their activities until they are satisfied.

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Muslims and Urdu.

At the Social Service Conference, which is different from the Social Reform Conference, Mr. Gandhi insisted on the necessity of a common vernacular for India, and he stood up for Hindi. At the Muslim Educational Conference, Mr. Hydari, Financial Secretary to the Nizam's Government, dwelt on the importance of Urdu to his community. He insisted that no vernacular is worthy of continued life unless it is made an instrument of "the highest

culture, the deepest emotion, and the sublimest imagination." The Hyderabad Government will endeavour to raise Urdu to that dignity. At the new University to be established at Hyderabad, Urdu will be the medium of instruction up to the highest grades of study, and a committee of highly paid translators has been appointed to bring the necessary literature into existence. The study of English, however, will be compulsory. In the Bombay Presidency also, Muslims demand that Urdu shall be taught to all Muslim boys.

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The Languages.

It is a bold experiment that H. H. the Nizam's government has initiated, and it shows that the *laissez faire* policy finds no favour with vigorous Indian administrator so. As in commerce, so in literature, the indigenous product suffers by competition, and free traders have no faith in interference with the natural course of things. But in the case of languages, what is the natural course of things? Can a foreign language supplant the indigenous tongues in the homes and the market-place, in temples and mosques? At the same time it must be remembered that translations may be read in schools and colleges, but they will not affect the life and thought of the people who remain strangers to foreign ideas, and no literature can flourish which is divorced from the life of the people. Primary education, if not higher standards, widely diffused must open the door to new ideas, if the seed sown by translators is to germinate and fructify. It is only literature produced by the native mind, after imbibing foreign thought, that can flourish in any country.

Cottage Industries.

H. E. the Viceroy, in opening an Industrial Exhibition at Madras, expressed the hope that the Industrial Commission will submit its report at an early date, and the Government will be able to take action upon it during his period of office. The Munitions Board has acquired valuable experience, and thus the war has been instrumental in indicating directions in which Indian Capital and enterprise may be profitably employed. What about men of small capital? Should they co-operate to keep small cottage industries alive, or had they better give up the attempt to compete with centralised industries? At least one of the witnesses before the Commission who spoke from experience, thought that improved handlooms have a future before them, if the weavers are taught the value of co-operation, and other dying industries may perhaps be rehabilitated. Perhaps the artisan of small capital will also be benefited by the Commission's advice.

* * *

Financial Prospects.

In spite of the war the financial outlook is good. The railway earnings notwithstanding the reduction of train service continue to be a couple of crores of rupees ahead of the forecast. Customs revenue is also doing well mainly due to increase in prices of cotton manufactures. Income tax, salt and land revenue are bringing in good returns and possibly Sir William Meyer's last budget, though it will be a war budget will amply justify his reputation as an astute financier.

The Government of India after all have appointed a committee to enquire into the prevalence of revolutionary movement and incidentally into the internment cases. Lord Chelmsford was keen about it and the Secretary of State accepted his proposal. The case of Mr. Mahomed Ali will undoubtdedly go to Justice Rowlatt's for examination. East and West foreshadowed the formation of such a tribunal.

The Internal.

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The New Year honours list in India differs materially in this that while a great many honours in England have goue to the writers, artists and journalists, the India list has not a single name from the class of men who have power to influence thought. The Government of India presumably does not believe in patronage of art and learning and moves only in the world of established facts.

The Honours List.

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Helpful Advice to Nursing Mothers

MANY mothers would like to feed their own children but are denied the privilege of doing so, because they have not sufficient nourishment for them. The "Allenburys" scientific system of Infant Feeding has provided for all this. When a mother is partly able to feed her baby she may give the *'Allenburys Milk Food No. 1'* for alternate feeds, so alike are the natural and prepared food in this instance, and this food should be continued until the weaning process has been entirely completed. The mother herself must be well nourished and to this end may partake freely of the *'Allenburys' Diet,* partially pre-digested milk and wheaten food, which like the Milk Food No. 1, is instantly made ready for use by simply adding *boiling water only.* After childbirth the *Allenburys' Diet* is surprisingly helpful in maintaining the strength and producing a good flow of rich milk.

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. XVII. FEBRUARY 1918 No. 196.

FROM CLOUDLAND

The Charter of Liberty.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer will be remembered for the strength of his administration and his crusade against crime and corruption, but it is the Education Bill, introduced recently, which will bear permanent results. Education is necessary for strength and stability and for moral and material wellbeing. Sir Michael O'Dwyer has now the opportunity to lay firm the foundations of educational reform for the Province he loves. The Education Bill will secure for him the honour of giving to the children of the Panjab their charter of liberty.

* * *

Gentleman's Composition.

The villager has been contented and happy in the past, he has kept his soul clean, and his simple faith has been full of philosophy, worldliness and other worldliness. In thought and manners he has been a spiritual man and a gentleman. His failings are many. He glories in ignorance, drinks, feuds and law suits, which prevent him from reaping to the full the fruits of his labours,

unwittingly permitting the cream of his produce to pass into other hands. The rapacious merchant and the heedless Landlord exploit him. Craftsman's conscience is singularly silent when it comes to personal gain. The goal of British policy "the progressive realization of responsible Government in India as an integral part of the Empire," means ultimate handing over of the responsibility to the millions, who must learn to subordinate the first person singular and work together for the nation as a whole.

The masses must be educated but the education ought, however, to supplement and not to supplant the ideals which have ruled the millions for ages. Each community ought to be helped to organise and look after its own education, in the light of traditions which never failed to console in good and bad times in the past, and even to-day are the solace and strength of patient and industrious millions. The scheme for the education of villages should not be framed in haste and not without the consultation of intelligent villagers, the Bhais, the Prohits, the Maulvies and the religious societies. To lead the villagers to forsake the old Gods without anchoring them to the new, would be a sin against society. The villager should not be wantonly dispossessed of the enjoyment of the graces of faith and the simpler life.

* * *

Centres of Light and Healing.

Not only the village education but Secondary and Higher Education need the inspiration of great ideals. No national improvement can come from outside; it can only come from within. For Indian Publicists, Education, therefore, must become their most sacred concern. In ancient times Universities were founded

in places of natural beauty, away from the town, where men devoted to learning could dream their dreams in peace; consecrating their lives to the search of truth. The finest and the broadest minds of the country retired to these retreats, and trained the best men available for the propagation of their ideal. The life of affairs and the life of thought flowed in two different and distinct streams. The Universities were centres of light and healing, and spiritual ideals animated all teaching.

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The Business Ideal in Education.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to our educational standards, the overcrowding of the colleges, and the failure of Secondary Education involving enormous wastage at every stage of preparation for a much coveted B.A., "which pain purchaseth doth inherit pain."

Suggestions have been made in responsible journals that the attempt to give Higher Education to all who knock at the gates of our Universities is absurd, and that it should be within reach of only those who can afford to pay for it, and are fully equipped to profit by it in after life. This is a purely utilitarian view and presupposes combination of wealth and brains. It narrows down the whole conception of Higher Education, making it subservient to administrative needs. You may as well shut out sunlight and allow it to shine only on hot house plants. The fear that highly educated men will increase the difficulties of administration is groundless. There can never be too many truly educated men in India, or in any other country. It is not education but the system which is at fault. Considerations other

than educational have often influenced our educational policy. The raising or lowering of standards has played too great a part, without any regard as to the capacity of the pupils to assimilate the prescribed course of studies. Boys here have not the same capacity, opportunities or environment which the English boys of the same age enjoy in England. Ours have not only to learn a foreign language, but also to grapple with ideas, thoughts and conceptions which for the first time confront them at school. There is nothing in their early training to help them to grasp the meaning or assimilate the significance of what they are asked to learn. Is it any wonder that Education is something outside the life of the people and beyond the capacity of an average boy?

* * *

Why Attempt the Impossible?

The Educationists deplore that the standard is not high enough, and quality is sacrificed for quantity. They would rather help a few brilliant boys than lower the standard to bring it to the level of the many. And yet what India needs is extensive not intensive culture. In the meanwhile why attempt the impossible? Bring the educational standards within the capacity of an average boy and the results will be surprising. Men, who go out of the schools and the colleges with their power of brains and body unimpaired, will be able to draw upon the limitless treasures of Nature without besieging office doors. It is men who labour fourteen long years to secure a degree at the sacrifice of health and natural capacity who swell the ranks of the "Omaid-wars."

Education on right lines will produce men who will return from colleges with faith in themselves and increased powers of work, ready to take their burdens and to carve out fortunes in other fields, rather than seek petty employment promising bare subsistence. Useless tinkering and artificial adjustment of our educational system are bound to fail.

The Right Line.

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The question can be narrowed down to a single issue. Is the education suited to the needs of the people, spiritual, moral and material? Does the system take into account the capacity of the pupils? No husbandman will endeavour to grow cotton on a land suited for rice. An agriculturist works for an average crop on ordinary soils and attempts to grow more paying crops on small areas where he can give special attention. This is the system followed in England. An ordinary degree is within reach of all men of ordinary intelligence, while the Honours are reserved for the few. Why should not our educationists follow this system and liberate education from the thraldom of standards which are impossible of attainment with ordinary boys.

The Real Issue.

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The system of studies should be carefully graduated to suit the capacity of an average boy. The studies in English should be made more practical and useful with the object of enabling the pupil to read and write English with ease rather than attempt at making him a literary critic. Indian classics and the growing literature of the country should not be entirely a taboo.

Capacity of an average boy the main criterion.

The examination should be the means to an end and not an end in itself. Let those who come to our schools and colleges, come in touch with the great minds of the world in a natural manner, without trying to choke their brains with information they cannot digest. For many years to come the standard of education in India cannot approach the western standard.

* * *

A Modern University

The essentials of a modern University have been clearly set forth by Lord Haldane's Commission in their report. The Commission holds that distinguished teachers should take part in undergraduate teaching, and their spirit should dominate it. The examinations should afford sufficient evidence of what they are intended to prove, that the pupil has profited by his studies, but it should not impair the student, which it would if it is based upon too wide a syllabus to be covered in the time allowed. The University Commission that is now sitting in Calcutta will have more to do with the making of new India than Mr. Montagu's much talked reforms.

* * *

The War and Woman.

The War has restored to woman her dignity and her position. She has taken up new duties with endless patience and true womanliness. Women have followed armies, to save mangled men from the shambles of shells, and with unfailing courage they have accepted the changing fortunes of war. Those who sought in the cry "Votes for women" to quench the thirst of their souls have found their true vocation and taken their places as comrades and

helpers, and taken upon themselves the burdens of keeping things going at home. Everywhere in France and England women are doing great things, ministering to the sick and weary, running offices, making shells, and taking part in every activity of life. Ruskin said "that the soul's armour is never so well set to the heart unless woman's hand has placed it." But for the devotion and sacrifice of English women England could not have faced this terrible "ordeal by battle." Parasite woman is a man's weakness, comrade woman is his strength. In the olden days of glory Indian women inspired men to fight to victory with the assurance that those who loved truly never parted. It was not a mere lip service, they proved their faith, marching into flaming fires following the beloved even through the gates of death. If India is to play a worthy part in this great Empire, Indian women will have to come to their own, and take their share in the making of new India. Self-Government to be real must begin at home. When shall we have a great programme of Female Education and social reform?

* * *

Early Marriage and National Deterioration.

An Indian student of Aristotle's Politics cannot but be struck by his strong condemnation of early marriage. Had Aristotle been an Indian legislator he would apparently have tackled the question of early marriage. In what spirit he would have tackled it appears from the following extract:—

"It is extremely bad for the children when the father is too young, for in all animals whatsoever, the parts of the young are imperfect and are more likely to be productive of females than males, and diminutive also in size, the

same thing, of course, holds true in men, as a proof of this you may see in those cities where the men and women usually marry very young, the people in general are very small and ill-framed."—Mr. Malabari would have here interjected a remark as to what he had seen in Surat—"in child-birth also the women suffer more, and many of them die."—Mr. Malabari would have referred to the unanimous testimony of Lady Doctors and the medical opinions collected by Keshub Chunder Sen. "It is also conductive to temperance not to marry too soon." Mr. Justice Ranade would have confirmed this from the Shastras he cited in his essay on Infant Marriage.) "It also prevents the bodies of men from acquiring their full size if they marry before their growth is completed for this is the determinate period, which prevents any further increase, for which reason the proper time for a woman to marry is eighteen, for a man thirty-seven, a little more or less, for when they marry at that time their bodies are in perfection, and they will also cease to have children at a proper time and moreover, with respect to the succession of the children, if they have them at the time which may reasonably be expected, they will be just arriving into perfection when their parents are sinking down, and thus the parents could receive benefit from their children's affection and the children of their parents' protection, (two objects which Aristotle had expressly in view)." In spite of the annual Social Conferences and of much talk, we have hardly given any thought to the vital question of marriage and its results on coming generations. The realization of our new born aspirations will be in the measure of our effort to put our social life in order to produce strong and virile men, and to banish for ever all the debilitating forces which robbed us

of our strength in the days that are gone and which are even now overshadowing the future.

* * *

Financial Control London and Delhi.

Finance is the heart of political organisation, national credit and civilized Government. In India the financial responsibility is shared between London and Delhi. Even a casual student of the constitution of the Government of India knows that the expenditure of the revenue of India, both in India and elsewhere is subject to the general control of the Secretary of State in Council and no grant or appropriation of any part of these revenues, or any other property coming into the possession of the Secretary of State in Council by virtue of the Government of India Act 1858, may be made without the concurrence of the majority of votes at a meeting of the Council. The Secretary of State possesses in consequence a dominating voice in finance and retains at present in his own hands very large authority in matters of revenue and expenditure.

* * *

The Decentralisation Commission's Recommendations.

The Decentralisation Commission of 1907 did not enquire into the financial relations existing between the Secretary of State and the Government of India. Nevertheless it was very soon discovered that no financial decentralisation was possible unless the powers of the Government of India were enhanced. The audit resolution of July 1916 was the result under which the Secretary of State conferred certain additional and enhanced powers of sanction of expenditure upon the Governor-General in Council which are too technical for any detailed examination. The resolution did not go

very far as the Government of India Act was not altered. The Secretary of State in Council was naturally unwilling to surrender his fundamental powers of control. Thus the Secretary of State's sanction is required for all proposals of expenditure which are not within the powers of the Government of India as defined in the resolution. Necessarily the correspondence between Delhi and London on questions of expenditure continues to grow in bulk and volume. The Secretary of State arranges for the sale of Council Bills in order to obtain the funds required for meeting the disbursements of the Government of India in England, and for the purchase of silver on Government account. He places loans at the London market for short periods whenever he holds funds in excess of his immediate requirements and retains the management of the gold standard reserve.

* * *

Devolution of Powers.

Any reform tending to the growth of responsible Government in this country must be accompanied by a greater measure of devolution of powers to the Government of India—the Secretary of State's functions being limited to general control over financial policy of the Supreme Government, and to such aspirations as are essential for the due discharge of the liabilities which are incurred in England. He is in a position, through the recently reorganised Audit Department, to secure for himself sufficient audit control to check the growth of expenditure. He can also strengthen the Audit Department by the creation of an Audit Committee of the Legislative Council somewhat on the lines of the Committee of Public Accounts of the House of Commons. These are the powers which should suffice for the financial autocracy of Whitehall.

In the circumstances the cumbersome India Council

may not be required, but one or two city experts may be found useful. If a State Bank is established in India with a London branch which may be expected to materialise as a part of post war reforms, such a Bank should take charge of remittances of funds between England and India and the administration of gold standard and paper currency reserves, the purchase of silver and other financial matters. The Secretary of State will then come to occupy in financial matters, much the same position as that occupied by the Colonial Secretary.

* * *

Agriculture in the Punjab.

Government reports are not very widely read and yet they are very often full of very interesting and useful information. Indeed Government ought really to send to newspapers well arranged abstracts for a wider circulation, showing the difficulties and the achievements of the various Departments. The activities of the Government now remain sheltered safely in the reports which are within reach only of the seekers after truth. Some of the reports should be translated in Provincial Vernaculars. The report of the Agricultural Department of the Punjab, deserves a wide circulation and Mr. Townsend is to be congratulated on the success and the popularity which his Department is gaining in the Punjab. There is much in the report specially in the particulars of crop experiments at Lyallpur which deserve careful study. The introduction of new crops and improved implements is the outstanding feature of the report. The growing popularity of the Lyallpur Agricultural College which is about to be affiliated to the Punjab University, proves that study of agriculture as a science is attracting educated men. The Department of Agriculture has contributed a splendid

addition of 40 or 50 lakhs to the value of a single season's cotton crop. It is a valuable offering of the Department to the people of the Punjab. The Government grant of Rs. 10,70,000 for non-recurring agricultural expenditure out of the profits on the export trade in wheat is to be spent in establishing a dry cultivation farm in Northern Punjab, and several new demonstration farms. The future is big with hope, and further developments may be anticipated with confidence.

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Nation Defined.

God has written a line of His thought over the cradle of every people. That is its special mission. It cannot be cancelled; it must be freely developed. "For what is a Nation? It is a spark of the Divine Fire, a fragment of the Divine life, outbreathed into the world, and gathering round itself a mass of individuals, men, women and children, whom it binds together into one. Its qualities, its powers, in a word, its type, depend on the fragment of the Divine Life embodied in it, the Life which shapes it, evolves it, colours it, and makes it One. The magic of Nationality is the feeling of oneness, and the use of Nationality is to serve the world in the particular way for which its type fits it. This is what Mazzini called "its special mission," the duty given to it by God in its birth-hour. Thus India had the duty of spreading the idea of Dharma, Persia that of Purity, Egypt that of Science, Greece that of Beauty, Rome that of Law. But to render its full service to Humanity it must develop along its own lines, and be Self-determined in its evolution. It must be itself, and not Another. The whole world suffers where a Nationality is distorted or suppressed, before its mission to the world is accomplished." So spoke Mrs. Besant at the Calcutta Congress.

DALADALI.

PRIDE of colour, caste, and the spirit of faction are fatal legacies inherited by every branch of the great Aryan family. These survivals from a prehistoric past operate as drags on the wheels of civilisation; and two of these rank among the causes of the world-war now raging.

Four thousand years ago the white-skinned Aryans who fed countless herds in Central Asia, encountered a gradual upheaval of the globe's surface. The Aral and Caspian Seas bordering their broad pasture ground, and the mighty rivers which irrigated it, shrunk to a fraction of their pristine volume. The same instinct which produces migrations of bird and beast forced the Aryan to quit his dessicated habitat for fresh woods and pastures new. Some swarms moved westwards, to people Europe; others poured into the lush plains of Upper India through passes in the Himalayan barrier or by turning its western flank. The latter met negroid aborigines in battle, and conquered them by rendering instinctive obedience to the Law of Mutual Help which, whatever Prussian Junkers may think, marks a higher stage in evolution than the archaic Law of Struggle. Under its influence the invaders afterwards crystallized into castes; the earliest to form being those of Priest, Warrior and Herdsman. Caste and colour are

synonymous. A fair complexion being the Aryan's hall mark, he disdained to mingle his blood with that of black-skinned races. At this day many Brahman and Kshattriya families are nearly as white as Europeans.

After the Aryans had settled down to cultivation and commerce, the Law of increasing Complexity came into play, producing a vast ramification of castes. Institutions which were useful, nay indispensable, in earlier times become a source of weakness when the motive which gave birth to them is lost sight of. No society ranged in horizontal strata can long resist upheaval from beneath, or the onslaught of foreign aggressors who are more compactly organized.

The autonomous village was the unit-cell of Aryan Society: but lack of co-operation with similar units placed it at a conquerer's mercy. Thus ambitious chiefs were able to win kingdoms piecemeal; and the dynastic principle gave continuity to their rule. Its seat was a capital city, which grew spontaneously out of several adjacent villages. Court life favoured the spread of luxury; arts, commerce and crafts flourished in proportion. With urbanization recurred an interplay of the laws of Struggle and of Mutual Help. We are all born Conservatives or Radicals; constitutionally prone to stand on ancient ways or ever longing for change. The Law of Mutual Help forces us to join a grouping composed of men with similar idiosyncrasies; and the Law of Struggle brings it into opposition with one differently constituted. Under every form of government except a soul-crushing despotism, factions are formed which contend fiercely for political or economic power. Montagues and Capulets, King's Party and Town Party, Whigs and

Tories, Liberals, and Conservatives, indicate a phase of social evolution common to all Aryan races. While government by faction precludes stagnation, it is attended by many drawbacks. When half the ship of State's crew pulls violently against the other half, a steadfast course becomes impossible. Reactions alternate with vote-catching "leaps in the dark;" affairs which call for calm discussion are wrangled over with all the heat, fury and stratagems of warfare. "Politics," as this out-of-date method is styled, degenerates into an ignoble game, involving immense waste of energy and pregnant with disaster for the common weal.

The Indian village is a microcosm which reproduces the same evolution on a minature scale; and factions, termed *Dals* in Bengali, are very rife. Their bickerings once led to serious rioting: but our Courts of Law now afford an outlet for vindictive passions which are kept alive from generation to generation. British officers must beware of taking any part in *dalidali*, or faction-fights. Many years ago a young civilian found himself posted to a Bengal Subdivision whose headquarters was the arena of deadly strife between the Mukharji and Mallik *dals*, so styled because two leading families bearing those patronymics were wrestling for mastery. Rightly or wrongly the Malliks believed him to favour the opposite side, and trumped up a criminal charge against him which very nearly wrecked a career since crowned with the highest honours. Happening to succeed him in the same part a few years later, I was moved by curiosity to study the records of the charge brought against him, and arrived at a conviction that it had no foundation whatever in fact.

The bone of contention between Bengali factions is seldom of any importance; but European scoffers should

remember that the religious wars which have drenched their continent with blood arose from equally minute doctrinal differences. Their origin is generally hidden in the night of time; men ruin each other from sheer force of habit. Finding the headquarters of a sub-division under my charge rent by an ancient feud between *dals*, yclept Shám Dás's and Sankar Mandal's, I took some pains to discover the cause which had given them birth: and this was the story told me by village greybeards:—

Years and years previously, while the *Kúmpny Bahádur* still ruled over India, Shám Dás had a milch-cow for sale, which Sankar Mandal was anxious to purchase. After prolonged discussion under the village pipal tree (*ficus religiosa*), in which their neighbours took part, Shám Dás agreed to part with his animal for Rs. 20. Local custom enjoined that all such transactions should be consummated near an idol, which stood at the village's northern boundary. It was a small pillar of black basalt, decorated with red ochre and marigold wreaths, and periodically soused with *ghi* by female worshippers. One evening after working hours, Shám Dás led his cow to the idol, Sankar Mandal following with a small crowd of witnesses. On reaching their goal, the vendor gave his cow's halter to the purchaser without relaxing hold of it, and Sankar Mandal, extricating a twenty-rupee currency note from a knot in his *dhuti* or waist-cloth, laid it on the smooth surface of the idol. Now paper currency is, or was, partly printed in green, with a view to rendering forgery more difficult. Before Shám Dás could annex it, the cow, mistaking the monetary emblem for a withered banana-leaf, stretched out a horny tongue and lapped it up! The silence of consternation

followed; and then a very Babel of sounds. Shám Dás tugged at the halter with all his strength, shouting, "Give me back my cow!" "Why should you have her and my money too?" rejoined the other, "give back my twenty rupee note!"

Now friends of the disputants chipped in, and shrill voices of womenfolk rent the evening air. A free fight and many broken heads were averted by the arrival of the Police Sub-Inspector and his myrmidons, who restored order with the aid of their truncheons. After hearing both sides he induced the parties to name a *panchayet*, or jury of five elders, with full power to decide the quarrel. They met for many evenings in succession, consuming much tobacco and betel at the litigant's expense: but were quite unable to deliver a verdict. Nor is their failure a matter of surprise, for the question at issue opens up a vista of pros and cons; I can, indeed, warrant its consideration as a cure for insomnia. So the quarrel was kept alive, giving birth to a vendetta which has brought many villagers to ruin.

It is devoutly to be hoped that India's constitutional regime—when it comes—will not be allowed to lapse into government by faction.

F. H. SKRINE.

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

I readily respond to the invitation of the Editor of "East & West" to write a brief appreciation of my close and lamented friend Sir George Birdwood. He was so many-sided that I can do no more than give a few general impressions of his lovable, original and always interesting personality, illustrated from the innumerable anecdotes which cluster round his name.

It is fitting that the review founded by his old friend B. M. Malabari should contain a tribute to the memory of a true-hearted Briton, born in India, who did so much to bring the two countries together in mutual understanding and goodwill. No one of his day was more deeply versed in the differences of environment and temperament between West and East, and this made him distrustful of superimposing upon the ancient structure of Indian life without due adaptation of British political and social institutions. While a warm friend of Indian progress he vehemently condemned hasty Anglicization. Indeed, in the perspective of his long and useful life he invested the India of his childhood and early and most vigorous years of public service, with such charm and glamour that he failed to appreciate at their full value the great and growing changes wrought by the spread of Western culture and ideas.

Yet no man was more free than he from idolatry of the bureaucratic framework of administration, and none more eagerly and self-sacrificingly assisted the establishment of those individual records which have been the landmarks of Indian progress for half a century past. In every field of endeavour the pioneers found him an ardent and often powerful helper. Moreover, India owes his memory a great debt for his very prominent share in creating the right atmosphere in the English public mind for the support and encouragement of Indian advancement. Pen and speech, no less than private personal influence, were constantly exerted with learning and force in inculcating generous and sympathetic conceptions of the character, faiths and customs of the various races of India. He never lost an opportunity—and he made them when they did not come his way—of upholding the historic pride and glory of Hindustan, and the distinctive genius of her peoples.

Though justly proud of the constant proofs he received of Indian affection and regard, he said both in public and in private that while the utmost merit was to be attributed to the home-born Briton who won the love of India, none was due to himself. India was his native land, he was of its nationality, and naturally its people were his people. In his early childhood his father's regiment, the 3rd Bombay Native Infantry, was frequently transferred from station to station, by slow route march. Inheriting a keen love of nature in all her moods, he then laid the foundation of the intimate acquaintance with Indian scenery and rural life of which such enchanting writings as his "Mahratta Plough" afford abundant evidence. So ardent was he in his attachment to India that even in his last years his

natural fire and animation were at their best when in the society of Indian friends. In such circumstances his behaviour seemed like that of a man returning after long absence into the bosom of his own family, forgetful in his joy of the infirmities of age and momentarily renewing his youth.

If Birdwood was inclined to lay excessive stress upon the accident of birth in a Deccan town, it must be recognised that he had many Indian characteristics. One of them was his constant, instinctive recognition of the spiritual and unseen; another his love of symbolism. Not only did this attachment run through his writings; it was evident both in the ordering of his quiet home-life and in his social relations. He took infinite pains to give expression to it in his gifts to friends, in relation to which intrinsic value was always a subsidiary consideration, and in his ever ready hospitality. Thus some years ago, when entertaining to dinner, a distinguished and learned Parsi high priest visiting London, he arranged that everything connected with the meal should be white. The dinner service, the meats, the sweet and fruits, the wines and the vegetables were all white. There was not a trace of colour (for scientists tell us that white is not a colour) in anything served. The display of white flowers was fairy like; but more charming still was the idea underlying the complimentary interpretation of the Zoroastrian standard of life—"pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds."

On another occasion giving a luncheon to a ruling prince and his party at St. Stephen's Club, Birdwood had all the dishes as brilliantly coloured as could safely be done —green and red and yellow potatoes, and rice, and, of course,

ices; and all the naturally brightest coloured vegetables and fruits. Several of the guests jotted down the recipes for the artificial colourings for adoption in India, Frequently he was much more conversant with Hindu, Moslem, or Zoroastrian ceremonial and symbolism than adherents of those faiths who sought his advice as to religious and other functions, or proposed buildings in England. Even his suburban garden, in which, he took keen delight, was planned in every detail on symbolic lines, and auspicious dates for sowing and planting were carefully observed.

While bred of an insatiable zest in the study of mankind, this knowledge of symbolism was one form in which Birdwood's keen artistic sense found expression. This sense was instinctive and peremptory. He never hesitated a moment in assessing the artistic worth or otherwise of any object placed before him for judgment. His love of antithesis led him to say libellously of himself that he could lie as readily as others about matters indifferent to him, but it was impossible for him to dissemble on questions of art; his face involuntarily bespoke his mind before there was time for his lips to speak it. When utterance came it was given at all costs, though often with a ready humour that robbed his condemnation of its sting. Sir John Budd Phear, for many years Judge of the Calcutta High Court and afterwards Chief Justice of Ceylon, once submitted to him a piece of Cuttack jewellery, asking him before others, and confident of his approval what he thought of it. The instant reply was "Phearful."!

On more than one occasion he was equally, if not so punningly, outspoken in dissenting from the strongly

expressed opinion of King Edward when Prince of Wales on matters of art.

Both in Bombay and at the India Office he was no less independent in expressing his views when they were out of accord with those of his official superiors—though here again his humour and vivacity generally saved the situation from becoming strained. Always at feud with the Education Department in India for their Anglicising tendencies to the detriment of the vernacular literatures, on their publishing an illustrated handbook in which the sacred pipul tree was named the bamboo, he wrote in a signed review that this was a most pertinent illustration of the way in which everything in the policy of the Department "bamboozled the people of India."

The gifts which gave him so unique a place in knowledge of Indian lore and tradition were not, strictly speaking intellectual power of long sustained and concentrated research, criticism, or literary expression, but the ethical and aesthetical sense, working on a receptive and imaginative mind which saw sermons in stones, books in the runningbrooks, and God in everything. As I wrote elsewhere, at the time of his death, he extracted charm and significance from the commonplace things of life, the simplest sights and experiences gave him joy and added to his inexhaustible stores of philosophy and anecdote. On these he drew not only for learned monographs and exhaustless contributions to the Press, but also in the casual as well as the more intimate contacts of daily life. Frequently when a loaded workman paused in his labours to let Sir George pass by, the latter would insist on giving way to the toiler, telling him that such precedence was enjoined by the code

of Manu. His medical attendant told me that when he could he planned to visit Sir George last so that after the exhausting round of a large outdoor practice he might have the refreshment of the delightful and always illuminating conversation of his distinguished patient.

Though prone in later years to discursiveness, and allowing his fancy to lead him far afield in his ingenious if not always convincing etymological conclusions, Birdwood had literary gifts of rare order. Under pressure he could be amazingly rapid in literary output. He wrote his monumental "Industrial Arts of India"—a brilliant and convincing vindication of them against the wholesale condemnation of James Mill and others—in 14 days, under the stimulus of a daily and almost hourly demand for more "copy" by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen. Indeed much of his most brilliant writing was penned under the pressure of urgency, real or imagined; but when time allowed and fancy dictated he devoted himself ardently to literary elaboration. In the preparation of his last book "Sva", a revised collection of typical articles and letters, he was insatiable in his demand for proof after proof, though he had covenanted to be freed from all technical details. He would take infinite pains in giving particular phrases the exact turn to rightly express his thoughts. He believed with Gustave Flaubert that for every thought there was some special word which exactly gave the meaning as no other word could do; and like the great French novelist, he would sometimes spend hours in searching for *le mot juste*. At least nine times out of ten this exceptional care was expended on some reference to India. As the *Times* obituary observed, in almost every creation of his pen there

are sentences and paragraphs, and sometimes continuous pages, of striking picturesqueness and originality (and it may be added often of singular beauty) in praise of India, its landscape, life and labour. His gift of happy phrase was invariably evident in the long "talking" letters he dashed off to his friends with consummate ease. A collection of his correspondence would make most delightful and informing reading.

Birdwood was singularly quick in his intuitions, and was the man to go to for solving enigmas. Some of the obituary notices have told how the anxiety of a Secretary of State for India to discover the identity of a writer whose letter to the *Times* was signed "Ungeer" was promptly set at rest by Birdwood's assurance that the *nom de plume*, the equivalent in English of F. I. G., must be that of Major-General Frederick John Goldsmid; but they have not added that when Goldsmid heard that the Secretary of State knew the secret the said that the discovery must be attributable "either to Birdwood or the Devil." During the years of his Indian service Birdwood had remarkable facility in adjudging between conflicting stories told by servants or subordinates, owing to his understanding of the psychology of the people.

But Birdwood was no stern martinet, set on detecting faults and failings, and on their punishment. His sympathetic and compassionate nature saved him from a harshness which his keen hatred of injustice might have developed. His resolute determination to see justice done at all risks was combined with placability and readiness, when the wrong was righted, to spare the offender to the utmost. Indeed his magnanimity of judgment sometimes carried him too far in adhering to friendships which had been

forfeited by continued wrongdoing. Among his commonplaces in conversation were: "Learn, as the poet has said, to be gracious to disgrace even": and "Remember the French saying, To know all is to forgive all." He would defend his friends and acquaintances at whatever cost to himself and would not allow the former to be disparaged in his presence, whoever their detractor might be. Not only had he a genius for friendship of a rare order; but his large heartedness and open-handedness were moved to practical exercise whenever and wherever he saw the need for them.

Such were some of the characteristics which, apart from the merit of his official duties and of his yet greater non-official public services, inspired, directed and controlled the whole current of his career, and at last brought to its fixed mould that strenuous and affectionate personality which gave him so great an influence and weight among his intimate contemporaries. He rejoiced in the attainment of Chaurasihood by right of age before the end came; but all through his active years he had the hall-mark of Eastern sainthood in an utter unwordliness of mind so far as his own personal interests were concerned. The great and scattered outpourings of his pen, in later years at least, were almost entirely without fee or pecuniary reward, though many requests for contributions to be well paid for reached him. He cherished the freedom and independence which seemed to him to attach to honorary literary work, and he rejoiced to freely help younger authors and writers by his book introductions and prefaces, and in other ways. This unworldliness—only tempered by a real solicitude for the future of those dependent upon him—determined the destiny of his private life as that of a man who worked hard to

the last but remained poor in the merely material sense. As the late Professor Hughlings said of him when he left Bombay : "Birdwood, always so wise for others, was always a fool for himself."

Birdwood's excess of sensibility, sometimes shown in the irritability of his perfervid spirit, combined with a scholarly shyness, provides a key to the waywardness and contrariety, and the frequent indiscretions, of his public life. This man so fertile in ideas, of so alert and playful an intellect, one so persevering, regular, concentrated and methodical in all his work, with such ready command of far-brought knowledge, and so strong a sense of humour—which in his most sentimental moods would suddenly assert itself with a cynical criticism on himself—failed to secure the worldly positions of ease and dignity that should so easily have been within reach of his altogether exceptional gifts. Magnanimous in all relations, he gladly made way for others to go before him, and by the very stepping-stones which he himself had put down, while no fear of consequences could ever stay his speaking out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But he was always happy in his work and in serving his day and generation. True to his Eastern venue of birth, his mind, while taking in every detail of the life about him, dwelt constantly on the ideal and unseen—the region where seeming paradoxes, in which he loved to indulge, become vivid realities. He had learned the great lesson the war has brought to so many sorrowing hearts, that to lose life is to gain life. If at times he felt that, from a mere material standpoint, he had failed to grasp the good within his reach, he saw abundant compensation in the affection his disinterested

kindness had inspired in many hundreds of his fellow pilgrims in life's pathway, and in the extent to which, by example, by pen, by speech and by his great influence with the most highly-placed of successive British statesmen connected with India, he helped to bind in the ties of mutual interest and regard, to the benefit of both, the land of his ancestry and the land of his birth and ever devoted service both in Bombay and London.

F. H. BROWN.

THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE.

IT is acknowledged everywhere that India is now passing through an age of transition. The cynic may find consolation that humanity at every stage is in a state of transition and there is nothing to show that India is now going upwards, instead of going downwards. Cold, calculating sanity is seldom the measure of great events. Epochs of great national movements and material prosperity have always followed in the wake of mental unrest. The coming together of two great civilizations, one ancient and pacific and the other comparatively modern and aggressive acting and reacting on each other are responsible for the mental ferment which we are witnessing to-day. So it was in Europe when the Cross overwhelmed the paganism and again when Martin Luther asserted the freedom of the individual from the tyranny of authority. The author of the social contract started ideas which worked mighty changes in France.

The Oxford and the Rationalist movements mark the march of new ideas impatient of accepted conventions. An age of reason generally followed by a deeper sense of the mystic and the subtle. The classic spirit in literature is followed by the romantic. The wild fire of Carlyle and the

obscurities of Browning were evoked by the spirit of the age. The immemorial faiths of India have always shown much elasticity and receptivity. Not to go far into the history of our past the advent of English culture gave birth to Brahmanism and social reform movement. A reaction followed this Europeanization of worship and the Arya Samaj sprang up to save the Vedic Dharma. The militant spirit of the two found reconciliation again in theosophy. And Vivekananda raised the grert call of the Vedanta in East and West and called humanity to the soul of wisdom and truth.

We are witnessing to-day the clash of two ideals in the west—of liberty against militarism, of democracy against antocracy. This eternal warfare is nothing new. The truth asserts itself again and again and often a fight to the finish between different ideals, is the only way to the establishment of right over wrong. The Indian renaissance is an intellectual and spiritual awakeniug. There are times in the history of every nation when such an awakening has dawned at the trumpet call of a giant personality. We are passing through such a time and we know it not. Indeed the whole world is passing through momentous times. In the west the nations are passing through the furnace of fire. We are saved the horrors of Louvain and Dinant thanks to the might of the British Navy but the times are pregnant with meaning.

To the intelligent student of contemporary affairs the need for active co-operation with the Government in safeguarding our common interests and defending the integrity of the British Raj is apparent. It is clear that the organisation of social and political fellowships for common interests and common purposes should be strengthened;

that "the idea of public right as the governing idea of civilized politics" must be enforced among nations; that the different peoples of the world should be free to develop their distinctive ideals and types of culture and thought unmolested by arrogant militarism; that ethical and spiritual ends are as necessary for life as organization and efficiency. The lessons of this war in their application to world polity will have to be worked out by nations great and small for attaining peace on earth and goodwill among men.

To India has come a new consciousness and the ambition to take an equal place among nations which make the British Common-wealth. Has not the blood of the East mingled freely with the blood of the West? Have not our troops fought and are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the British, Canadian, Australian and South African soldiers in sweet confusion? And the battlefields of France and Flanders, of Egypt and Mesopotamia, of East Africa and other parts of the Empire are bequeathing an unforgettable memorial of union in life and death. Can things be still the same as of yore? Will not the "angle of vision" change? How can it remain fixed as before? The mystic East is no longer inscrutable. World currents have broken its isolation. her infinite potentialities are calling for development and her sons are awakening from centuries of sleep to the realities of life. The powers and the prowess, the thought, culture and civilization of the age long East is playing and will play an ever increasing part in the world that is now in the making.

The mystery of human growth can not be measured by mere rules of Arithmetic. Modern culture is not the last

word on the achievements of human well being. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophies. Physical Scionce is not the only panacea nor the enclusive sanction for all things. The things that have endured the ravages of time and circumstance are built on deeper and surer foundations. "They thought that commerce outside a country must extend peace: it has certainly often extended war. They thought that commerce inside a country must certainly promote prosperity: it has largely promoted poverty"* The new industrial revolution brought with it an era of competition and labour strikes. The development of cities increases the death rate and the development of machinery has invented but new wants. As Emerson has so admirably put it:—

"For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander whose property is a club, a spear, a mat and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men, and you will see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. * *

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not

*G. K. Chesterton : Victorian Age in Literature.

observe, the equiuox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigour of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian ?''

The democratisation of our ideals of civil and social life on the lines of European polity is not without its perils. Welcome as is our desire for a wider diffusion of culture and light, there is yet danger in the process of rebuilding. Even the printing press by far the most vital and indispensable adjunct of modern civilisation, is by no means an unmixed blessing. Lord Morley, a pressman himself remarks " that huge engine for keeping discussion on a low level, and making the political test final. To take off the taxes on knowledge was to place a heavy tax on broad and independent opinion. The multiplication of journals 'delivering brawling judgments unashamed on all things all day long' has done much to deaden the small stock of individuality in public verdicts. It has done much to make vulgar ways of looking at things and vulgar ways of speaking of them stronger and stronger, by formulating and repeating and stereotyping them incessantly from morning until afternoon and from year's end to year's end.

* * * * *

And it is easy, too, to understand the reaction of this intellectual timorousness upon the minds of ordinary readers

who have too little natural force and too little cultivation to be able to resist the narrowing and deadly effect of the daily iteration of short sighted common places."

In fact, not to prolong the list, the increase of the police as the increase of armaments has only enhanced crime. And the genius of man meant for making a paradise of this earth only produced a pandemonium. Hence I believe that the new civilization that will come after this era of blood will be largely based on the ideals of the east, ideals of " wise thoughts and right feelings," of quietness and strength, of ascetic renunication and abundant love. The Renaissance in short in the West will be a recovery of the ancient and immutable ideals in their application to the perplexing problems of The Day.

The question that arises is how will the Renaissance in India be influenced by the change of vision in the West. We are conciously or unconsciously creating the same problems for India which have brought Europe to the feet of the Goddess Kali.

Macaulay's policy has been more than justified in the wide diffusion of European ideals of liberty and justice and modern standards of intellectual equipment. But alas, we are only too prone to idolise and we seldom work out our programme in the light of our own genius. I do not refer to the growth of the political spirit. I refer generally to the methods of thought and work which are very nebulous and unformed. If Europe is to find comfort in the wisdom of the East, we should not be in a hurry to discard our heritage.

Our old faiths are slipping by: the vivid reality of their hold on our lives, and their momentous relation to our daily

and almost hourly intercourse are losing in vigour and vitality. We are as the poet so aptly put it, "between two worlds, one dead and the other powerless to be reborn."

When we reflect upon the dearth of actual creative achievements in a land which has been for successive generations the fountain head of ideas on the master things of life—on man, on nature and on human life—when we contemplate how little original work we are contributing to the great thoughts of the day in comparison with our antecedents and our numbers, we are sometimes tempted to curse the day when we gave up the precious inheritance of our own literature and plunged headlong into the uncertain experiment of an alien culture. Even with all the disadvantages I am not unaware that Ram Mohan Roy and Keshab Chunder Sen created a new religion. Swami Dayanand brought again the straying to the fold of the Vedic cult and the original simplicities of Aryan living: and the great Vivekananda carried the message of the Vedanta far across the seven seas. Ranade, Telang, Gokhale, Malabari and Vidyasagar would be honored as master minds in any age. Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, and Dr. Jagadis Chandra Bose are living proofs of the vitality of the Indian genius. They mark an epoch in our wonderful story and they are types of men of whom any country might be proud. But it appears that their spirit is yet the spirit of the East and the new culture has but embellished their souls. Whatever else they may be they are not imitations. They are originals of a type peculiarly Indian and such originality it must be our ambition to realise in the years that lie ahead of us. Politically, intellectually, economically and socially our interests are bound up with

those of an Empire on which the sun never sets, How can we be equal partners in this great Common-wealth if we are merely imitators? Our interests as members of the Empire are becoming deeper and our horizon is widening. It is, therefore, that we should go back to our ancient traditions and our literature for inspiration. It is, therefore, that we should seek to interpret the meaning and the message of the new spirit with an independent mind. It is, therefore, that we should seek to clear our mind of cant and commonplace and seek the truth for ourselves. The renaissance in India will indeed have fulfilled its purpose if it leads us to truth and a true and vital living as interpreted in the East and the West.

AN INDIAN THINKER.

THE MYSTICISM OF MANLINESS.

What man is he that boasts of fleshly might
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fields most cowardly doth fly!
We let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory;
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will."

Spencer's "Fairy Queene," Canto X, Verse 1.

The title chosen for these thoughts on manliness may seem to some readers a contradiction in a term.—Manliness induces action; mysticism is shrouded in thought. Manliness results in practical achievement. It is an originative and impelling force that calls upon the senses to bear witness to it. Mysticism draws upon insight, leading the mind to invisible heights, bidding it look into hidden depths. Men of action and men also of thought form two distinct classes —the active and the contemplative. Such is the popular idea, but a popular opinion is not necessarily an absolute statement of truth, though it must have an element of truth in it to have won popularity.

Experience confirms the conviction that brooding over the subject has left upon our mind that the hard and fast

lines drawn between activity and contemplation of abstract truth is obliterated when we learn what mysticism is and what manliness springs from and attains to.

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It is true that mysticism requires a passivity of mind for it is a reception of truth that can only be given spiritually to man and received spiritually by him. It is true that manliness expresses itself in activity ; but the spiritual activity of mysticism is unwearied and in mysticism is the pulse and impulse of true manliness.

Great deeds spring from deep thoughts. Deep thoughts cannot be dug into the depth of our being without hard thinking. Thinking is mental activity, strenuous exercise. Actions that give character to an individual, a family, a community, a race, a nation, are the outcome of deliberate thought, matured consideration, balanced choice. Even when a deed strikes suddenly upon the consciousness of bystanders : determining events and revealing a course of action to be taken in an emergency, where, apparently, impulse is the breath that lights the fire of self-sacrifice in a man and he goes forth with his torch to kindle others, his action is the result of disciplined thought of long continuance, his impulse is an abandonment of all personal ease and safety in the service of his good Cause, or Country, or humanity at large.

To consult the oracle is the age-long habit of the human mind. To "commune with our own heart and be still"—in the words of the Hebrew poet—is the instinct of the thinker in any crisis and call for decision to help country or humanity.

To retire secretly to the sanctuary of his inmost being and take counsel of the Divine Will and Word there enshrined is the instant impulse of a man of unimpaired, uncorrupted manliness; for manliness is *virtue*, the gift that makes man higher than the animal creation, the strength that coming straight from the Creator to the creature, crowns him for government of the lower creation and for service to his fellow men. This gift kept pure and untainted from the inflow of low motives and from submission to selfish desires, enables a man to ask counsel of his Oracle and to receive his answer instantaneously, if there should be need for immediate decision and action.

And the man who can decide for himself is, as a rule, the man to whom others go in doubt or perplexity, to be helped to form a decision when an important choice has to be made. Experience teaches us that the most practical authority to consult is a manly mystic—in other words a *true* mystic. There are many dreamers of fanciful dreams who are called mystics because they imagine themselves to be so, mistaking the self-indulgent ease with which they lounge through life, avoiding action and shirking effort for cloistral seclusion and spiritual contemplation. The atmosphere they breathe is mysticality, not mysticism.

The *true* mystic, the manly man, sees visions which suggest deeds and instruct the line of action to pursue. He is a Seer.—That is why his opinion and advice are sought in emergencies. He is not a seer in the vulgar restriction of the word to mean a crystal gazer or fortune-teller. His words may seem as cryptic when uttered as those of the Delphic oracle—to some of his hearers—but if they are remembered and pondered over, will unwind their meaning. He has observed largely and minutely, he has thought unhurriedly

over his observations ; he has studied history and human nature; he has plumbed the depths of passion and soared up the heights of idealism. He knows nature—above all—he believes in *super*-nature, in the power that enables a man to be more than a mechanical instrument, using his faculties perfunctorily, swayed by circumstance, governed by events. He can trace in broad lines, therefore, the course of current history ; can see what will avert catastrophe, and what will bring it about, what will prevent tragedy and what will accelerate its inevitability. He fathoms the source of troubled waters thus finding the explanation of turmoil and strife and after learning what will be as oil upon those waters and ensure peace. He being a mystic, is undaunted in the midst of national peril, as well as in face of personal danger, because the eyes of his faith are as clear-sighted as those of his understanding. Faith gives him vision if the possibilities wrought by the strength flowing into man through union with Divinity—the Source of life. Faith's vision assures him that man has only to brace the muscles of his mind to think and control action, and the muscles of his body to respond to his will, and the possibilities of his vision will become realities, and mankind will be benefited because God's purpose in giving supernatural, as well as natural, strength is fulfilled.

It is reasonable to argue that the welfare of a nation or a race depends on its manliness, that the true progress of peoples is determined by the force of manliness impelling it.

The more we cultivate and excercise our gift of vision the larger will our views of life become, the more minute our perception of details which help to elucidate the whole of subjects; and the keener will be our insight into the

abstract and invisible, which are the abiding substance of Reality; things concrete and visible being shadows belonging to Time. The sighted man can guide the feeble-eyed and hesitating, weak, folk who form a large proportion in every community. He will lead them to a higher position and help them to possess a larger realm. A belief in the dependence of our life upon Divine power and in the union of our nature with the Divine nature induces obedience to physical and moral laws which are both the means by which civilisation is developed and the result of civilisation. The higher the civilisation, the wiser the laws it lays down ; the wiser the laws, the more powerfully they appeal to all that is wise in civilised human beings. The more perfect the obedience yielded to them, the more complete becomes the freedom of the individual will. This may seem a paradox but it is true. Because, although laws are formulated by human intelligence, the principle underlying them is a gift of God, the originating Mind. That Mind is man's Creator, who designed his faculties and the Purpose which each man should fulfil in the faultless symmetery of the Divine plan. Who can devise means better fitted for man's development, therefore, than the great Lord and the Giver of Life. And how can man attain to more complete self-development than by merging his will into the Will of Him Who willeth man's perfection ?

Our inability to understand the apparent paradox of obedience being synonymous with freedom, of our fusion into the Divine will resulting in self-realisation, is in consequence of our finite inability to understand the mystery of God's Infinity. It is impossible to explain why our individuality should become most pronounced when our Will loses itself in the Will of the Mind that created it, but we

know that a man is never more himself than when he acts upon a perfectly noble impulse and gives up everything to fulfil a perfectly good aim; when his heart is knit, as the Hebrew poet expresses it, to the Heart of God.

We know it, for that attainment of union, that conquest of mysticism, in manliness, is man's coronation. He is a ruler and governor of himself, a king and over lord over creatures of lower development, but his regalia though splendid has in it some awfulness. He is anointed, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning says in her Sonnet *Work* "to wrestle and to toil." He is crowned with a crown on which rubies gleam but their red glow is the life-blood of pain. Pain that is bliss, for it means service. The secret of Kingship is to serve. The empire that conquers and embraces the whole world is that of Love.

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,——
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,"

says Robert Browning in *A Death in the Desert.*

To sway the heart of men, to bind crooked with straight and strengthen weak ones by binding them to noble ideals, to show the highway of Right to those who have lost their bearings, to rescue the fallen and succour the weak, to drive out evil doers and tyrants, *this is to reign*, and manliness is royalty in the mystical sense of the word.

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

"THE PLACE OF PEACE."

No mansion in the skies Oh God!
No harp of gold for me,
Give me a little patch of shade,
A flowering chestnut tree,
A meadow where the thrushes sing,
And drones the honey-bee.

Not in my hands but thine, Oh Lord!
The future rests, and so
I pray to sleep in some green field,
Where lilting streamlets flow,
Where rushes throng to hide the pool,
And shy white violets blow.

No walls of jade and amethyst,
Nor crown with glory set,
No gates of pearl, no jasper stream,
No starry parapet,
Only a little patch of green,
Twixt rill and rivulet.

A. E. W.

"THE WOMAN WHO LOVES ME BEST."

I was reminded of the following story when reading a charming article contributed by Mr. S. J. Powar to the July number of "East and West." I have it in the writing of the narrator, Colonel Arthur Napier Pearse, Royal Artillery, brother-in-law of my cousin, Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala. When writing it down, he begged that his name might not be mentioned "because I should not care to be cross-examined on what doubtless could be proved to be an impossiblity, but at the same time was to me a reality." Since then, he has passed beyond the range of "cross examination" so I think I do no harm in mentioning his name.

"Many years ago—it must have been about 1863—when a youngster at Bellary in the Madras Presidency, I was trying to ride down a black buck antelope I had wounded, and found myself near a native village some sixteen miles from Barracks with my horse done up, and no nearer the buck than when I started, so I had to give up the chase.

"I loosened the saddle girths and gave the horse a drink when a venerable old man addressed me. I found that he was the pensioned subadar major of the 37th Madras Grenadiers. On learning the number, I said,

"That was my father's regiment." "What is your highness' name? asked the old man. When I told him, he said, "Your father was an angel of God to the sick and needy in the regiment." He put me and my horse up, and after noon, we had a meal, and whilst talking in the simple, occasional sentences of the East, I said I had heard that there was a Wise Woman who lived in that village who could tell the future. He said, 'Your honour is referring, I think, to the sister of your humble servant. She cannot tell the future—God alone knows that—but if an inquirer has a pure heart,' (I suppose he meant a trusting one, clear of doubt) 'she can enable the inquirer to get one question (and one only) answered. But the inquirer must not expect any answer or revelation if he or she is not in earnest.'

"Afterwards, he took me into an upper room, dimly lighted by four triangular openings, high up in the wall, and there, on some pillows, sat crouched up a woman who was the most withered and oldest woman I ever saw. Her brother told her I had come to ask a question. She did not speak or move, so he left, and after a time, she crawled rather than walked, by aid of a stick, into the middle of the room, and drew a ring on the ground. She then placed seven little lamps in saucers on the ring, lit them, and said: "If your heart is pure, your question will be answered; if not, you will only see smoke. What is your question?"

"I rather fancied a girl at Bellary was fond of me, so I said, "Show me the woman who loves me best."

"She sprinkled a little powder over the lamps and the room was soon filled with a dense smoke, and then, in

front of me, the smoke seemed to withdraw slowly, leaving an almost clear, circular space, in which, gradually, a face appeared, as it were coming nearer and nearer out of the smoke—and then I saw the noble and benevolent features of my dear mother as distinctly as if she were standing before me. The face remained some few minutes and then gradually vanished.

"How was this done? Did I see it or was it imagination? I know not. I asked the old man, the Wise Woman's brother. He only said, "Replies are only granted to those who have a clean heart."

"The answer was not what I expected but it was true as God's word."

Any comment of mine would seem superfluous. Why should we ask how it all came about? It is enough to know that it did come about exactly in the manner that is here recounted. And of all the visions that have been granted to saints or sinners or to poor, ordinary mortals (for they too sometimes see visions), I do not know of one that was more beautiful than this.

"Love of a mother, love that never dies!
Miraculous bread God gives and multiplies!
Board always spread in the paternal hall,
Where each partakes and each enjoys it all."

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

Salò, Lago di Garda.

THE BUILDER

I built a house to shrine my love
For all eternity,
Of shells that glimmer like the moon,
And murmur of the sea.
With amber walls, where tapestries
Of coral wave and twine,
You passed, and smiled and went your way,
Oh Hearts' beloved mine !

I built a house of clouds and dew,
And dreams that sunrise brings,
Of primrose breath, and rainbow showers
And April glimmerings.
With azure filched from midnight skies,
And fragrance from the pine,
You passed, and smiled, and went your way,
Oh Hearts' beloved mine !

I built a house of withered flowers,
And days that dawned in vain,
Dead hopes, dead faith, dead youth, dead hours
Dead love and dying pain.
I thatched my roof with hemlock boughs
And sorrow's poison vine,
You passed, and sighed, and went your way,
Oh Hearts' beloved mine!

A. E. W.

THE THEATRE

Man cannot live by bread alone, which means that man is some thing more than a mere body. Feed him with bread and good food, and if he is a normal healthy being his body will wax strong, but bread and good food do not feed his soul nor even his spirit. Religion and art are needed to give him fulness of life. What is the relation between true art and true religion it is not the purpose of these lines to define. The origin of drama, however, was religious, which may or may not prove that true art is or at any rate may be religious.

The great drama of the Greeks, from which all other drama worthy of the name is derived, originated in the worship of Dionysus who is representative of the forces of nature. Twice a year in ancient Greece great festivals were held in praise of this god of fruitfulness; once in the spring-time, when the earth was awakening to new life under the benign influence of the god, and again in the winter, after the labour of the year, to celebrate "the completion of the vintage and the ingathering of the fruits of the year." Processions were formed to the altar of Dionysus in which a "comus" or band of revellers marched singing songs to Dionysus. In the interval of the choruses the leader of the procession amused the spectators with

unrehearsed monologues or dialogues between himself and the other singers. From this developed the choruses and dialogues of comedy, and it was eventually at festivals held in honour of Dionysus that the great dramatic contests of the Ancient Greeks took place.

To realize these religious festivals of the Ancient Greeks we must read learned books and cast our imagination centuries back, but to realize Indian dramatic festivals we have but to wander from our very doors in these days of grace into public places on Dussehra days, Holi, or Muhurrum. Yes, Muhurrum. For though the followers of the Prophet are not permitted dramatic performances as such, their Muharrum procession is of the essence of drama. A forcible direct means of stirring the emotions of the crowd to a lively remembrance of the tragedy that befell Hussain, and an excitation to religious ecstasy. The Ram Lila is, perhaps the most typical instance of a purely dramatic religious festival held in India to-day, yearly rekindling in the hearts of Hindus the love of Ram, and uniting thousands in warm fellowship by the great bond of simultaneous enjoyment of the populace in a public place. Who is not stirred to human fellowship in great gatherings on days of public rejoicing and also of public sorrowing. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them". All good and innocent endeavour is in God's name, and be the gathering religious, political, educational, municipal, or even merely dramatic, provided the endeavour is good, God is in the midst of it. Drama in the middle ages in England was purely religious. So called "Miracle Plays" were actually acted within the churches, vividly portraying scenes of the Salutation of Mary, the Nativity of Jesus, the

Resurrection, and other sacred mysteries. In those days these plays were the only bible possessed by the people.

Now-a-days hands of horror are uplifted by many good people against the theatre. It is wholly bad, say they. No good can come of it. It is harmful to all who come into contact with it. In a measure they are right. There is a type of dramatic activity that is sensational and meretricious and it cheapens life. That is its worst crime; to cheapen life. It is also an offence against art and often plays down to the lowest feelings in the mob. These plays exist in all countries, in fact this element exists in all art that has become commercialised. Books are published and pictures are printed which cheapen life by insincerities, sentimentalisms, and other crudities. They need not be actually wicked to exert an evil influence, in fact the purely wicked and evil minded productions are happily rare, but the amount of harm that can be done by bad and meretricious art is incalculable. It colours the daily life and the very thoughts of those who come under its baneful influence, and this influence is traceable to one source—Commercialism. The commercial man is the man with money-sense, and it is a toss up whether he makes his money by that which is good or bad for mankind. A man may finance a theatrical company and organize it whether he be an artist or not. If he has a shrewd idea of what will appeal to the audience he sets out to please, he will make money. If, in addition, he has an inventive and imaginative mind he will further create a certain taste in his patrons and make more money. He will not ask himself if he is cheapening the ideas of those by whom he makes his wealth. He has no conscience on that score, he is sublimely unconscious of all save the

weight of his money bags. This man might quite possibly have stumbled upon some money making concern that had a practical utility for mankind and his inventive imagination although instigated by greed of gain, might have blessed the world at large. The theatre is an easy prey to commercialism and since it is a jolly sort of bohemian existence it often attracts the ne'er-do-weels of society and also the ostracism of pious puritans who don't seem to care how quickly the theatre and everything connected with it rushes downhill to perdition. They adopt a negative attitude and leave it severely alone for they fear they might lose a little of their pristine purity by contact with the vile thing. So those who commercially exploit the theatre have it all their own way, and it requires an effort of the imagination to realise that the popular drama of to-day had a religious origin. . .

Until the German blight descended on the world, all civilised countries clamoured for reform in the theatre, and all true artists and reformers connected therewith saw in commercialism their great enemy. They organised dramatic ventures on an economical basis, omitting "star" salaries on the one hand and big profits on the other. The outcome being that practically every continental country had at least one theatre in which good plays could be seen, controlled by artists and put on simply without all the gawdy tinsel with which commercial proprietors thought fit to disfigure their productions. And these ventures have paid, not large profits truly, but they have not lost, for the world at large is not so soulless as soulless commercial proprietors like to think, and many who found nointerest in the commercial theatres have rallied to the new movement creating

a play-going public out of those who had formerly given the theatre a wide berth.

It is in a man's leisure hours that his higher development takes place. His work if it be ennobling work perhaps sets the firmest stamp on his character, but how about the millions whose lives are made up of arduous labour of a stupifying rather than a stimulating order. These millions look for recreation in their leisure hours, and meekly accept what is given them. They are the prey of the commercial entertainer and much of the vulgarisation of life to-day may be directly traced to vulgar plays and kinema shows. It may be said that crudities in art are possibly justified on the same ground that idolatrous superstition may be of benefit to undeveloped minds. But minds may be consciously developed. A child thrives according to the quantities of nourishing food it has been given and can assimilate, and so with the eager young intelligences of India to-day. To leave the theatre to degenerate is simply to hand it over to the devil to do his worst. To restore it to its rightful dignity is to enrich the people, and to further use it as a conscious means of progress is to quicken the onward march of events.

India's very atmosphere is interwoven with wonders of exquisite beauty, awaiting the artist to capture it. Beauty of so fragile and unresisting a nature that the heavy hand of transition can with one ruthless sweep obliterate it and put in its place the dense ugliness and scum of western materialism. This has happened in the theatre, and well might an ardent young Indian passionately exclaim, "The scenes, the costumes, the lights are all pathetic attempts to emulate the very worst of the western dramatic

system. There are certain obvious laws of good dramatic art to which we in our daft emulatiou are stone blind. We know that the play and the characters of the play are of prime importance, yet is our fatuous admiration of painted *purdahs* we do all in our power to eclipse them. We love brilliant colours and create forthwith many gemlike spots of distraction, caring nothing for the colour of the whole. We admire new-gotten perspective though we don't know what to do with it, so we cover our back cloths with a map of crazy chairs, tables, couches, rugs, and archways at most painfully acute angles, and we giddily tryto follow the gyrations of an actor who istossing and throwing himselfabout in an apparently vain attempt to get on top of these dancing chairs and tables. Our costumes are of no country in particular and of no time; they are a theatrical invention with very little relation even to the unfortunates who wear them, and in our passion for footlights we put out theeyes of our spectators by flashing unmasked blinding acetyline glare into their eyes, thereby dimming the scene on which we have so ardently misspent our labour with which to dazzle them. When we enter the theatre, the India we love is left weeping outside. Away with this accumulated rubbish. Let us with simpleness and sincerity make our theatre anew."

NORAH RICHARDS.

NATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION IN INDIA.

Who is the visionary?

A person places an ideal or goal before us. We at once take a glance into our position, and find that it is very off from that goal. Seeing no ready way of getting to it, we give it up as being impossible. We do not pause and ask ourselves whether that is the real goal we should ever work up to, or whether there is any other one which is more easy to attain. We, therefore, put neither forth any attempt to think out a plan for reaching the goal already placed before us, nor do we frame any programme of constructive work to attain any *other* goal. In other words, we live on and move without a goal, *i.e.*, we drift.

But we do not stop here. We make an unconscious attempt to to shake off the blame. We turn round to the man who proposes the ideal and call him a visionary—a word which, according to Chambers, means 'one who sees visions or forms impracticable schemes.'

The question is, who is the visionary? If, by the word "ideal or goal" as applied to society, for instance, is meant that arrangement of its parts which would conduce to the happiness of all, now and hereafter, and if such a disposition is the only contrivance for securing that object, the visionary is clearly he who expects that happiness through

any other contrivance or ideal. It is *he* that "sees visions" and it is *his* "scheme" of attaining happiness, if scheme it may be called, that is impracticable.

Many of us feel that the western social system of free, unrestricted, competitive individualism has failed to secure universal happiness. We see that under that system the path of progress must be strewn with the corpses of nations and peoples, to adopt the language of Benjamin Kidd. We find that human society cannot in such a case progress as one unit, *i.e.*, while certain portions may prosper and grow, others must decline and die. Now, some among us suggest to our friends *either* to accept the Indian Social Ideal of division of labour with the right of each class to live by a particular labour conceded by the rest of society, and with prescriptions and proscriptions calculated to maintain this division and this right unimpaired,—*or* to suggest an alternative. When so pressed, they are good enough to say "the Indian Ideal is alright;" but they ask "how are we to get to it under present-day conditions? Will it suit us now?" Let those that are sincere in this admisson remember that the Indian had once reached that ideal, that her society has been steadily moving off from it for some time past, but that it is yet not a case of all-gone. In our contact with other countries and peoples, we neglected to respect the rights that we had conceded to each other, *viz.*, to live by our respective pursuits. In other words, we failed to keep up the normal exchange of each other's services. When these services became less and less in requisition, their wages and honor declined. This affected the quality of the services. The depreciation of quality meant in its turn further depreciation in wages and honor. And as pursuits other than

the old ones, such as public service etc., became distinctly more favoured, all sections of the people have been running towards it. The force of that current has made attempts to go against it impossible and even look insane. There is also apparent the advantage, at least for the time being, of going *with* that current. As a result of all these processes, many of the old labour-groups have thinned in the number of individuals following their original labours. Several groups have totally given them up, though they are still identifiable as distinct groups. Other groups have lost both their labour and their recognisability as distinct groups. This is the present state in India.

The Remedy.

What is the remedy? Is it to sit idly, chanting the hymn of despair, hurling invectives against *Kali* Yuga in the choicest Sanskritic texts? Or is it to merely run in the wake of others without a goal and a purpose like a panic stricken herd of cattle? Or is it to pull up and remind ourselves of the ideal we have departed from, and of the first steps in that departure? As we descended, so must we ascend. If the first step in the descent was neglect to respect the rights of the several labour-groups, the first step in the ascent must be to respect these rights so far as those that still struggle to live on their labours are concerned. When this is done and the demand grows for each labour, those in it would feel more and more happy and would stick to it with renewed hope for the future; and those now out of it, but still ostensibly in the group, would gladly return to their labours at the first favourable opportunity. At least, their future generations would do so. In respect of groups whose labours have been wholly given up, let us enable them too to retake to their occupations, though to do so may require a little

more effort. We shall have to invest our money with them, undertake the duty of enabling them to supply and then buy of that supply with a sense of responsibility. When by these means we have set up the declining labours on their legs, and also re-invested labourless groups with the labours that rightly belong to them, the bulk of our work is done. There will, however, remain a third class. This may be taken to include the entire unemployed. They should be employed in the making of supplies and services other than those just mentioned, for which we are probably now indenting abroad.

The obvious difficulty explained.

In these days of capitalism and machine labour, this patriarchal system of labour division, may seem unworkable, certainly in the departments of industries. But the question is, does Indian society aim at giving up all her hand-labour on which the bulk of her millions live, and replace it straight off by machinery and capitalistic enterprise? In that case only can the proposal to restore the ancient conditions seem absurd. Does India hope to instal the Western system wholesale and stand out the competition with the great economically developed and politically powerful countries of the world? Or is India going to build on existing foundations, to first strengthen her own industrial system in which she has the accumulated experience of ages and then gradually go in for capitalistic machine industry with caution and discrimination? Even in the West, capitalism and centralised machine labour are apparently not the last words in the economic vocabulary. They have not solved all their troubles. In fact, they are believed to have created several of them. The relation between capitalist "masters" and the labouring "men" is a great sore point

there. As the "Times" of London put it some years ago, 'the labourer's share' is a very puzzling question. His claim to the sharing of profits with those who have invested both money and brain is not readily conceded. But the position of labour as a commodity, whose price must be determined by the law of supply and demand, is at the same time not one that promises to be long permitted. It is complained that this system is making the labourer, who is the indispensable partner of capital, a mere wage-slave; and the aim of trade unions and in fact, all labour organisations, is to emancipate him from that condition. The means that have been recently proposed, such as syndicalism, guild socialism etc., have so far, not received general acceptance. They *cannot* receive such acceptance as long as the system of capitalism and machinery which requires large out-put of capital continue."

Hand and Machine Labour.

But let us compare the intrinsic nature of machine and hand labour and their chances for the future. Machine labour is centralisation of power in the hands of its owner. Such centralisation must mean centralisation in the fruits of that labour *viz.*, power and wealth. Hand-labour, on the other hand, which can be worked independent of costly plant or great capital, is decentralised labour; and decentralisation in labour must mean decentralisation, or more or less equal distribution, of the fruits of that labour, *i.e.*, wealth and power. This is one good ground for hand labour being preferred as solving the question of the labourer's share, on which hinges the present social unrest in the West. Another ground is that, hand-labour alone will mean the restriction of out-put; and machine labour with its

unlimited out-put can pay only as long as all the markets of the world are open to them. But we know that the policy of each country, including hitherto backward countries of Asia—"backward," I mean in economic consciousness—is the policy of self-dependence for all wants. When this policy has been worked up to its full limits machine labour will have to automatically close its doors. The old scale of production cannot continue. Hand-labour, either in homes or in factories, will again revive. This is not an impossible or a remote contingency, but one that must be rationally anticipated within a calculable period of time. But whenever it may be, hand-labour must, for the reason just stated, supplant machine labour even in the West. In any case, it is common prudence on the part of a country having its own hand-labour to preserve, and to strengthen it in every possible way. Reconstruction on these lines should be the policy of Indian "Social Reform," I use the phrase as the West uses it. The programme of the Varnasrama Dharmist what may be called the Neo-sociologist—is no other.

Hope and Patience the first essentials.

The plan of social reconstruction is not a matter of a moment's accomplishment like a magic trick. It must be a long and gradual process. It is certainly a formidable task. But it is not impossible of attainment. In the words of an English journal if, to struggle towards an ideal is to go after Utopia, to run along the lines of least resistance may only be to gallop towards perdition.

N. SUBRAHMANYA AIYAR.

Travancore.

OUT OF THE EAST.

WHILE he was in this country lecturing before America's most sentimental audiences, Sir Rabindranath Tagore published in one of our newspapers the following poem, entitled "East and West":

The blood-red line
That crimsons the Western sky
Is not the radiant red
Of the rays of Thy soothing dawn
It is rather the terrible fire of the dying day.

On the seashores of the West
The funeral pyres are emitting
The last flames
Caught from a torch of a selfish and decadent
Civilization.

The worship of energy
In the battlefields or factories
Is not worshipping Thee,
The Protector of the universe.

Perhaps the all-embracing rays
Of the light of joy
Are lying hidden on Eastern shores
With patience
Under the veil of humility
In the darkness of silent sorrow.

„Yea, the rays of Thy light of joy
Are lying latent in the East
To liberate
The Soul of the World.

It shall be our purpose in this paper to attempt a discovery of the nature of this fruit, gathered in far away India, which Sir Rabindranath Tagore has shipped to us in printed book and now brings in person, decked in native costume and advertised by his Knighthood and the distinction of the Nobel Prize. Into the Western world have come many things: the fervent imaginations of adventurers wandering into the great places of the oriental spirit have brought philosophical cargoes as rich and inspiring as the ivory of Africa, the gold of India, the silks of Cipango, and the perfumes of Arabia. From the East have come strange and mystic religions, Judaism, Manicheism, Mithraism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Bahaism, Theosophy, and no man shall say how many more. Out of the dawn have risen these things which in turn the Western world has tried to organize and rationalize, and then the result has been somewhat similar to a situation in one of Tagore's short stories, "The Victory", in which sophisticated men of brains have preferred the person who could juggle words, who could produce a clever assortment of phrases ingeniously arranged; and only slowly, in the face of enormous difficulties has the new religion been able to take hold since only by defeat can victory be attained, only in material failure does spiritual success lie. The dying poet in "The Victory", who would not bandy words when love was at stake, is almost analogous to Christ who died on the Cross rather than engage in dispute with a mere Pontius Pilate trained in Latin logic.

[redacted]

He was quoting Thomas á Kempis to say : " The strongest part of our religion to-day is in its unconscious poetry." Then he went further and said " that all great art brings us into touch, into relation, with that harmony which is the basis of the universe." On the other hand he declared concerning the present : " Analysis has gone so far that we are in danger of intellectual disintegration. It is time to make some synthesis or we ourselves shall be wandering through a world without meaning."

The next step was for him to draw these scattered threads together and to claim for his art, the art of poetry, the position of unifying spiritual agent and to say: "Poetry is the strongest part of what is called religion, because in the very broadest and grandest sense that can be given to the words, Poetry is Religion."

The theme of the movement then under way in 1914 was a shifting incoherent sort of a thing, a mildly romantic groping towards vastness, an inexpressible and unconcrete yearning. It was a big enthusiasm which could not be compressed into philosophical lines or be subjected to the power of reason which prevents our emotions from running wrong. But, the position of the poet was not far different from the position which Wordsworth, and Whitman (who has only recently become really popular), and Shelley claimed for themselves. The poet was to be the high priest of the world, communing with nature or with humanity and bringing back to ordinary mortals inestimable treasures of thought from "the rich and sounding voices of the air."

Nor is it out of place to discuss these things in speaking of the Hindu philosopher who has recently visited our

shores. Though the fame of Tagore in Western civilization is, of course, to some extent due to the fact that he was selected as Nobel Prize Winner, his popularity is due to the fact that his work, thus accidentally brought into prominence, fitted more or less closely into the spirit of an age turning vague and romantic, and offered what that age seemed to demand. We had tired of complexities in form and yearned for simplicity: witness the success of Mr. Masters and Mr. Frost and Miss Lowell. We had tired of complexities in language and yearned for simplicity: witness the success of Mr. Noyes and the failure of Ezra Pound and Alfred Kreymborg and William Carlos Williams who are trying to be 'metaphysical poets' when the world wants a Wordsworth. In our great return to simplicity in these days we do not go back to mere sincerity as did the lyric lips of Astrophel, nor to peasant stupidity, and "natural nature", as did the author of "The Cumberland Beggar" and "Peter Bell". We find our return to natural simplicity, not in our own past, but in a remarkable way among those whom we judge primitive, who live on the outskirts of our civilization and receive both our machinery and our missions, our sermons and our scorn. A Near-Easterner once said, "In the West, you do things; we in the Orient simply stagnate". Imagine then our surprise when people come and try to tell us that Calcutta is preferable to Kalamazoo, Bombay to Berlin, Ceylon to Chicago. Yet, perforce, we must believe that "the all-embracing rays of the light of joy are hidden on Eastern shores". Yet, to the lovers of Tagore—thousands and thousands of whom have never been nearer India that the fantasies of Byron, Tom Moore, and Kipling can transport their dreaming imaginations—to these India seems unspoiled by hasty Occidental sophistries and yet not marred by oriental

stagnation. They do not realize that India may lack the power as well as the usual paraphernalia. The vision of beauty may be merely a deceptive mirage of familiar places. The desert itself may be barren.

Indeed, the most serious charge we can bring against this messenger is that he brings no news, but only an echo. Things which Gelett Burgess would have called "bromidioms" and Oscar Wilde "platitudes" people admire in Tagore because they have never read Burgess nor Wilde, or—more charitably—because the world is in the midst of a vague romantic reaction and enthuses over simple rather than striking figures of speech. For instance, in Tagore's "Fruit Gathering" we have a poem (No. 32) which gives the themeof "The Hound of Heaven" more simply, but less effectively without the rush of rhythm and the stampede of sound. All through the volume entitled "Gitanjali" we find Wordsworth in every line. For instance, "Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the allness of the universe". The same pantheism appears in "Fruit Gathering," "The rustling leaves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it, and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky". . . . . "It is painted in petals of flowers, waves flash it in their foam, hills hold it high in their summi." There is, again, about this the transcendentalism o Emerson, the whole theory of the Over-Soul, and the thesis of that poem by the seer of Concord entitled "Apology". In fact, our Indian philosopher and school teacher again gives us rather closed verbal similarities. Paralleling t he famous phrase of Emerson's exhorting all people to foll ow in the regularized paths of nature and to accept our desti ned orbits ("Hitch your wagon to a star!") Tagore says "I go to join the

shooting stars of midnight, to plunge into the profound shadows". But let there be no misunderstanding. Tagore is not a follower of accepted rules and regulations in philosophy. He is a rebel. He chafes at "the narrow lane". "Where roads are made, I lose my way." As has already been said, this is not the India of Byron and Tom Moore; it is not the India of Kipling or of the Bhagavad-gitâ. It is an India of individualistic revolt. It is an India in which every heart is a separate altar and every brook may babble its own sermon or else trip like a skilful dancing girl between the hills—take your choice! It is an India of varying independent interpretations in things of the spirit, without respect for intellectual authority, where the question "What is Truth?" is deemed too personal to be answered without sacrilege and so is left unanswered. It is an India were all words are mere false sophistries, easy to refute. In serene contempt, Tagore depicts the man who proved that in the beginning was the Word and the Word was God.

Yet, this pantheism is toned down almost to the same degree that Wordsworth's was, and the general social affection is expressed in concrete ways to about the same extent that Wordsworth's was. That is to say, that with his popularity Tagore represents a general tendency toward romantic vagueness and sentimentality. It is a new feeling for so-called simplicity, if emotions ever are more simple than straight reason. Indefinite and inconclusive as this doctrine of his may be, there is yet in his writings some measure of humanitarian philosophy tied up with the pantheism which should not altogether be neglected,—the idea, rather prevalent in Tagore's writings, of worshipping

God in the person of a fellow man. It was a theory of Wordsworth's ; it was almost a practice with Patmore; it is paralleled by the Christ-legend of a God descended from Heaven and become incarnate. It is this touch of objectivity alone that prevents this, as any, romantic and subjective mood from becoming mere madness. It is here in Tagore: but only to a slight degree and almost indistinguishable from Pantheism.

So, when we come finally to make an estimate of the man and his message, as the newspapers usually have the phrase, we find that there is little new about him after all. We might find it all, better phrased, in our own old books. Yet, Tagore brings merchandise the West fain would buy, for this is the latest fad. His goods seem acceptable in our market, for they fit into an already existing vague romantic reaction against a crude and material world where—it is said—wit has too long passed for wisdom, ingenuity supplanted ingenuousness, and sophistication smothered simplicity. At least, so the "advanced" and "cultured" persons of to-day think. Such a reaction he represents to us, because his India seems to have all the desirable indefinite things which we in civilized lands lack. Yet it may be that an eager and mystically inclined public shall put him in the place of his fictional "fruitseller from Babul" and make him forget the children at home while becoming interested in us, while many who insist on judging by our own actual standards, reject him as one who does not meet the realities and the reasons of our complex life and its needs for decision and definiteness.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

LETTERS FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

IV.

England, 1917.

Dear Sisters in India,

After posting my last letter it occurred to me that you might think (from these letters) that I was a very solemn person and perhaps wonder if I disapproved of play and laughter. The English have a homely saying that : "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". I quite agree and freely confess that anyone who always clangs the same note on the same string—even if that note is beautiful and the string well tuned—is a very tiresome person and both dull and uninteresting. Gay notes are needed as well as grave ones, but just now in these days of grief and suffering, and constant high endeavour, the grave notes are nearer the surface and come easier, the solemn tones beat out almost of themselves. Still we do not get away from the fact that monotones are irritating and wearisome and may also be depressing. Now depression is the very last feeling to be encouraged or fostered at any time and more especially at a time of widespread anxiety and strain, one should study to relieve the tension and strike happy notes to inspire such an uplift of the soul as will tend to brighten life and raise the emotions on to strong and healthy planes.

This idea was much in my mind during the early days of the war and when the huts were being put up to make a Military Hospital close to my home. I naturally wished to be of some help there, but knew that only the young women would be allowed the privilege of nursing the wounded, because the work is very arduous, so the Nursing Staff must be physically strong and not tire. So I cast about in my mind to think how I could help, and the happy idea came to me to offer to undertake the Recreations for the hospital. I thought that if the men could be amused and given pleasant occupations ; games, books, gramaphones etc., it would help them to forget their sufferings and the ugly things of the battlefields.

Recreation—the word itself made a strong appeal to my spirit. To revive, to cheer, to give fresh and bright thoughts, is to help to re-create a healthy and sound body. 'Laugh and grow fat' is another saying we have. I realised that my work was to entertain and cheer and make the long hours seem short, so I strove to get into touch with bright and merry people and enlist their sympathy for our wounded 'Tommies'. What you seek you find; gradually I got together more and more of these clever and versatile artistes who were willing to do their bit by amusing the sick. We are not far from London and I found most of these kind and efficient helpers among the professional singers, actors, and reciters, and arranged to bring them down to our hospital in small companies. Most of the amateurs in the country lack the art of being natural and spontaneous, or of appearing brimful of fun and laughter even if they are not feeling just that way themselves. They have not had enough practise to lose their self-consciousness. It is not so much lack of talent as lack of experience, as to how to make

the best of their talents. I am sure of this because some of the companies who now come down to our hospital and give excellent performances, are composed of ladies who have only taken up this line since the war, for the sake of amusing the wounded soldiers. They have studied so unselfishly the style of music, singing, dancing, and acting that pleases the men in the hospitals and with such success that it is sometimes difficult to realise that they have only done it for two years or so. Many of these ladies work all the mornings at Soldiers' or Munition-makers' Canteens; cooking or serving the meals and then in the afternoons and evenings they entertain in the hospitals.

These ladies are doing real healing work. They come on to the platform with their merry young faces beaming with life and fun, their joyous vibrations fill the room, winning laughter, applause and song from our poor legless, armless, bandaged men who for the time are carried away into the spheres of joy and are recreated.

Yes, surely, to carry a happy face and have a cheerful voice is a duty we owe to each other, not the smile of indifference and want of feeling for the troubles of others, but the brave smile of cheerfulness born of courage and unselfish understanding, knit to a faith in the support and goodness of our Father-Mother-God who is in all, and through all, and above all.

Do not mistake me, when I wrote on frivolity I did not mean we should be solemn, dull prigs, but that we should be able to create joy and mirth from within ourselves and not have to depend on a jaded taste being filliped by outward stimulants.

Goodness should never spell dullness. It is a sad fact that the religious mind is often devoid of humour, and this is what makes religion unattractive to the young. Our religion to be worth anything, should make us show a smiling face to the world, not a sour one. We lose power and influence by taking ourselves too seriously. It is fatal to our usefulness to become either morbid or superior. Play with the child, laugh with the man, smile with the woman, commune with the saint, and so get into touch with the soul of each.

We must be sunny if we want our light to shine. Gloom obscures the light, though even behind the darkest cloud the sun is still shining.

An Officer who had been through all this long war wrote home to his people the other day telling them that a battle no longer held any horror for him, not because he had got used to the sight of the dead men on the battlefield—some killed in the very act of bayoneting the enemy, others victims of gas or shell, fine young bodies lying perfect and still as if in sleep but because he sees over them all the beautiful spirit that had made the self-sacrifice for a great cause. The beauty was in the sublime revelation that death had opened the door to greater life for these noble souls.

This brings to my memory some lines by our poet Swinburne with which I shall conclude this letter.

"How should he die ?
Seeing death hath no part in him any more, no power upon his head;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead."

"THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE"

It is early morning. The cattle are lowing in their stalls. Three sides of a wide quadrangular space is given over to them. The fourth is reserved for human habitation. Low, single-storeyed, built of close compacted, sun dried clay, byre and homes are much alike seen from the cattle yard. But the side occupied by men is the fourth side of yet another quadrangle. The side common to both is lived in by the master. The subordinates and slaves, male and female, live in their own human stalls.

The Master is the Father of the household proper, its King, and its Priest. With him might live his younger brothers, with their wives and children, perhaps, even cousins, with their families, too. But many are the rooms in Priya's dwelling-place, and all, who have a claim, are welcome. His is the mightest herd, and his the most numerous slaves in all the colony of Govarta. Riches and labour are his almost to excess. But even in the midst of all this wealth he is not blest. He has no son, and bitter is the strife among his nephews to be his heir. But Priya is a bold man, and has a plan to nip all this threatening conflict in the bud. He will adopt a a son from without. But of this none have, as yet, the faintest suspicion.

And now, this early morning, there enter on the scene a band of young girls, of whom one moves, among the rest, a queen. Uma is she named. Greatly is she beloved by her great father, Priya. Not empty-handed will she go to her husband's home. Young as she was, she was absolute mistress of her father's house. Such high powers in the house had been given to her by her father to keep the mutually jealous household of women under his own control. Through Uma, Priya ruled them all. See, how she assigns to each of her following their several tasks, which, indeed, they know already. Then she, herself, passes through the central stall, into a small and strongly fenced pen beyond. Here lies her special duty. Is she not 'daughter'—*dudhtar*—the milkmaid of the house by divine right of birth. Into this pen, the cows are admitted one by one, and, as each comes in, she names them, every one.

"Here, Dapple, is it thy turn now? But thy little one, still needs most of the milk thou hast to give. Yet some, I must draw, lest thou forget thine obedience. There, I have finished with thee now."

Here she clapped her hands, and another cow was admitted. Dapple followed her calf, which Uma half lifted out into the pasture beyond the pen.

"What, Crumple-horn, is it thou? Pride of my father, what wonderous amount shall I draw from thee this day, that I may tell my father, and he among the assembled folk, say proudly, 'There is no other cow like this!' It is well that I am strong, else had my fingers ached long ere my task were done."

Here she raised her eyes, and a rosy flush swept over neck and face, as she met the deep, adoring gaze of one, who, holding to the fence, looked in upon her.

"Uma", he said, "Fair as the Sun, whose rosy light sheds beauty and blessing on thee, have I leave to say a few short words of import to me? I know not what value, if aught, they will have in thine ears."

"Leave to speak, Bhima, thou takest, speaking. We may not close our ears as we close our eyes, and, my task keeps me within hearing."

The faintest flicker of a smile took all point from the cold tolerance of her words.

Of a truth, Bhima was well to look upon, and well to hear. They were perfect types of their great race. Aryas were they both, tall, brown-haired, with eyes of blue-grey, that, in the man were soft and dreamy at times, and spoke the poet rather than the man of action, but, in her, the eyes often flashed with the glint of blue fire, like sapphires. Strong and well-shaped both, as womanly in figure she, as he was manly.

"I come,—Bhima, the solitary man,—whom, for their own high ends the Shining Ones have left unfriended and alone. No father rules the slaves in my house; no mother directs the household girls. And few, indeed, and old are these. Sisterless and brotherless I stand. And yet, happier am I in my dreams than even great Priya, the sonless.

With a look of anger, Uma interrupted him,

"Many a glad-hearted son shall yet call him father!

Why do you, ill-omened, call him sonless?"

"Priya came to me last night and asked me to become his son by adoption!"

A chill wind seemed to strike the girl's face. Her colour faded, and she asked, in a constrained voice,

"Thine answer—Need I ask it, when the offer was so generous?

"Mine answer, Maiden," he replied sadly, "if you ask your heart will need no voice from me. I refused."

"Refused!" she repeated, "Refused! Thou the poorest, and he the richest in cattle and slaves, in all the land!"

"Poorest, indeed, alas! But richest still in hope. Yet rich or poor, what care I now for either? Look you, Uma, my Beloved!—Nay, start not. Never have I been as bold as now, when hopeless most! What will it harm thee to know that I love thee? Ay, since, as children, hand in hand, we chased the whirling spirits of the dust, and I laughed at your baby fears, I have loved thee, and with a love stronger day by day, and year by year. As thy father's son, I had been thy brother, I, who love thee with a greater love! And now, what is my hopeless hope? I dared not tell thy father why I have gainsaid his wish, and an angry man is he this day. To-night I must anger him yet more. I must tell him of my love, and yet I can not ask him for thee,—not yet. I leave thee, oh my Love! and I ask not if thou love. Love me not yet. But if I come again, my love shall pour around thee like the Sindhus' flood, and sweep thy resistance all to naught. Farewell. We may not meet again, thus for moons, and moons, and many weary moons. Farewell!"

The girl stood up, while Crumple-horn looked reproachfully at her. But for a while, she was forgetful of all, save the figure, that with steady and purposeful strides was fast withdrawing. As he was about to pass around a banyan

grove, he turned, and took a last look at the head and shoulders of his love. With a waft of his hand he passed out of sight.

Uma was woman enough to be both pleased and piqued at the masterful way in which Bhima had left her actions out of consideration. Had she met him again shortly, pique would certainly have prevailed. But, he was going away. Besides, no woman ever is wholly displeased with her first declaration of love. Sighing, she turned to her daily task, and the neglected Crumple-horn.

"Bhima, I had hardly thought that his dreams would have left him boldness enough to speak his love. But I knew it. What I know not is his purpose. But so is it ever. Men act, and men decide; women wait and suffer. Do I love him? Who knows? He loves me. Yes, that is true, and I?—Life now but dawns; when comes the day."

It was a maiden all distraught, who all that day ordered the affairs of her father's household of slaves.

A *panchayet*, or meeting of village notables met that evening, on the banks of the river. Broad, gently sloping steps led down to the clear, deep, snow-fed Ganges. Its broad current filled all the fore-ground, and swept away to the left, in a long curve, or reach, as the great stream went on its way towards the South-east. The back-ground was park-like in its succession of fields, pastures and groves. To the right were the roofs of many houses and barns. The whole of the middle scene was filled by a large concourse of people. They were gathered round a centre of attraction, that was Bhima. Grouped by families, with the patriarch of each in advance, men and women, were there alike. There was every variety to strike the eye.

Men and women were dressed in all colours of silken, woollen, or cotton stuffs, according to their means." No slaves were present. In silence they listened to the 'winged words' that burst from the impassioned heart of the young speaker.

"Aryas,—*i. e.*, nobles, tillers of the soil,—Lords of great herds, blessed by the Bright Ones, whose homes are in the all-covering, boundless blue, may they, the bringers of dew and rain, shed plenty on you from their cloudy herds. Priya hath gained for me a hearing. This I craved of him. For this I thank him. Yet my heart would now fail, but that I am of the line of Drona. I speak of him of the olden days when we Aryans were but newly come to the land of the Seven Rivers. Drona dwelt by the Sindhus stream. These are his thoughts that now I speak:—'We know whence Sindhus flood comes. We who have crossed the mountains, and the everlasting snow, have seen the birth-places of a thousand rivers; but, whither do the waters haste? And the Sages and the Fathers of the people answered him naught. Then the great-souled Drona spake unto his own heart, and said, 'Lo! it is borne in upon my mind that such is the life of men.—From the Bright Ones throned on high have we come forth, even as the flood of Sindh. Who of us knows for sure how we may mount to the Shining Ones, Ushas and Surya, to Agni, Varuna and Indra? Sindh stream comes from the home of snow; does Sindh also return thither? Perchance, if I follow where the river leads, I shall find the way to the abodes of light'.

"Such words the large-souled Drona spoke to his heart, and he made him a well shaped boat, and took with him

twelve strong men to row, and provisions, and weapons for the chase. Not yet of iron were those spears and arrow-heads, such as these we have. And Drona went. And what did he see? And what did he find?

"Three changes of the seasons had passed before he came back to tell of days and nights that, alike, burnt as with the heat of a furnace, fiercer even than the hot winds that we know; and of lands that were but shifting sands; and of winds that brought no rain. And then there came forests of branchless trees, crowned with mighty leaves. And then, he reached the home of waters, not the clear, shining waters cool, and sweet, that we love so well, but black as night, and bitter as wormwood, of which whosoever drinks he is forthwith mad. And there was no limit to this nether sky, heaving with waters, tossing and tumbling like the storm-driven clouds of the upper sky. There an ocean—*samudra*—of air, and here, an ocean—*samudra*—of water, and boundless both. But, alas! the home of waters was no home for man, and the path to the Shining Ones was not there.

"From Sindhus, now, we dwell afar, on the banks of Maha Ganga. Here is now the Arya's home. Here was I born. Here mother-love and fatherly protection were mine. But not for long. Manhood was but scarce attained, and they left me. They have gone. And whither? Their finer bodies borne aloft in smoke-clouds to the Shining Ones on high, and their coarser ashes to the holy waters of Ganga. And where did Ganga bear them away? Eastward! Eastward to the Rising Sun! Morning after morning, as with sacred verse, the sublime

Gayatri, I greet the Rising Sun, I mark the broad, reflected light upon the bosom of the stream. Surely this is the path to the Shining Ones, —to Surya and Usbas, lords of light? I, Bhima, am bound to seek what my forefathers sought in vain. Of what use is descent if it serve not to make the efforts of our race immortal? But I waste words. This is my dream. Have I your permission and your help to fit me for my task?"

Abruptly the young man closed his address. He felt that he was not awaking any enthusiasm in his hearers. To the sage elders gathered there, the proposal was a profitless scheme. However, Priya had learnt of Bhima's love for Uma. Moreover, he was angered at the rejection of his offer of adoption. He saw that, in all probability, he would be compelled to make his selection from among his relatives, and his preference of one could not but rouse the envy and jealousy of the others. If Bhima returned successful, the honour he would gain would be great, and he would,in that case, be no unsuitable husband for Uma. If, on the other hand, he failed to return, why then, a troublesome fool was well out of the way. Thus coldly calculating his chances, Priya brought the whole weight of his influence to bear in support of Bhima's plan. He pointed out that, though they had no need of more lands for settlements, they could not tell how soon fresh bands of Aryans from the west might not arrive, seeking new homes. To provide for such a contingency it was as well that something more should be known of the country to the east. This knowledge Bhima's exploration promised to procure for them. By such practical considerations Priya was, at last, able to secure the support of a large number of the elders.

The assistance given to Bhima, by the heads of the township of Govarta, was, after all, but nominal, and consisted in little more than just letting him have his way. A small party only could be got together. There were three Aryans, in all, including Bhima, and each brought with him three slaves, *Mlechchhas*. These were a people of Dravidian stock whom the Aryans had ousted from the land. Now-a-days, their descendants are found in the Vindhya Range, and are called *Bheels*.

After about two month's preparation, on a winter's morning, damp and chill, the little band set out upon their forlorn hope, with very little idea of what lay before them, beyond the vague dreams of their leader. A fog hung, low and grey, upon the river, and within fifty yards, the boat was lost to sight, as, partly rowing, partly drifting, it floated down the stream.

Before they had gone a mile, and while yet the fog lay all around, though now glaring, dazzling white as the sun's rays lightened through and through the thinning veil, the explorers were startled by a clear, loud call, in a woman's voice, as full and sweet as the peal of a silver bell:

"Bhima, and friends! may the Shining Ones be with you and bring you back to the praises of your friends and the loves of your wives! Farewell."

"Farewell, voice of sweet omen! Farewell," they called out in reply.

Unrecognised was the voice by all, save Bhima, and, to him, it was as a trumpet call to a soldier.

The adventures of Bhima for the next three years cannot here be detailed. After the death of all his companions, he fell into the hands of a tribe of savage Kolarians,

who according to their customs prepared to sacrifice him to their gods. Aided by a girl named Veru, Bhima escaped and returned to his people. How and why the girl left him matters not for our present purpose. Her final disregard of self was the means of restoring Bhima to hope after depths of despair.

Still Veru was gone, and for days he was a man distracted. He wandered aimlessly about the land, thinking that the course Veru had chosen was perhaps the best for him, too. Recalling how he had promised to take her to the great sage Devasruta, he determined himself to seek this great ascetic, the *chela*—pupil—of the *chela* of the great Vasishta, the Rishi. This request for guidance to the sage was of a nature to assure him of consideration at the hands of the Aryas on the banks of the Yamuna, amongst whom he had arrived on his escape from the hands of the savages.

In a peaceful grove, beside this river, the saint had his hermitage. To him Bhima went, and told him the tale of his disastrous voyage of exploration, of his life among the savages, of Veru's love and parting, and of the harsh treatment they had received at the hands of his own countrymen.

"From life to life we go, my son," said the holy man, "from form to form, until we rest in the life that knows no form. It is well with Veru, and it shall be well with thee. Lo! now thy people need thee, and many youths like thee. Go and join them, and say that Devasruta holds thee clean."

With this saintly man, Bhima stayed over a month, serving him, and comforted by him. At the end of that time, their solitude was broken in upon by a detachment of an Aryan army marching out to seize fresh lands from the Dravidians.

They were troops of the Tritsu *gotra*, or clan, and, at Devasruta's bidding gladly welcomed Bhima as a recruit.

As soon as it was known that Bhima was acquainted with the language of the Dravidian slaves, or Mlechchhas, as well as with some words of the speech of yet another savage people, he was placed among the scouts of the advance guard. Near three months were spent in petty skirmishes, during which the Aryans burnt down two deserted villages. At the end of this time, the scouts came in touch with the main body of the enemy.

This was a smaller body than anticipated. It had taken up its position on a wide, open plain. The direct line of the Aryan march led through a rather narrow bit of plain ground, with a small forest to the right, and some broken ground, ravines and *nullas*, to the left. If the Dravids had taken up their position in front of this narrow plain it would have been hard to destroy them entirely as to right and left there was ample cover, and especially through the ravines, it would have been hard to pursue them. The folly of the Dravid was merrily commented on, but Bhima, who knew from his experience of hunting among savage tribes, the love of these people for ambuscades, strongly suspected some such trick in store, and so obtained permission to take ten horsemen and make a rapid reconnaissance. He rode quickly through the defile, and came up to the Dravid outpost, and then had rapidly to retreat before their advance. This outpost movement was followed up by the whole Dravid force, and the Aryan commanders were much chagrined to find that the enemy, that evening, had actually taken up the position which had seemed the best, in front of the narrow way. Bhima's party was blamed for having brought this about.

Plans were made for the attack next morning. The Aryans were divided into five detachments, two formed the centre, one was held in reserve, and two were posted as right and left wings. They anticipated little difficulty in defeating their enemies, as they were about equal in number to the Aryan force, and iron more than compensated these latter for any superiority of position on the side of the Dravids.

That night Bhima, and the other scouts were summoned before the commander, and then he had a chance of pointing out that things were not as simple as they seemed, that he had gathered from signs such as broken twigs, and beaten down grass, that there was, in all probability, a strong force ambushed in the wood, and probably also in the nullas.

"Why are these men then in advance of the defile?" queried the chief.

"I expect," said Bhima, "that they will make but a show of resistance, and will retreat down the pass, and that when our men follow up, they will wait till we are well within these narrow limits, and then renew their attack, while we are at the same time set upon on both flanks."

"That would explain how it is that their numbers are so much less than I was told," said the commander. "Well, we do not need the reserve. Take them off to-night, and at dawn enter the wood from their rear, and clear it out from end to end. The reserve will thus take the place of the right wing. This must be kept in place to mask the move of the reserve. Later on it can strengthen the left. As the centre advances to the attack to-morrow the

right wing will cross our rear, and joining with the left keep the nulla clear of the enemy, at least while the centre accounts for those we can see."

The next morning proved that Bhima had been correct. At early dawn, the Aryan reserve was in motion in the rear of the wood and as at the same time, the centre moved forward, the Dravids as expected retreated before the Aryans. This orderly retreat was suddenly broken in upon by their own ambush fleeing panic-stricken from the woods. They had placed no ambush in the ravines. They had intended to use that direction as the line of their retreat in case of defeat. When they, therefore, after a brief struggle found themselves being badly cut up between the Aryan centre and reserve they fled for safety to the ravines, only to be driven out again by the powerful force of the combined Aryan right and left wings.

The chief of the Aryan reserve had fallen early in the engagement, struck by an arrow in the eye. Bhima as the only man of the party aware of the plans of the chief had to take charge and head the attack. Leadership was in those days literally what the name implies, and Bhima had to expose himself at the front of the charging troops. In his melancholy state of mind death would not have been unwelcome, and Bhima fought with a reckless daring that swept all before him.

The Dravids were cut to pieces, and later on their stores and cattle, as well as all their women and children were found in hiding further down the ravine, and were all taken possession of by the victors. It will be readily understood that at the end of the war a princely share of the conquered lands, and cattle and slaves was apportioned to Bhima.

It was thus not as a beggar that Bhima made his way to his former home. But of all in Govarta not one recognised, in full-bearded, stern-faced warrior, the youthful dreamer they had known. The party of explorers had long since been given up for lost, and forgotten by all save, perhaps, one sad woman's heart.

Bhima was an honoured guest in the house of one of the leading men of the township. There was no reason for him to remain unknown, and he was about to disclose himself, when he heard of Priya's death, and of his funeral to be the next morning. For this he waited, wondering how it was with Uma in her bereavement.

At sunrise, a procession of priests,—or rather of fathers of families acting as priests,—at the head of a crowd of mourners followed the body to the cremation ground. Bhima joined himself to the rear of the throng. As soon as the body arrived at the appointed place, the rites commenced. The married women of the household were first summoned by the priests to take their place at the head of the pyre.

"Honoured wives and mothers bring,
"Here the butter and the oil;
"Festal-robed and tearless sing,
"He has rest from grief and toil."

"From his cold hands, oh young man take,
"Take his dreaded battle-bow;
"He no more to war shall wake;
"We have yet to meet the foe."

The body lay on a black buck's skin, strewn with *Khusha* grass. The vessels he had used in sacrifice, the

ladles, dishes, and spoons were next placed on the corpse, and above all was spread the skin of a black goat recently sacrificed. The fire was then lighted in three places at once. As the flames mounted, the priests chaunted the Vedic hymns to Agni, and the Farewell hymn. A rude paraphrase of some of the verses is here given, especially selecting the lines in which the hope of immortality is expressed and even a hint of a resurrection of the body.

"Agni, though thou scorch and burn,
"Though from flesh the skin may start,
"Not to ashes can he turn,
"Who with the Fathers has his part.

"Though his eyes may sunward flee,
"Though his breath is now but wind,
"Though his frame but ashes be,
"He was man, and man is mind.

"Burnt to dust that plants sustains,
"Dust and ash winds sweep away,
"Yet his unborn part remains,
"That to Swarga-lok convey.

"Pushan, Shepherd of the just,
"Knowing earthly, heavenly roads,
"Safely him to thee we trust;
"Guide him to the blest abodes.

"Agni! him the Fathers own;
"Since he comes with offerings due,
"Since he Soma's might has known,
"His body let him find anew."

And so, the last rites paid, the large household of Priya went down to the river to bathe, and don clean clothes. That done, they remained where they were till night-fall, and then went home for the ceremony of the first *Shraddha*. This rite in honour of a man's ancestors,—the cake oblations to the Fathers, *pindapitriyajna*,—is still celebrated in our day, among the Brahmans, and differs little in substance from the ceremony of those ancient times, five thousand years ago. A ten days seclusion and mourning followed.

And so Priya was no more, and Kutsa, his eldest nephew, reigned in his stead. Now, Kutsa's wife had all along held, that Uma had for years usurped the place that rightfully belonged to herself. Strictly speaking she was right, according to the ideas of patriarchical rule, but the fault had been Priya's since Uma had had no choice but to carry out her father's orders. However, now, Kutsa's wife made the girl's life almost unbearable. In desperation, Uma was prepared to look on the eventuality of marriage with any one as a blessed escape. But the enmity of the elder woman was more far reaching still. She rejected the proposals of quite eligible suitors, and did her best to compel the girl into a marriage with an ugly old man, into whose head her messengers had put the idea of making a formal offer.

This was told to Uma, with biting sarcasm, thinly veiled under the form of congratulations.

"Uma, Devadasa, the rich in herds, has seen thy beauty, and he gives us no peace till his home receive the pride of this house. Ah! great is his passion, and great is his manly strength, and though great, too, is his age, great also are his herds. And these, oh fortunate one, are all for thee!"

Uma answered nothing, but retired trembling with anger. That evening, she boldly made her way to the place of meeting of the elders. Her anger gave her courage, and she thus addressed them;

"Fathers and Chiefs, the Shining Ones have left me without a father to act for me. I am a daughter of a royal line. I claim my right of *Swayamvara*,—or, Maiden's choice,—, and I pledge myself, to select one of my suitors. Worthy offers are maliciously withheld from me. I claim my right. Though sad has been my heart, the beauty that I had while my father lived has not wrinkled since."

Though rarely put into force, her claim was well within the rights of an Aryan maiden. As Bhima, seated in the background, saw her, and heard his old love hint at the sorrows and indignities that she had had to bear, his heart swelled with a rush of all his former passion a thousand fold increased. She had been little more than a mere girl when he had left her. She was a wonderfully beautiful woman now. Sorrow had but added a wistful sweetness to a face in which a trace of pride had been almost a blemish.

A cry of delight from twenty eager aspirants hailed the words of Uma, and sent her shrinking away in maidenly alarm, and yet blushing with the natural exultation with which a true woman responds to the admiration of a man. Misinterpreting the blush, Bhima asked himself, whether, perhaps, amongst those delighted and hopeful youths, there was not one who had private encouragement for a more assured hope. Acting on the supposition of this as a possibility, Bhima made himself known to his host, the Town-elder, and begging him not to reveal his identity, enrolled himself as one of the suitors, with no extolling of his deeds, but simply as "Bhima, the Soldier."

Ten days were spent in sending round formal intimation to all the surrounding townships. Kutsa had been so busy with the management of the affairs connected with the property which he had recently been called upon to administer, that he was not aware of the ill-treatment of Uma by his wife. Her public demand for justice, had opened his eyes to the state of affairs at home. He determined to make the girl what reparation he could, and at the same time, vindicate the honour of his family, which the maiden's spirited action had put in question. He, therefore, went to the Town-elder, and, as the guardian of the girl, claimed the right to take on himself the charge of entertaining the suitors, and of conducting the *Swayamvara* with befitting pomp and due ceremony. He, also, publicly announced, that at Priya's request, he would give the maiden, on her marriage day, a tenth of her father's wealth in cattle and slaves, as her dowry. We may be confident, that even in these remote days, the fact that Uma was no dowerless maiden, in no way took from her attractions, in the eyes of her suitors.

The day before the *Swayamvara*, a sort of Sports Day, or Day for athletic games, was celebrated. Each of the young men challenged the others to such feats of skill, or strength, or daring as he himself excelled in. Bhima, trained as a hunter among the Kolarian savages, and an approved warrior among the Aryas, was, we may well suppose, not easily surpassed. But although Uma marked the prowess of the stranger chief, she had no suspicion that in this full-bearded man she saw her girlhood's lover. It must also be remarked that in the arena, he could be seen but at a distance.

But still, once, indeed, a faint surmise,—a wish, or a hope rather than a suspicion,—flashed across her mind, as she heard the comments of the crowd. The measure of Bhima's success was in the volume and persistence of these conjectures.

"Who is he?"

"Where does he come from?"

"What is his family, or clan?"

"Is he of the followers of Vasishta or of Viswamitra?"

Numberless were the questions that flew from lip to lip, but which met with no replies beyond the vaguest conjectures.

Early next morning, the place of the *panchayet* was lined on either hand by the suitors of Uma, dressed in all their gala best. She herself was robed in the palest canary-coloured silk, and richly decked with jewels around her neck, and on her bare arms, as, holding her cousin Kutsa by the hand, she came out amongst the expectant young men. In her left hand was a simple garland of white jessamine flowers. She seemed suddenly to realise how fateful was the choice she had taken upon herself to make. Pale to the lips, with downcast eyes, and trembling steps, she left her guardian's hold, and made her way to the first of the suitors on the right, who happened to be old Devadasa. Scarcely audible to him was the question,

"What, oh Arya, is thy name and clan?"

This she asked from each in turn, and hardly seemed to hear the proudly vaunted rank and titles, that one after the other gave her in eager reply. When near half way

round, and still not looking up, she came to Bhima, and in the same low whisper asked,

"What, oh Arya, is thy name and rank?"

"Not all unknown to thee, fair Uma, is Bhima of the house of Drona, of the *gotra* of the Tritsu. Vasishta the Rishi, was the *purohit*—family priest—of my forefathers."

With a look of startled joy, she gazed into his eyes as if to read his very soul. Trembling she raised her arms, placed the garland round his neck, and then, with a little choking cry, fell fainting into his arms. She had fasted many days that the gods might guide her choice.

"Bhima, son of Drona!"

"Bhima, who went to trace the path of Ganga!"

"Bhima, the companion of Lakshman and Chandra!"

Like wild-fire the news spread through the crowd. A roar of welcome and congratulations greeted Uma's ears, as she came to herself. Bhima was supporting her, and giving her over to the care of Kutsa.

"I have loved and waited for her long, Kutsa", he said, "I pray thee, let me not wait longer than our sacred customs shall require."

It would be foolishness to attempt to portray the happiness of these two lovers united after either had given up all hope of ever seeing the other. Instead a few words descriptive of the ancient marriage rites must close my tale.

The ceremony took place within fifteen days. As Uma left her father's house, now Kutsa's, he, in Priya's name, gave her the family's blessing in the words of the sacred hymn.

" Straight and thornless be thy way,
" Maiden, to thy marriage bower ;
" And submissive to thy sway.
" Thy new household, from this hour.

" From all bonds we loose thee here,
" But to bind thee straiter there ;
" Rich in herds and children dear,
" Gracious Indra, bless this pair.

" Pushan lead thee by the hand,
" And thy car the Ashvins guide !
" Soon be mother in the land ;
" Rule where thou dost go as bride !

And then she was led to Bhima's house. Here the sacred household fire had been lit by his own hands, in preparation for what was the actual marriage rite. As soon as she arrived, Bhima took Uma's right hand, and led her three times round the household fire, from left to right, reciting the Vedic Wedding Hymn.

" By thy right hand leading thee,
May our joy to old age stay,
Whom the gods have given me
That my household thee obey.

Evil banished from our feast,
Love brings good to all alive ;
With thy coming man and beast,
Henceforth, in my household thrive.

As to Agni Surya came
By her marriage escort led,
Maiden, be to me the same,
Blest with off-spring be our bed.

Ten sons, Indra, may she bear,
The eleventh, I, her spouse ;
Us to old age, Indra, spare,
And for years she rule my house.

Gentle-minded, glad of face,
Serve the Bright Ones, heroes bear,
Joys dispensing, full of grace,
All my life and honour share."

With this crude rendering of scattered verses of the Vedic marriage hymn my task is at an end. Veru's self-sacrifice had not been in vain. And the future? The future, both in this life and hereafter, is it not a product, of which the past and present are factors, the past as *Karma* or Fate, the present as Freewill? So thought the sages of the East.

CHARLES A. DOBSON.

MALABARI AS A GUJARATI POET.

" God ! If I've done my task,
What have I need of man?
Only a four-foot span,
And a winding-sheet I ask,

Debtless, laid in the sod,
Of the wild, or the mountain lone,
Raise me a nameless stone,
With these words, " Praised be God !" *
(Malabari's " Man & His World.")

He who would fully estimate the late Mr. Malabari's contributions to thought, would have to consider him as a poet, as a critic, as a political philosopher, as a practical philanthropist, as a social reformer and as a moralist. Without hazarding anything like so large an attempt, a few brief remarks may be offered on what he was, and what he did in one of these fields. The opportunity is presented by the recent publication by his son of a selection of Mr. Malabari's Gujarati poems† in a very readable form, with a learned introduction by Mr A.F. Khabardar, another well-known Gujarati poet.

The late Mr. Malabari's personality, which was the charm alike of his society and of his books, would have lain unknown

* These lines have been inscribed on Mr. Malabari's tomb at Simla.

† "Malabarina Kavyratno" ('Malabari's Gems of Poetry') with an introduction by Mr. A. F. Khabardar, 426 pp. Price Rs. 3. Copies may be had from Mr Randelia, Nasir, High Court, Bombay.

to all save those who personally came in contact with him, had he not been gifted with that fine literary expression which enabled him to diffuse it abroad, to the delight of his fellowmen from the highest to the lowest. There is no need to regret that most of his Gujarati writings were merely occasional. They are such as his nature prompted and his circumstances allowed, the result of leisure hours, snatched from a busy life, the overflow of his genuine self. They thus escape the formality and sense of effort that beset bigger books, the work of men who trade in Literature.

The value of Malabari's poetry lies in that it is free from monotony, constraint, or tameness which is the besetting sin of what may be called current verse-making. With a certain amount of epigrammatic point and polished vigour, it is always and uniformly natural. It deals in simple and truthful narrative description. Natural pathos and deep moral feeling are the characteristics of his song. What he has to say he has expressed in words well-ordered and adequate. Vernacular as his writings are, they are at the same time as broad and catholic as humanity. A Parsi by birth, some of his shorter poems are models of natural and powerful, yet chaste and sensitive Gujarati, and at all times his thoughts are of universal application.

Instead of fumbling with the outside or the accidents of the thing, Malabari's eye rested on the essential life of it. This power of rendering the inner truth of things manifested itself in him in two directions as it turned on God and nature and as it turned on worldly affairs, social and political.

In dealing with the former, although not prolific, he was as much at home when gazing at the sky as when floating on the sea, but the moralising tendency did not fail to come out in the end. His Ode on Night, A Prayer for Rain, etc., illustrate this quality, while his deep devotion comes out well in poems like "Soul and Body ; a Colloquy ", " At the feet of God," " Mortification of Body ", etc.

Turning to the other and more important side of things, in which his vitality is seen, we do not meet here with the detached

musings of a meditative poet but with the reflections of a shrewd and practical observer of human nature, exhibiting the silent gathering of years of experience. He took the common, every-day incidents of life and shed on them a charm just as a master-painter throws light and shade over a familiar landscape. His poems deal with concrete realities which make up the normal life of men. A shrewd observer of human nature is often keen to discern the weakness and foibles of men and even exaggerate them, but slow to perceive those finer traits of the heart which lie deeper. But Malabari was the very opposite of a cynic, and he reverently, although sometimes with good-natured banter, strove to set right human frailties. His writings co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society. Even in his poems he played the role of the social reformer with marked success and tried to make men wiser, better and happier. He had peculiarly the gift of true insight which sympathy gives. He had the rare faculty of feeling the woes of others, as when he expressed :

"एज हरदम छे हाल ; देखी विधवा दुःखी,
हुं विधवा बनुं, छेह रंडापो सर ;
जोऊं लूली, को लंगडी, को अंधी भुखी,
घडी भर बनु जेवो हुं ते खबर."*

Keenly discriminative of the tendencies of society, he treated them with such forbearance, such large charity, that although he saw clearly its foibles and faults, he took hold of these on the kindly side, saw the humourousness of them and dealt with them with a joke which served its purpose, without being stirred to hatred or satire. "Suggestions to Indian Leaders", "Practice what you preach", "Women in old times and modern", "Miseries of child marriage", "The Surti Bohemian", "A Prayer to the Parsi Community", and numerous other poems of his, illustrate this quality.

* "Such is my nature ; seeing an unhappy widow I too become a widow adopting widowhood. Likewise if I see a woman lame or maimed, or blind or hungry, for the time being I become equally afflicted",

Some of his best known poems are full of pathos and fervour. Read for instance "The Prayer of a Fallen Widow", "Saving of Widows" and others.

But "The song that nerves a nature's heart is in itself a deed". And if Malabari had left behind him nothing but his few poems on India and Gujarat, that would alone have been sufficient to win for him a permanent niche in the temple of Fame and in the hearts of his countrymen. We of course refer to gems like "Old India's Prayer to God", "You cannot expect to reach heaven without dying" and "The future greatness of Gujarat".
Read for instance

ए शुभ दिन क्यारे आवशे ? क्यारे सौ संपीला थशे ?
स्वराज्य वीडु झडपे क्यार ? उदय थाय तो थायज त्यार ;
बाकी सहु वलखांज मराय, आप मरे वीन स्वर्ग न जवाय,
* * * *
आपं समान न अन्य सहाय ; आप मरे वीन स्वर्ग न जवाय *

And again

रजपुत वीर जगाड, राज्य कर्ता कर साचा ;
ब्रह्म बाल विद्वान ज्ञान जीज्ञासु जाचा.
देश देश वगडाव शंख तुंज स्वाधीनतानो ;
बंध एकता भव्य, पराजयी कदी भीन्नतानो.
पूर्व जन्मानां पाप नर्मदा जशा शुद्ध करशे ;
नवीन जन्म शुरवीर थकी पे दवोशो भरशे ;
हुं क्यां ओवा रहुं, नवीन ए जन्म तारो ?
आता दुःख सुख वशो गाशी नांख्यो जन्मारो
हशे ; ज सुख मम दुःख, विशेष एह विचेतुं ;
अर्पी इदं सो जन्म, एवडुं, मा ! तुज लेवुं ;

* When will that glad day come when all will be united? The rise will only be when the banner of Swarajya is unfolded. The rest are unavailing struggles. Unless one dies, one cannot get to heaven. Truly, there is no help like self-help.

જો જાગું જોર વક સહજ આપું હું વધે,
ગુર્જર દેશ ફરી ઝાંડ, દીપતાં સત્ય વિવેકે ‡

* * *

નમન હાજ ગુજરાત માત, આ સલામ છેવી :
સફલ થનો આશીષ, ભક્ત પુત્ર આપેવી ! ¶

To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to day-light by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel and thus to become more actively virtuous to self and dutiful to fellowmen—this was the burden of Malabari's songs. (*vide* "Suggestions to Poets"; "Why God gives happiness" etc.)

No one who casually goes through Malabari's "Kavyaratno" can fail to be touched with the poet's creative finger tapping new springs of thought. But to receive the full benefit of the stored wisdom of his capacious and meditative soul, one requires not a cursory perusal but a close and careful study of this volume. The value of the book is enhanced by Mr. Khabardar's exhaustive as well as critical and most interesting preface. The early influences on Malabari's life such as the state of the country during his boyhood, the early pecuniary difficulties of his family, the death of his mother, his connection with unpolluted Kalgi Tora literature, his connection with Mr W. Martin Wood, his early efforts in journalism, his fight for social reform, his tussle with Mr. Giles about "Sansarika" and his vindication thereof, and his multifold philanthropic activities and institutions and a valuable appreciation of his poetic faculties, are contained in Mr. Khabardar's preface which will also amply repay perusal.

Bombay. NAYAN H. PANDIA.

‡ "Awake, Rajput heroes! make true statesmen and learned Brahmins seeking further knowledge. From country to country blow the conch of your self dependence. Invoke unity every where after stifling differences and the waters of Narmada will wash away the sins of former birth She will give birth to many brave. Shall I be spared to see the birth? I have spent my life in affliction at the mother's unhappiness. So be it The circumstance causes me no particular sorrow My debt to you, mother, is more than a hundred births can repay. If I see Gujarat shining with truth and wisdom I would give a hundred in exchange of one, nay a thousand.

¶ Adieu, Mother Gujarat, this is my last salutation. May the blessing of your devoted son come true."

ABOUT BOOKS

THE FLOGGING CRAZE—*by Henry S. Salt, Published for the Humanitarian League by George Allen and Unwin, Limited.*

Sir George Greenwood in his introduction to this book welcomes it as particularly opportune at this time. He naturally fears that the cult of Force inevitable in time of war may persist when the war is over, and that corporal punishment which a public opinion becoming gradually enlightened was banishing from the English penal code, may receive another lease of life.

The author, Mr. Henry S. Salt is to be congratulated on a very excellent work whose one fault is its brevity. He writes with the confidence of faith and with the strength of those who do not merely believe but who having immense resources of reason, experience and example to draw upon are immune from the fear which hovers round the exposition of a weak case. While mainly concerned with the case against the retention of flogging in the penal code, he incidentally shows the fatuity of corporal punishment as a deterrent of evils in all cases. It has been a favourite device of the supporters of flogging to dismiss Humanitarians and their schemes with the epithet "sentimentalism" and the author quotes a few specimens of the kind of "argument" with which it is common to assail them. Thus a letter to the Cork Constitution in June 1908 runs :—

"Were some of the old ladies who are endowed with a great deal of more money than sense, and who I presume, pay for the up keep of these humanitarian humbugs—were they to receive a like

sham of the footpad's bounty, we should soon see the last of this humanitarian drivel." And Sir Robert Anderson in his book on "Criminals and Crime" refers to Humanitarian's as humanity-mongers, fools, hysterical faddists, doctrinaire philanthrophists, maudlin sentimentalists. Now if those who advocate corporal punishment had either abstract arguments or concrete results to prove its validity, one might attribute their want of manners to passing irritation occasioned by the humanitarian's inability to see the obvious, but when reason shows conclusively that flogging being degrading both to the victim and to the inflictor cannot but have an evil influence on both, and when innumerable examples can be adduced to show, that as a deterrent it is worse than useless, one is driven to conclude that the acceptance of this 'panacea' for social evils tends to debase the minds as well as the manners of its advocates. Moreover, " the flogging craze " is itself the result of that most reprehensible form of sentimentalism—anger working on ignorance.

Crime like other diseases which our jerry-built social system has engendered cannot be eradicated by quack remedies, and will yield only to patient and long continued efforts at the hands of specialists. The causes, of much of the crime for the cure of which the thoughtless advocate flogging, are obvious. The author of this book indicates some of them, and quotes freely from writers on social subjects to substantiate his arguments. Many of those who are responsible for the continuance of these breeding grounds of crime are numbered amongst the respectable classes, and perhaps are among those who are most ready to punish the victims of, or such as profit by, the conditions they maintain. Sweated labour, male and female, is responsible for immeasurable crime, and yet the 'sweater' continues to thrive and may with success hope to reach even to the House of Lords.

This book merits the widest circulation. It is exceedingly interesting, written with great ability and with much humour. Those who agree and those who do not agree with the author's principles will be equally repaid by reading it The former will

find their case stated as they would have it, and to the latter the book will furnish ample precept and example to afford him food for thought for a long time to come. He will find it a plain case, plainly and convincingly stated without any sophistry or any attempt to shrink from facts.

OUTPOSTS OF MERCY *by E. V. Lucas, Published for the British Red Cross Society by Methuen & Co. 1s net.*

This little book records the experiences of the author on a visit to the various units of the British Red Cross in Italy. It is of special interest at the moment in view of recent happenings on the Italian front, as the author's tour brought him to Udine, Gorizia, Tolmezzo and other places which have figured prominently in the reports of the Italian retreat. As was to be expected from a work of E V Lucas this little book is very interesting, written with much charm and sympathy. It is excellently illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and apart from the noble purpose to which the proceeds of the sale go, the book as a finely written record of splendid achievement in the alleviation of the misery of war is to be highly commended.

THE OLLIVANT ORPHANS—*by Inez Haynes Gillmore, Methuen and Co, Limited, 5s. net.*

The Ollivant orphans, three boys and three girls, have lost in their mother, the mainspring of the family life. Her influence withdrawn, the mechanism goes wrong and disintegration quickly sets in. Two problems confront the orphans, the one tangible to earn a living and to support the younger members, the other to keep the family together, and to restore its status. This latter problem does not present itself plainly for some time during which certain of the family had begun to seek their main interests outside the home circle How the problems were faced and solved satisfactorily is the theme of the story. The author tells her story in a series of pictures cleverly conceived and connected with much skill. The connection is slight but as each scene depicts a state developed

from the preceding it is sufficiently obvious, and more effective than it would have been had the connection been shown in greater detail. It is a very readable story and the interest deepens as the reader proceeds. "The language largely American" is usually terse and vivid, sometimes in descriptive passages startlingly vivid to the reader accustomed to the greater restraint of the English novelist. "The mischief in her eyes seemed to liquify, to splash over and run down to her brilliant lips." "Roly's black head—the lamplight made purple runnels through its swart thatch—."

"The sky was blush-pink with the dregs of dawn. The air was blush-soft with the dregs of dew."

These are a few of the many instances in which the author strives after meretricious effects. But her ability to tell a good story is undoubted and readers will enjoy the book.

ARMENIAN POEMS—*rendered into English verse by Alice Stone Blackwell.*

The translator Miss Blackwell in her preface to this book of poems tells us that two considerations led to its publication. The first was the belief that the sympathy felt for the Armenians on their unspeakable sufferings at the hands of the Turks would be deepened by an acquaintance with the temper and genius of the people as shown in their poetry. The second was that Armenian poetic literature while well worthy to be known was practically inaccessible to English speaking readers.

There is another consideration urging the publication of these poems which the reader will discover for himself, and which the modesty of the author prevented from expressing. It is this, that these poems themselves apart from all intrinsic recommendations are very welcome. Great poetry, it is true, can neither be found in this book, nor expected from translation, and the verse often touches the prosaic. But this is scarcely a defect in verse which attempts as this so successfully attempts to give a correct rendering

of the original. The translator has often to choose between the ornamental and the true, and if a faithful interpreter he will sacrifice the former to the latter. That Miss Blackwell has interpreted the poetry of Armenia faithfully and in general beautifully, is the best tribute to her work. This is certain, that no reader of this book of poems will put it aside without having conceived a deeper interest in, and a livelier sympathy and admiration for the people whose life has been the subject of these poems. Love of God, of nature, of family and country have been the inspiration of these Armenian poets as they have been of the greatest poets of all climes. An intense patriotism breathes through them and a charity and hope which have survived immeasurable sorrows. Something resembling the Celtic twilight tinges their deepest joys and sorrows, a strain of melancholy in joy, and note of hope in the darkest griefs, and something of Oriental splendour colours the imagery.

Many of these Armenian poets from whose works contributions have been levied for this volume had to live as exiles from their native land, and their grief of exiles is often their theme as in this song to spring.

" How cool and sweet, O breeze of morn
Thou stirrest in the air
Caressing soft the dewy flowers
The young girl's clustering hair
But not my country's breeze thou art
Blow past ! thou canst not touch my heart

Though over ruins linger
Armenia's bird and breeze
And though Armenia's turbid stream
Creeps mid the cypress-trees
They voice thy sighs, and from my heart,
My country, they shall not depart.

A sterner note finds expression in a Cradle Song by Raphael Pathanian, the most popular of Armenian poets who died in 1891.

"Nightingale, oh leave our garden
Where soft dews the blossoms steep;
With thy litanies melodious
Come and sing my son to sleep!
Nay, he sleeps not for thy chanting,
And his weeping hath not ceased
Come not nightingale! My darling
Does not wish to be a priest.

Wild dove, leave the fields and pastures
Where thou grievest all day long
Come and bring my boy sweet slumbers
With thy melancholy song!
Still he weeps. Nay, come not hither
Plaintive songster, for I see
That he loves not lamentations
And no mourner will he be.

Leave thy chase, brave hearted falcon
Haply he thy song would hear
And the boy lay hushed, and slumbered
With the war notes in his ear."

The following lullaby might have been written by an Indian poet.

"I sing the cradle song that when you hear it, you may lie down and fall sweetly asleep. Go to sleep, my child and grow—grow and become a great man; spread out and become a village. In the village where there is no great man, become the great man of that village. Become a great forest, burying your roots deep in the earth; plunge your roots down into the very depths of the earth; and may your trees with their branches cast their shadows everywhere. Space does not permit of our giving extracts sufficient to illustrate the worth of the volume. We can only commend it to the reader. It is furnished with an excellent introduction which gives a brief sketch of the Armenian question, and extracts from the writings of the greatest living authorities on the character of the Armenians. A brief sketch of the author's life introduces

each selection, and the appendix contains a monography of Armenian history, Literature and Folk-lore.

The whole proceeds from the sale of this book go to the American Committee for Armenian Relief, 70 5th Avenue, New York.

WRESTLING—*by Percy Longhurst—Methuen & Co., Limited 1s. net.*

This is one of the popular "Sport series" issued by Methuen & Co. Each volume is written by an expert and intended both for beginners and for those more advanced in the particular sport. This volume ought to have a ready sale in India of which wrestling is the national game.

All the different styles of wrestling are described and instructions are given as to the best means of attaining proficiency in all the devices practiced in each kind. The catch-as catch can style which is that of India is treated in great detail, seven of the twelve photographic illustrations in the book being devoted to it.

The beginner will find this little book easily readable, and the expert may learn not a little from it. Two excellent chapters deal with training for wrestling and with the importance of wrestling as a means of gaining and preserving health.

MR. GANDHI'S SPEECHES AND WRITINGS.

I have always had a temptation to write of Mr. Gandhi's style and I have at last yeilded to it. I am wondering if any one could calmly read these lines without a feeling of surprise not unmingled with amusement as I discourse on Mr Gandhi's superb style. Somehow the very thought of associating Mr. Gandhi's name with style or no style appears on the face of it ridiculous. What would you think of a man who on reading the "Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius should at once plunge into a dissertation on the niceties and verbal finish of the great moralist's sayings? You would at once conclude that Marcus Aurelius is not for that man, whatever else he may or may not be fit for. Who but a callous and unfeeling acrobat in letters would seriously discuss the theory of "realism in style" as he reads the heart-strung passages in Tolstoy's essay on War. When the world is in a conflagration and the master

speaks with the fervour of one whose soul is athirst with the vision of the promised land, when the soul of the master trembles in quick responsive chords at the approach of an impending doom, what an unseemly spectacle to see the poor pupil beating time to the music of the master's voice heedless of the message. To think of Mr. Gandhi's style as he discourses with Homeric seriousness on what is aptly called "The tragedy of an empire" in the dark continent is to recall the image of Mammon admiring the golden pavement in Hell's horrid conclave.

But much as I feel the awkwardness of this pretentious dilettantism, the magic of Mr. Gandhi's style is certainly compelling. No one would be more amused—(for Mr. Gandhi can never be angry)—than he to be told anything of the excellence of his style and the freshness and vivacity of his spoken or written word. Such excellence is woven in the soul of the speaker and wrought in the making of the man himself. It is inseparable and indistinguishable from his genius and we can no more divide the message from the word than pluck the rose from its perfume,

Mr. George W. E. Russell, one of the most amiable of literary advisers now alive, in a chapter on "Self Consciousness in Style" touches with the unerring precision of an old hand, the leading evil of the literary spirit. That spirit is a very disturbing one indeed. It knows not the true functions of Arnold's apt simile of the inn. It leads you away from your home—emphasising the unessentials and losing sight of the imperative. Such loss of balance arises from the forgetfulness of the true meaning of words. Words are not an end in themselves. They are merely vehicles of the ideas behind—and what imperfect vehicles—albeit so wrought with craft and cunning! You can never be sure that you have used the right word. For the most gifted of craftsmen in letters—R. L. S.—had a troubled soul; and we meek spirits only alive to the imperfections of style look back after every sentence and wonder at the superlative genius. It is said of some one that in

his enthusiasm for his own eloquence he made out to his astonishment a case, the very reverse of what he wanted to say. This is a case of consciousness in style unconscious of its purpose.

That Mr. Gandhi is not self-conscious in his style is only another way of saying that his style is unaffected. He has no need to hunt for words, as they flow freely from a mind already enriched with the choice vocabulary of the Bible and Ruskin. The free flow of his talk and writing is also not a little due to the character of his mind, which works with the swiftness and ease of a trained athlete. This is one result, may be, of constant intercourse with men—and the necessity to be thinking aloud on platforms. I have heard Mr. Gandhi addressing large audiences and though he has more than once said that he could not command equal facility in English as in his own vernacular, I confess, I was charmed uniformly on all occasions. And that is because he is never obsessed by the spirit of self-consciousness and seldom descends to the tricks of jugglery in words. He says plainly, frankly, unaffectedly, thoughts leading to thoughts in quick and continual succession, and the agility of his mind easily dispenses with the too common superfluity of physical contortions. And then with a life of study, and meditation and experience at his back he has formed his opinions and the wisdom of years is not to be pitted against the ruffles of contending factions or interests. He has nothing to barter his thoughts for. None of your base compromises for him. He will not equivocate nor stop to your prudential considerations. His conclusions stand firm, unruffled by the passing waves of doubt or hesitancy. He does not argue—as if anybody in the world with human sensibilities and human affections can be converted by mere argument—he straightway attacks, bombards by the strength of his own unconquerable will and in a moment the citadel is his. Nor is this a studied method with him. He simply does it in his own inimitable way. There I call Mr. Gandhi an artist.

We are all familiar with the methods of the artful moralist. Sometime ago Mr. Chesterton, before he fell a victim to the

one towering curse of the war (for it affects me personally, as I miss the merry philosopher and find in his place only the common place leader writer) sketched out to us the genius of the artist-propagandist in unforgettable paradoxes. Tolstoy the great moralist cared nothing for his stories as artistic creations. Shaw would be aghast at the imputation that he is an excellent playwright and not the redoubtable Fabian fighter. Mr. Wells will still continue his theories of social prognostications though he would not cease to write enchanting Utopias. And Mr. Kipling is at least as much of an Imperialist as he is a master craftsman. I do not mean to say that Mr. Gandhi has mistaken his life and directed his genius to a work in which he could not attain to the full height of his manhood. Far from it. "He has made heroes out of clay." And that is a fitting tribute to his genius and far more worthy than turning out a bundle of books which for aught we know—except on rare occasions—are bound to share the fate of its multitudinous fraternity. Nor do I seriously institute a comparison which would be frankly absurd. For while they are by vocation authors, I doubt very much if Mr. Gandhi has cared to preserve a scrap of his writings or speeches. But in spite of all that—the significance is unmistakable, the significance alike of the man's temperament and the spirit of the times—that they are frankly and avowedly propagandic and the literary conscience of the best of men is fired by a sure social purpose.

It is good too that Mr. Gandhi chose to live the life that he preaches with such eloquence and fire. That life is one of austere simplicity, a characteristic which his style bears out with abundant grace even as his dress or diet. There is nothing of the Oriental or Asiatic about his style in the sense of a commanding interest in mere ornamentation as of an Eastern pagoda. Nor does Mr. Gandhi juggle about mysticism or miracle as peculiar to oriental minds. Contrast Mr. Gandhi's simple prose with the rich and varied eloquence of Mrs. Sarojini's luxurious flights of imagination, redolent with the fragrance of an Indian summer and radiant with the [illegible] splendours of an oriental dawn; or

Sir Rabindra's mystic muse weaving its golden thread of vague yearnings and weird music in the twilight and under the solitary moon. I am not making any invidious comparisons. I am alive to the infinite resources of English style and the equally infinite capacity of the human soul. Each is welcome with his own offering, and our gratitude for each gift. We are here concerned only with characteristics with no thought of degrees in excellence. Mr. Gandhi's mind is simple and unadorned. It seeks for truth indeed but by no by paths or subtle syllogisms. It deals squarely with existing facts. It does not exaggerate. It is not afraid. It tackles problems only to solve them and for such a mind there is no insoluble problem. Thus divest of ornamentation and mysticism he works into our soul with the simple fervour of faith.

Nor is such faith or wisdom born of mere study. Study indeed has done him much as he owns in one of his vivid and touching reminiscences of jail life in Pretoria* but that is not all nor even the primary factor in his making. He is essentially the poet of life, energetic and full-flowing enforcing the old and elementary moralities in his own exemplary life. And mark the result in his style. There are Emersonian cadences in such sentences as :

"In its positive form, Ahimsa means the largest love, the greatest charity. If I am a follower of Ahimsa, I must love my enemy. I must apply the same rules to the wrong-doer who is my enemy or a stranger to me, as I would to my wrong-doing father or son. This active Ahimsa necessarily includes truth and fearlessness. A man cannot deceive the loved one, he does not fear or frighten him or her. Gift of life is the greatest of all gifts; a man who gives it in reality, disarms all hostility. He has paved the way for an honourable understanding. And none who is himself subject to fear can bestow that gift. He must, therefore, be himself fearless. A man cannot then practice Ahimsa and be a coward at the same time. The practice of Ahimsa calls forth the greatest courage. It is the most soldierly of soldier's virtues. General Gordon has been

* *Speeches and writings of M. K. Gandhi*, G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras.

represented in a famous statue as bearing only a stick. This takes us far on the road to Ahimsa. But a soldier, who needs the protection of even a stick, is to that extent so much the less a soldier. He is the true soldier who knows how to die and stand his ground in the midst of a hail of bullets."

But Mr. Gandhi's study does not intrude itself on the reader in the shape of much quotation or even allusion. Like Whitman he speaks direct from the soul to the soul without the aid of the pointed word. Indeed he has no necessity to affect a literary grace. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin: and Mr. Gandhi speaks as a man among men. He draws his inspiration from life and not from literature.* His own farm, the workshop, the market place, the buzzle of men around, the voices of the multitude, their joys, sorrows and sufferings, women sowing and reaping corn with their children hanging about their waists, labouring men with tattered clothes, the poor and the destitute hungering for bread,—all these affect him with a singular emotion. Nor does he pine and waste God's time in unprofitable moods of sorrow or penitence but straightway works, with cheerfulness and serenity.

"To any one dying—thither I speed, and twist the knob of the door;
Turn the bed clothes towards the foot of the bed;
Let the physician and priest go home.
I seize the descending man, and raise him with resistless will.
O despairer, here is my neck;
By God! You shall not go down! Hang your whole weight upon me.
I dilate you with tremendous breath—I buoy you up;
Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force,

* The reader can easily appreciate what I mean by an instant reference to the writings or speeches of our respected countryman, Dr. Rash Behari Ghose, whose English style is perhaps unapproached as a model of elegant and scholarly prose sparkling with allusions and suggestions, essentially literary.

Lovers of me, bafflers of graves.
Sleep! I and they keep guard all night;
Not doubt—not decease shall dare to lay finger upon you;
I have embraced you, and henceforth possess you to myself.
And when you rise in the morning you will find what I tell you is so"

And so I come to the most vital point in Mr. Gandhi's style and thought. In writing of his style we are irresistibly led away into a discussion of his ideas and opinions. It will take us far afield to review them and I am not going to attempt it. But Mr. Gandhi is a living protest against the very common platitude of every easy going urchin in the the street who says with the superior air of practical wisdom 'Oh! It is all so easy to preach and so nice indeed: but will it work in practice for a day? Think of it. Will it do for this world?" As if a beardless youth with no flaming faith in him but with a bundle of easy going compromises, bred on a too hasty knowledge of political science and only conscious of his practical immorality is a wiser and a better judge of men than he who has 'lived and moved and had his being" in the very heart of the multitude. Here are a few sentences conceived in the best manner of the author of 'The Crown of Wild Olive."

"We need not be afraid of ideals or of reducing them to practice even to the uttermost. Ours will only then be a truly spiritual nation when we shall show more truth than gold, greater fearlessness than pomp of power and wealth, greater charity than love of self. If we will but clean our houses, our palaces and temples of the attributes of wealth and show in them the attributes of morality, we can offer battle to any combinations of hostile forces without having to carry the burden of a heavy military. Let us seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and the irrevocable promise is that everything will be added unto us. These are real economics. May you and I treasure them and enforce them in our daily life."

As I said before I say it once again and I must end as I began Mr. Gandhi's style is not a thing apart from his thoughts. You cannot have the one and reject the other. They are spun out of the selfsame soul and woven into the very texture of his life. And then what a life it has been ! I cannot do better than quote these words from Thompson's life of Walt Whitman. In my edition Betram Dobell quotes this beautiful appreciation from Sloane Kennedy which is so apt to the occasion : —

"The moral principles running all through Whitman's writings are patriotism, liberty, personal freedom; be yourself to yourself a law ; belief in your own soul's intuitions ; equal honour to your body and mind; reverence for self, to know that the sun and moon hang in the sky for you whoever you are; woman the equal of man and to be equally honoured; moral heroism, to unfront odds undaunted, and abide one's time ; faith in nature, to be joyous as nature is joyous; to exhibit and cultivate manly affections, the love of man for man ; sympathy for the ignorant and suffering, not excluding the lower types. All these may be summed up in one word — manliness. Produce great persons the rest follows."

How well could all this be said of Mr. Gandhi as of Walt Whitman ! "His teachings are wholesome, bracing and manly, and those who learn from him will almost certainly become better citizens and better men."

B. NATESAN.

IN ALL LANDS.

Peace and Victory.

The President of the United States at one time hoped to act as an impartial mediator between the European Powers at war. He thought that victory on either side would leave behind it a sore which would make lasting peace impossible. An expression of that view exposed him to suspicion from all sides. The British Mission to America and revelations of German intrigues followed and the submarine policy of the Central Powers drove President Wilson himself into war. Russia had not yet collapsed, the British output of munitions promised hopeful results, and eventual victory for the Allies seemed within the bounds of possibility. As fates would have it, the collapse of Russia changed the military situation, and an early peace, if only honourable, is not beyond one's ken.

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America and Peace.

Germany is as weary of the war as any other European Power, and the ambition of her friends is not as high as her own. If the American President is content with an honourable peace, the German Chancellor declares that he too agrees, and the question is what would constitute

an honourable peace. For the Allies the future of the war depends largely upon the co-operation of America, and thus the President is once more in a position which in many respects resembles what he anticipated at the beginning of the war. The terms suggested by him do not fully accord with the aims of the European Powers and present the appearance of the impartiality of a mediator who is actuated solely by an earnest solicitude for justice and the peace of the world. The German Chancellor is astute enough to see on which side the moral sympathies of the world must incline and readily agrees to terms which affect America individually.

* *

Policy of Isolation.

The German Chancellor asserts that the combination of the Central Powers was necessitated by France's lust for revenge and England's co-operation in trying to isolate Germany from the rest of Europe. This does not explain why the other Powers joined Germany. Nothing is gained by discussing the alleged motives of Governments, and President Wilson may ask why attempts were made to set up Japan and certain American Republics against the United States. But one can see clearly from the German Chancellor's recent speech that he would isolate as many Powers as possible, especially England. He would support President Wilson in insisting on the freedom of the seas in peace and war, but would add as a corollary that England must dismantle or relinquish some of her naval strongholds. He would make a separate peace with Russia, discuss the Belgian question separately with France, and leave Austria and Turkey to discuss what affects them.

France and Germany.

When Belgium was invaded by Germany, the world was convinced of the unscrupulous aggressiveness of the Prussian militarist, and the atrocities committed in that unhappy country have elicited universal condemnation. For some time it was not known whether France was merely on the defensive or aimed at the recovery of Alsace—Lorraine. Later on French statesmen spoke clearly on the subject, for if the lost districts are not recovered in this war, they never will be, whoever the aggressor might have been. The German Chancellor refuses to reopen history, and argues that it did not begin with the year 1870. The fact is that Alsace and Lorraine were originally German duchies, the former down to the year 1697 and the latter till 1765. They were annexed by France and disannexed by Germany in 1870. English statesmen do not recognise the expediency of disturbing settled facts, but they think they are bound to support France as an ally.

* * *

Russia and Germany.

The armistice between Russia and the Central Powers was originally intended to last till about the middle of January. Though the negotiations for peace have produced no result, Russians are so busy fighting among themselves that for military purposes they may be treated as not being in the war at all. Negotiations are said to have failed so far, because Russia insists upon the withdrawal of the enemy troops from Poland and Lithuania while the people of these two provinces decide upon their destiny, but Germany insists that they have already expressed their desire for severance from Russia and their preference for German protection. This seems to

be partly true and partly doubtful. The probability is that they would prefer severance from both and to be as independent as Finland and Ukraine desire to be. The German Chancellor does not despair of a separate peace with Russia.

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Dismembered Russia.

Which is the Russia that will make peace with the Central Powers and that is to be recognised by others? The people of Ukraine—the region of the Middle Dnieper Valley which passed under the rule of the Tsars partly in 1686 and partly in 1793—have proclaimed their independence of Petrograd and their resolution to conclude a separate peace with the Central Powers. Finland—a bitterly discontented and sternly repressed part of Russia—has also declared its independence. In this interesting province illiteracy is said to be practically unknown and women are frequently elected as members of the National Assembly. The curtailment of the rights of this assembly and the Russification of the army and the navy would not be tolerated by so spirited and advanced a people, and even the friends of Russia have sympathised with them. To Poland and Lithuania the Tsar promised autonomy at the beginning of the war, but not independence.

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Choice of Destiny.

Attempts are made to lay down in the terms of peace certain great principles for regulating international relations. Unfortunately the application of these principles is not equally convenient to all parties, and their discussion ends only in lively retorts. One great principle is that

nations must be allowed to choose their own destiny. An unrestricted application of this doctrine would lead to the breaking up of Empires. Russia would apparently limit it to countries under the military occupation of the enemy. Poland has for centuries been a bone of contention among Germany, Austria, and Russia, and has been several times partitioned among them. Russia would allow the Poles to choose their masters, because they are now under German sway. Alsace—Lorraine, however, is not yet in French possession, and if France pursues the war for its recovery, Turkey entered the war in the hope of regaining effective suzerainty over Egypt. Parallels must alter cases.

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Commercial Leagues.

The Allies held a conference at Paris in which the future commercial relations between them were discussed. They agreed to form a commercial League from which the enemy nations were to be excluded. President Wilson, who had not yet decided to participate in the war, did not favour such combinations, inasmuch as they would jeopardise the continued peace of the world. He has reiterated that view as one of his fourteen conditions of peace, and Count Hertling has readily agreed. America and Germany are both protectionist countries, and they do not seem to oppose preferential tariffs for the benefit of parts of the same Empire, or of nations who reciprocate the preference. The objection appears to be against the exclusion of nations on the ground of their hostility in the present war. The foes of to-day may become friends to-morrow and the Paris conference could not overlook it.

Coming Events.

Simultaneonsly with the discussion of peace terms, all the belligerent nations, with the exception of Russia, are making strenuous preparations for the "final stage of the war" in the approaching spring. The War Secretary of the United States anticipates a strong offensive by the enemy on land, on sea, and in the air. The fall in the weekly toll of submarine victims is attributed by him to the recall of the fleet for refitting and readiness to attack American transports in larger numbers. The massing of troops and guns on the Western front has continued ever since Russia asked for an armistice, and the Allies expect Calais itself to be among the objectives. They are preparing for all contingencies, but one would not be surprised if the preparations only hastened peace, instead of causing unprecedented bloodshed, in which America is expected to participate. Mr. Baker is probably weighing the risks of war against the terms of peace.

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Dignity and Danger.

If Russia insists on the evacuation of occupied territory in Poland and Lithuania because the people cannot otherwise express their will freely, the Allies on the West would insist on the withdrawal of the army because otherwise the enemy would appear to dictate peace as victor. The German Chancellor argues that the occupied territory must be held as a pawn for an earnest consideration of peace. The Allies hold the German Colonies and portions of the Turkish Empire as pawns, but the two guarantees are not set off against each other evidently because the Allies have clearly disowned the intention of occupying any territory against the will of the people,

while the German Chancellor does not commit himself to any definite statement. If the Austro-German troops are withdrawn from the Western and Italian fronts and if the Allied troops are withdrawn from the German Colonies and the Turkish Empire, what will happen if negotiations fail ? The resumption of war is unthinkable.

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Good from the War.

Count Hertling expects good out of the war. Of course he does, otherwise Germany would not have entered upon it. Many have congratulated themselves upon the war. Temperance reformers were glad because the sale of *vodka* was prohibited in Russia almost immediately after the outbreak of the war. Suffragettes won their cause without breaking more windows. Social revolutionaries in Russia are in high spirits as if the overthrow of Tsardom has introduced the millennium. Even German Socialists expect to make a successful stand against the Kaiser, who has succeeded so well from the militarist standpoint. Labourites in England anticipate the evolution of a New England, in which the rich will be taxed more heavily and labour remunerated more handsomely. The Indian Home Ruler expects salvation from the war, and many merchants are revelling in the profits brought by the war. The good anticipated by Count Hertling is the growth of German prestige in the world.

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War and the Poor.

Reuter duly telegraphs all the information he gets about riots and strikes in Germany and Austria. The poor have been suffering more or less in all countries by the economic conditions created by the war. Elsewhere their

discontent may tend to hasten the cessation of hostilities, though as yet it has not produced that effect. India has no voice in the conduct of the war, and fortunately war has produced less hardships than are caused sometimes by a famine. Nevertheless the authorities are called upon to deal with symptoms of discontent. In Bengal looting on a large scale has taken place in several towns, and in the city of Bombay the poor have resorted to the same way of taking the redress of economic hardships in their own hands. The Government has done much to regulate prices, yet they press hard on the poor. Rents have risen rapidly in the larger cities and the middle classes are at the mercy of landlords. But certainly no comparison can be instituted between the state of things here and in the European countries at war.

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War and the East.

The Revolution in Russia—which, by the way, can no longer be described as bloodless —is bound to affect Eastern politics in several ways. Lord Curzon has announced that a recent Anglo-Russian agreement concerning Persia is as good as annulled. The future of Persian relations with any of the European Powers is uncertain, and will remain so until peace settles the conditions in Mesopotamia and the west of Persia. If Russia makes a separate peace with the Central Powers, she may possibly become a tool in the hands of Germany. Japan has already announced that she is preparing for that contingency. The new Russian statesmen are as yet more keen on internal reforms than on the international relations of their country. Yet a time must come when the Revolution spends itself, and trade and national glory occupy the thoughts of patriots.

If China and Japan cannot be indifferent to eventualities in the Far East, India cannot be indifferent to possibilities in Western and middle Asia.

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Defence of India.

Count Hertling readily assents to President Wilson's proposal regarding the reduction of armaments, and adds, apparently with a scepticism not altogether free from a tinge of cynicism, that after the war the financial burdens of the various Governments involved therein will necessarily curtail the expenditure on armaments. What will happen when the immediate after effects are overcome? According to historians, the neutrality of Belgium was a principle of European public law guaranteed by treaties, and yet it is violated. Who will place implicit confidence in treaties? Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla, a publicist who is as surely destined as any other to play a conspicuous part in the councils of the Indian Government, urges that India must be made, as far as may be, a self-contained unit of the Empire for the purpose of military and naval defence. Of the two requisites—men and money—India can supply any number of men. The more difficult question of money must no doubt be solved in conjunction with the rest of the Empire.

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Constitutional Reforms

Mr. Montagu has met the heads of all Governments in conference at Delhi, and his enquiry is finished. His interviews were confidential, and no confidence could have been betrayed when a South Indian planter wrote in the papers that Mr. Montagu had promised adequate safeguards for the interests of his community. Mr. Montagu could not have

given any other reply to any other deputation. Would he say that any interest was undeserving of consideration and protection? Another open secret is more interesting. It is to the effect that from the Secretary of State's conversation one could easily gather that in his opinion the demands of the National Congress and the Muslim League go much beyond a conformity to the policy declared by him in Parliament. He will be told by others in Parliament, even if he should deny it, that an immediate compliance with those demands would not be a "gradual" fulfilment of the declared policy.

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VOL. XVII. MARCH 1918. No. 197.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

Birth-pangs.

What is life? In all times and in all ages men and women have asked the question and now it is on the lips of millions who have loved and lost their all in the war. People are beginning to ask if war is necessary to human society. Intelligent opinion does not think it is. It has been affirmed that this war is to end war and a new world of ordered freedom and social justice will emerge from the cremation ground of the old. It is expected that the consciousness of unity of the human race, its identical interests, its need of love, and its freedom from the service of self will come through the agony and pain which have overwhelmed the world.

* * *

New Democracy.

It is said that a new democracy is slowly coming into being and will secure peace and prosperity for the whole world. Russian realities have shown how distant is the day of Self-Government till men have learned to govern

themselves. There can be no peace till nations like individuals know that "Myself Alone" is at the root of all our pain and suffering. It is only an inner and a spiritual change in the heart of man which can bring the kingdom of God on earth.

* * *

The Reconstruction Outlook.

Indeed the outlook of future reconstruction on sane, equal, democratic lines, securing for the whole world a reign of law, order and co-operation is over-clouded by new hates and new jealousies. The German Government is planning for herself a glacis of Vassal States; Turkey is cherishing new ambitions of aggrandizement; Russian dreams of equality, fraternity and liberty have only led to her acceptance of a German peace. Russia without her shepherds could not walk alone, and her shepherds did not make the service of their flock their only end, and were thrown out. The Czar failed to be the "Little Father" and lost his all and left his people in a state of chaos. All the faith and devotion of the Russian people to the cause of humanity has been of no avail. God help Russia, for she cannot help herself!

* * *

Chances of Permanent Peace.

There can be no permanent peace in the world till Asia is associated with Europe in establishing it, and the free countries of Europe are freed from doubts and fears. The people of Asia must learn the art of Self-Government. In the meantime preparedness for War is the only guarantee of peace. Sir Ibrahim Rahimtullah in pleading for a system of Indian Self Defence has done a great service to the country.

India's Man Power.

Indeed India's Man Power should be organised both to win the war and to place the country beyond the fears of a foreign invasion. Every district ought to have its national Militia prepared for peace and war. The organization of District Militias will provide recruiting grounds for the regular army and awaken the martial spirit which is dying out in many parts of India. The Militia will also provide military careers for sons of gentlemen, and give India a national army. No country without a national army is safe in modern times.

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New Lamps for Old.

The last issue of the "Round Table" contains a luminous survey of the Indian situation. Old ideals which were symbols of India's ordered life are crashing, and no new ones have taken their place. Indian people have been promised new lamps for old, but have not got them. Nations are made strong by the sacrifice and devotion, wisdom and far sightedness of its great men. In India caste crystallised and made cold all national activity. A typical conversation which a Collector had with two Indian visitors shows the hold it still has on the minds of men.

"Self-government is not possible till India discards caste," said the Collector.

"It will take 500 years to break caste," replied the Kayastha.

"No," said the Brahmin. "Never."

"The people must drive out all social evils," said the Collector, "before they aspire to Self-Government."

"Hun," said the Kayastha.

"No," said the Brahmin.

The idea of superiority not only in spiritual but in other domains is so persistent in the Hindu mind that it refuses to take stock of its present position and work towards its amelioration. On the other hand the official is so convinced of the perfection of the present form of Government that he refuses to provide opportunities of growth. How then can India move towards responsible Government?

* * *

Preparation for Partnership.

The rapid growth of India's partnership both in the privileges and responsibilities of the Empire is recognised. The call for unity is becoming insistent and strong. Common sorrows and common perils in the trenches and on the battle-field have created a spirit of comradeship among men of all nations who have fought side by side and shared together dangers and trials and mutual sacrifices in ways before unknown. The spiritual significance of the changed outlook if our shepherds apprehend and help to full growth will lead to the union of East and West and secure for the countries of Asia and Europe orderly development founded on a clear sense of unity and fellowship. The war has revealed the necessity of a higher morality between men and nations, rulers and ruled. In these critical times His Majesty's Secretary of State did not come to India out of pure vanity. British statesmen recognise the need of a strong and self-governing India and are anxious to help the country towards the realization of responsible Government. Englishmen in India will do well to give their active and loyal support to the policy declared

by His Majesty's Government; their active support alone can dispel growing distrust and bring a larger understanding which is necessary to secure gradual and ordered advance. Distrust is at the root of impatient discontent.

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The New World.

India must realize that no outside help can help her permanently. In a modern world she will have to equip herself with modern equipment. It is impossible for a bullock cart to keep pace with a motor car. If India is going to be a partner on an equal footing in the Commonwealth of nations which make the British Empire, India will have to organise its education, its industries, its social systems and its methods of production. No Secretary of State can transform a dependent India into a self governing nation.

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The Viceroy's Speech.

His Excellency the Viceroy in his speech foreshadowed the publication of the scheme of reforms which has been threshed out at Delhi. The British Government which is standing for the doctrine of self determination in other countries cannot oppose Indian aspiration which it has fostered itself. But why should it be necessary to start another discussion? India has placed its views freely before the Secretary of State. His Majesty's Government is now expected to formulate a generous scheme of reform without jeopardising efficiency of administration. It ought to be conceived in an Imperial spirit, broad and catholic, to satisfy all the growing needs of the country, and be announced in a Royal Durbar so that the doubts and fears of the people

are set at rest, and their hearts are won for the Emperor. The reforms should provide for :—

1. A larger association of the people with the government of the country, and with a definite voice in its Councils.

2. The creation of a national army and navy in which Indians hold commissions.

3. The lightening of the burden on land; recognising that only in the prosperity of the people rests the prosperity of the Government.

The Government ought to take a few Indians into confidence and consult them before publishing their scheme, because a scheme which does not satisfy the country will only increase the agony. The expectations which Mr. Montagu's visit has raised can be easily imagined. A waiter asked an Hon'ble Member at Mr. Montagu's dinner, what he had done for the country!

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The Peasant's Place in the Reform.

It is not wisdom to discard an imperfect instrument without fashioning a better one to replace it, but it is folly to worship idols when the spirit has departed. The peasant tends every inch of sod with loving care, working early and late. It is not his fault if he does not reap the fruits of his labour. It is the supineness and lethargy of the higher classes which has led to stagnation and ruin. For generations no one has taken interest in his prosperity or in his education. He has been left alone to eke out a bare existence. The result is that a starving peasantry can only maintain a starving government. Almost all the deputations have asked for some change in the land policy of the Government. Permanent

Settlement is out of date, but surely there are other ways of lightening and equalising the burdens of agriculturists. Why not abolish Revision of Land Revenue and substitute a duty on exports in its place? It would do no harm to examine the suggestion. Contempt for new ideas is out of place in a progressive administration. Indirect taxation, as bees suck honey, is more appropriate in these days than a direct share of the produce, at standards which apply to no other taxation in any part of the world.

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School for the Sons of Soldiers.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to the education which India needs. There are two distinct schools in the country. The reformers press for a more national and a more general education for the whole people, while our administrators are shy of increasing the number of our educated men, and set their faith in improving the quality of our education. Primary education has been neglected. Funds are wasted in keeping up efficient village schools which serve no purpose and higher education lacks the breath of life.. The villagers and the sons of soldiers are given no education. His Excellency the Viceroy spoke of a military school, but the proposal does not seem to have taken shape. By age-long tradition men who wield the sword do not ply the pen, and yet as Lord Chelmsford said," No body of men has rendered more faithful loyal service than these officers." In England there will be scholarships in hundreds for the sons of fallen officers. The memory of men who have given their lives will be cherished. In India, too, it is meet that there should be schools for the sons of soldiers, with a central college at an

appropriate centre which would set the standard and awaken Imperial patriotism. It has been suggested by a writer in the Educational supplement of the *Times* "that the contemplated school should be presided over by a British officer of the Indian Army, and that the staff, while mainly Indian, should include not fewer than two British educationists. The house masters might well be retired Indian officers, and the instructors of the school corps non commissioned officers on pension. It is desirable to provide a guest house for old Indian officers and pensioned soldiers to visit their boys. Another desideratum is a great hall in which the war tattered colours of Indian regiments should find an honourable sanctuary. It has also been proposed that there should be a school farm run on progressive lines, seeing that in India the sword and the plough have always been closely linked, and that after serving his term with the colours the Indian officer is happy to return to the tillage of his ancestral fields."

It is fitting that Indian troops should fully share in the rising standards of equipment and comfort which now obtain in the army. The lines for Indian troops in cantonments should be greatly improved and Indian officers ought to have better quarters and a higher standing in the regiment. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief was rather brusque in answering Hon'ble Subadar Major-Captain Ajab Khan Sirdar Bahadur. He knows exactly the conditions of his service and the views of his brother officers, and that is exactly why his views should be given great weight. The Indian Army look up to the "Jangi Lat" and His Excellency Lord Chelmsford to secure due reward of the courage and patriotism of the long generations of Indian soldiers.

Sir Douglas Haig's Despatch.

The despatch just published by the gallant Field Marshal covers the whole field of operations from the opening of the Arras battle on April 9, 1917 to the eve of November 20 when Cambrai was attacked. Sir Douglas Haig tells the story of great events in an unemotional manner, but his simple record of great achievements is none the less eloquent. The unknown factor which rules the destinies of nations remains as inscrutable to-day as it was in the days of old. And yet the British armies all along enjoyed the initiative and took 57,696 prisoners, including 1,290 officers, and secured 393 guns, 561 trench mortars and 1,976 machine guns. The battles fought under ground and in the air, the arrangement of supplies, the laying out of water, which was made available in some cases almost immediately the trenches were taken, bear witness to the marvellous organisation of the British forces. Again and again Sir Douglas Haig speaks with unbounded admiration of the achievements of his men. "The fighting superiority of the British soldier," he says finally, "has been asserted with ever increasing insistence, and is the greatest guarantee of victory. To give in now would be to betray hundreds of thousands of our gallant soldiers who have given their lives for the honor and glory of their country and the Empire."

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Prince Troubetzkoy on Russia.

In the first instalment of an article in the January Hibbert Journal, by Prince Troubetzkoy, his thought plunges into a profound pessimism. Taking "The Meaning of Life" for his subject he argues that human life, under the conditions imposed by the military and industrial States of to-day, is absolutely meaning-

less and self-destructive and that its end can be nothing but the total ruin of mankind. Industrial civilisation, with its military counterpart, merely repeats the vicious circle of biological law, which is a process of mutual destruction, "continually propagating violence and death." The great States of the world, instead of releasing their members from these conditions, have carried them further, so that the spiritual as well as the physical life of mankind becomes a means of extending the area of destruction. Civilisation so considered, is according to Prince Troubetzkoy, a complete "reign of nonsense."

Writing of the second part of his article in the Hibbert Journal, Prince Troubetzkoy makes the following remarks in a letter to the editor. "You will find it an exposition of the fundamental principles of my whole conception, philosophic and religious, of the meaning of life, which conception is an apology for Christianity against the doubts of an irreligious consciousness . . . . At the moment it is irreligion which seems to triumph in Russia. But I should be sorry if the English reader were to rest under the gloomy impression of so deceitful an appearance. The momentary triumph of militant atheism in our political and social life is only one of those temptations or trials which seem to deepen and reinforce the religious spirit. I doubt not that the future of my country belongs to religion." We hope the optimism of the Prince will be justified and a greater Russia will rise and dispel the chaos that now prevails.

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Chiefs in Conference.

Our Princes have not been slow in recognising the advantages of united action. They want a central body to buttress their own special positions. They have doubtless considered what it would mean to be constitution-

ally linked with a progressive British India, and the calls which the spirit of the age is likely to make on administrations moulded on time-worn traditions. The proposals of the Princes at present only provide for the protection of their special privileges. The scheme would have gained greatly in weight if it provided also for the protection of the interests and privileges of the peoples of the States, and a clear definition of the duties which the States owe to the Paramount Power. A self-governing India is not likely to bear all the military burdens without securing an adequate compensation. It is, however, premature to talk of proposals which have not emerged from the faithful keeping of confidential files. It augurs well for the future that even the Princes are being taken hold of by the spirit of new times.

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Protection of the Cows.

Sir John Woodroffe in his speech dwelt on the necessity of protecting cows. At some of the railway stations, when a Gaushala-chaprasi rattles his little box crying "Gauin ki Riksha Karo Bhai,". Brother protect the cows, it somehow sounds ridiculous, but when we look deeper and review the causes, which have been so clearly set forth by Sir John Woodroffe in his address, the cry acquires a meaning and a significance. Milk and ghee are the principal foods of the people, and milk and ghee are now getting almost beyond the reach of the poor. Cow is called Mata, mother, not without reason. She feeds the children of India with milk, and her calves till the soil and bring the increase of the earth. If a man were asked to take care of his motor no one would laugh at it, the protection of cows is a matter of even greater moment. If there are no cows, there will be

no bullocks, no cultivation. no food and no milk. Therefore "Brothers protect the cows" Ganin ki Riksha Karo Bhai.

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The Change in U. P. Governorship.

The Government of the United Provinces by Sir James Meston will be remembered for its honesty of purpose and its desire to please. Sir James Meston combined personal charm of manner with humility and great abilities which marked him out as the rising man from the beginning. If there has been criticism of his tenure of office it merely shows that sternness and statecraft are more appreciated in a ruler than simple honesty and good will. His many friends will welcome him to Simla where he is expected to do a great and good work. India could not have secured a more honest financier and a greater lover of India. His successor, Sir Harcourt Butler comes to his own province at an opportune moment. He is the long expected Governer, though it seemed at one time as if fates had carried him away. His hand can be seen in the famine report of Sir Antony MacDonnell and in the Settlements of Sitapur and Kheri. The Educational Policy of Sir James Digges laTouche was greatly influenced by him as a Judicial Secretary. Lucknow, where he laboured as Deputy Commissioner, he transformed into a beautiful city with its green lawns, rippling fountains and parks for the people. It was his little book "Policy of Sympathy," which first attracted attention. I remember Lord Minto asking me about the book and its author. The Viceroy was much impressed by his spirit of sympathy and clarity of vision and called him to take charge of the Foreign Office and mould the new policy of non-interference in the States

which he initiated. As a member of the Government of India Sir Harcourt Butler was distinguished for freedom from traditional views. He looked at things from a broader stand-point, and never ignored the human element which is at the root of all problems. Now that he has come to his old province and is among old friends it is hoped he will help the people of his province to a larger realisation and prosperity. The people of the United Provinces and Oudh are poor and very backward.

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The Women's Part.

Dr. Anna Shaw, the chairman of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defence of America, has addressed the Queen. "They are proud" the Committee say, "to be associated with their British sisters, and they promise to persevere with them to the end." No matter what the cost, America will be loyal to her pact, and none," they add, "will manifest that loyalty more thoroughly than American women." Queen Mary's reply conveys the feeling of every woman in this Empire. "The horrors of war," Her Majesty declares, "have taught us to know one another better, and have strengthened the ties of kinship and mutual sympathy by uniting the women of the English speaking races, heart and soul, in the struggle for liberty and civilization." The best hope of all countries rests in their women, and Indian advance can never become balanced till Indian women take their part, in the waking of new India.

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Sir William Wedderburn.

In Sir William Wedderburn India has lost a true friend. He knew the great secret that the surest security of good rule was to serve the interests of the ruled. He has passed away in the fulness of years, devoted to the service of India. He toiled nobly to increase the

prosperity and the freedom of the people of his adopted country. He has gone to his rest, and the blessings of a grateful India are with him. May God inspire sons of England to follow his noble example and lay the foundation of the Empire in the hearts of the people.

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Travancore to the fore.

The address of the Dewan of Travancore is a stimulating document. Education in Travancore has been progressing steadily till the Dewan is able to report, that for every 1·8 square miles of area, there is a school, and the total number of girls receiving instruction is 1,01,288. Travancore is to be congratulated for a steady advance all along the line.

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Sir Sundar Lall.

In Sir Sundar Lall the United Provinces have lost a citizen of solid worth, and many of us a true friend. Twenty years ago I met him at the house of our mutual friend Pandit Jawala Dutta Joshi. I can recall him to-day, as he appeared in the doorway, smiling, a fine large man with strong features, a deeply-curved mouth, a forehead rather high than wide. Joshi Jie is a prophet of the beauty of holiness and indiscriminate giving. Like Pandit Sundar Lall he never transgressed the rules of caste, though he often prayed with Christian Priests and Mohamadan Faqirs, and believes that all roads lead to His feet. Joshi Jie was always full of mirth, an apostle of plain living and high thinking. He made the centre, where gravitated Pandit Madan Mohan Malviya, Babu Ganga Prasad Verma, Justice Karamat Husain and many others. Pandit Sunder Lall when at Naini Tal for his vacations, or on business,

always spent his evenings with Pandit Jwala Dutt Joshi. There were endless discussions on education, politics, religion, literature, saints and salvation. Malviya Jie even then was dreaming of a Hindu University, and was in grim earnest about all he said. He was often surprised at the sudden explosion of laughter which some remark of Joshi Jie evoked. Often the discussion became hot, and then Joshi Jie came with cobs of roasted maize and apples. They were really for the emancipated men like me Malviya Jie even washed grapes before partaking of them and Pandit Sundar Lall was extremely abstemious. Pandit Sundar Lall always said the right thing at the right time. He had tact and never said anything which might offend, and yet he much ever yielded to opinions which he did not share. It need hardly be said that Pandit Sundar Lall was liberal in politics, and helped his friends with all his capacity and knowledge. I can never forget the days we spent together at the house of Joshi Jie. They were winged with the pure joy of life. The vigour, manliness, broad human sympathies of Sundar Lall, the deep delight in the beauty and wonder of things of this world and the other of Joshi Jie, the enthusiasm and earnestness of the Malviya Jie, and deep determination of Ganga Prasad to do the work in hand—all soaring to the sun—swept away shadows from the mind and filled the future with hope.

Pandit Sundar Lall came to see me when he was in Simla last year. He was anxious about the political situation. He was not satisfied with the way things were going. He said both sides were impractical and instead of trying to pull together were pulling in opposite directions. He had seen the Viceroy and had a long talk with him, and was satisfied.

He was of opinion that the officials should seek points of unity and make friends with the people, and influence opinion from within as friends, instead of opposing it from outside. He was in favour of a substantial measure of reform though he was against impatience, and believed firmly in slow growth and self control. Men holding divergent opinions respected him. You could depend on his good will and his honesty of purpose. He served all good causes to the best of his ability and now he has found peace. May God be with him.

CONFLICT OF CIVILIZATIONS IN MODERN INDIA.

STUDENTS of history know of the great changes and upheavals that took place in Europe in the sixteenth century. These changes were brought about mainly by two circumstances. There was first the advent of the New Learning—the Renaissance as is commonly known. People coming under the influence of this new learning became dissatisfied with the prevailing state of affairs and this dissatisfaction and unrest led to the reform of the various ancient abuses. We find that this new learning affected mostly the rising middle classes, and so the unrest was at first mainly confined to them. But there was a second contributory cause to this great European upheaval. It was the Reformation. The Reformation did not stop with the middle classes. It was far-reaching in its influence. It went deep down to the lowest strata of European society and reached the hearts of the poorest of the poor. The Renaissance started a progressive impulse among the higher and middle classes. But alone and unaided it could have effected very little permanent good. It was the Reformation which gave a religious bearing to the movement started by the New Learning and saved Europe from slipping back into old conditions. Thus the two movements

together created the new social and political order we now generally associate with Modern Europe.

History has been repeating itself almost on the same lines in India. For the last half a century India has been witnessing great changes in her social and religious life. There is a widespread spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction among the educated classes and all their old ideals are undergoing radical changes. As in Europe so in India the movement owes its origin to the spread of new learning, of Western education and just as in Europe, it is the high and the middle classes of India who are mostly affected by it. The lower classes are still outside the influences of this new movement and it looks as if India is waiting for the advent of a great religious movement like the Reformation of Europe to bring the results of this new learning down to the lowest of the low, and to give them a permanency and a vitality which they are sadly lacking in at the present day.

Let us consider some of the important changes that have come over the social and religious life of the people as the result of the spread of Western education.

In India the social life is so bound up with religion that it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. But in spite of this fact it is possible to notice some outstanding changes in the social life of the people of our country as distinct from their religious life. First there is the weakening of the great system of caste. The caste system has for its basis the belief that the differences between the various races and classes of men are eternal and divinely instituted and, therefore, to be carefully respected. It is recognised by the ordinary Hindu as an essential part

of the constitution of things as they are. It has divided the people of India into innumerable well-defined groups allotting to each distinct occupations and rights. It has condemned about fifty millions of people as "untouchables", denying them some of the elementary rights of humanity and citizenship. By dividing people thus into so many water-tight compartments with only the minimum of chances for mutual fellowship and sympathy each caste has tended to develop into a self-contained, self-satisfied unit with very few points of contact with other castes and with the outside world. By enforcing adherence to ancestral customs it has all through the centuries acted as an effective barrier against the entrance of any new or foreign ideas. This self-protecting power of the caste system has only grown with the growth of time, gathering strength with every victory it achieved against the long-continued conflict with the various alien influences to which at different periods of history, Indian society was exposed. But this protective armour of Hindu society has at last been pierced as the result of the struggle that has been in progress for the past half a century between this system and the influences which have been brought to bear upon it by Western education. A mass of new ideas and ideals have thus effected an entrance into the hitherto jealously-guarded citadel of Indian thought and life; and educated Indians are now eagerly welcoming them and prizing them as their cherished possession. The various beliefs and religious sanctions which at one time were considered as giving an intelligent justification for caste-system are now being rapidly displaced by ideas of an entirely different kind. For instance, are not the truths of human brotherhood and the equality of all men before God in which educated Indians sincerely believe to-day, a direct

negation of the belief in an eternal, divinely appointed difference between man and man which lies at the root of the caste system? So also is not the widespread recognition by educated Indians of the importance of progress and reform in all branches of Indian life, a clear indication of the fact that the ideal of a changeless life for which the caste-system stands has no longer any attraction for the modern Hindu? These and similar forces are to-day weakening the foundations of the mighty system of caste; and the fall of the superstructure of the whole system is only a question of time.

The new attitude to women we find to-day gaining ground among the educated Indians is another important change in the social life of the people. In the patriarchal system of family life we find in ancient India, the father was the high-priest of the family and controlled the worship of the ancestors of the family in all its details. He alone knew the rituals of the worship and he alone had the power to pass on the rites to his son. It was considered important to maintain unchanged the traditional ritual of the family, if the favour of the dead was to be retained. Thus every man wanted a son to take over the worship of the ancestors at his death. Hence marriage became universal and since in every family the father was supreme and sons were wanted there was a tendency to set less value on women. This idea of the inferiority of woman developed in the course of centuries along various directions and thus early marriage, prohibition of widow re-marriage, neglect of female education, the zenana and similar evils became established in the social life of the country. Now as the result of English education and contact with

Western civilization, the conviction that in the ignorance and seclusion of women lies one of the chief causes of India's weakness has been steadily forcing itself on the mind and conscience of the average Indian. Female education, which a few decades ago was not even tolerated by public opinion is now eagerly sought for and enthusiastically promoted by a growing and powerful minority. It is recognised by the wisest and best men in India at the present day that if ever our country is to take her place among the progressive countries of the world the condition of her women should be improved and that Indian society should be weaned from the evils of infant marriage, prohibition of widow re-marriage, the seclusion of women and other similar customs, which are eating like a canker into its very life. English education is rapidly killing in all parts of India many customs which militate against the recognition of the dignity and equality and usefulness of women in society. Many are beginning to realise how illogical and unmanly it is to allow re-marriage in the case of men and to forbid it in the case of women. The significance of all these changes from the point of view of the social reformer is great; but their importance in helping to remove the many obstacles that stand in the way of the spread of female education is even greater. Girls' schools and colleges are increasing in number year by year, and we have every reason to hope that as years go by, our women also imbued with Western ideas and ideals will as mothers and wives begin to exert a tremendous influence on Indian society, and thus help to bring in the new and glorious India that is to be.

Another important change that is slowly coming over the social life of the people of India is in their attitude towards social inequalities and sufferings. The belief in Karma, which has almost become an instinct with the Indian, is to a large extent responsible for the unconcern with which he ordinarily looks upon the social degradation and suffering of many around him. It was argued that one was a Brahmin and another a Pariah, one in degrading social conditions and another in healthy surroundings, one in health another in ill-health, as the result of the working of the inexorable law of Karma and so it was considered futile to attempt to effect any change in the existing state of things. Hence it is that we fail to find in all Indian history any instance of a serious attempt on the part of men of light and leading to rescue the low-caste and the out-caste from their social, intellectual and moral degradation. But Western education is opening the eyes of the educated Indians to the fact that the destinies of individuals and communities are not so unalterable as is commonly supposed. That every man in his own measure is the arbiter of his own destiny and of the destiny of those around him is a truth which has come home to the educated Indian as the results of the study of history. When he studies the history of the Reformation he cannot escape the conviction that it was the devotion to truth and self-sacrifice of Luther which saved Europe from mediaeval ignorance and priestcraft. He cannot read the history of the scientific advancement in the West without being surprised to find what great things the self-sacrificing labours of individuals have accomplished in the matter of alleviating human misery and pain. So also it is an object lesson to them to see missionaries coming from foreign countries and effecting

by their self-sacrificing labours wonderful transformations in the social and moral life of the so-called untouchables of our land. Thus we find growing up in India at the present day as the result of all these influences a new spirit of social helpfulness which is expressing itself along various channels. The widespread sympathy shewn by the educated Indians towards the depressed classes; their anxiety to reclaim them from their fallen state and make then valuable factors in the material and moral progress of the land; the readiness with which relief is now sent to people in distress irrespective of caste or creed; the increasing desire to help and to care for the widows and orphans, the sick and the poor; the coming into existence in recent years of numbers of societies and organisations for the alleviation of distress in the large cities—these are some of the lines along which the new social consciousness of educated India is making itself felt. It is just now only in its initial stages of inception. It does not yet appear what it shall be; and its importance in the great work of reconstructing the social ideals of the country cannot be over-estimated.

Let us next consider very briefly the changes that have taken place in the religious thought and ideals of India during the past half-a-century.

It is often said that Western knowledge is making educated Indians agnostics and sceptics and that many of them are drifting away from old moorings. A careful study of the popular religion of the country tells us that as its foundation we have a mass of beliefs and customs which centre round the caste system, the authority of the Vedas, polytheism and pantheism. To the ordinary Hindu religion is more or less synonymous with a conformity to the rules

of caste and a regular observance of the rituals connected with the worship of certain gods of the Hindu pantheon. He may hold any or no belief on the essentials of his religion; but so long as these beliefs are kept in a separate compartment of his mind without allowing them to interfere with the daily round of worship and caste observances, he is able to pass off unchallenged as orthodox. Now Western education has made the belief in these basal doctrines of popular Hinduism impossible. But at the same time many of the educated Hindus have no desire to offend the religious susceptibilities of others and introduce elements of discord in family and social life by any open repudiation of these beliefs. So they make a compromise of their convictions and ideals and choose to live a kind of double life—being one thing in the home and in society, and another in their own inner consciousness. But many others feeling that they cannot consistently remain in such a hypocritical position have been led to revolt and drift into agnosticism and scepticism and other excesses. Many of them influenced by the writings of men like Huxley, Spencer and Darwin have been inclined to think that religion is only a passing phase in the development of human thought. It is true that many coming under the destructive influences of Western education have become agnostics and rationalists. But the same influence which has been making many agnostics and sceptics has been driving others to reform and reconstruct their religious beliefs and bring them into harmony with what they know as best in religion, thought and life. The Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj and similar movements are efforts in this direction. These movements have brought into prominence the best elements in Hinduism. We sometimes find some of the leaders of these

movements trying to defend polytheism, idolatry and caste by elaborate arguments drawn from modern psychology, ethics and science and pressing into service the latest scientific discoveries to justify the spiritual value of bathing in the Ganges or the reality of caste distinctions. But this is only a passing phase of the present religious movement brought about mainly by the aggressive work of Christian missionaries; and it is not likely to affect in any permanent manner the religious life of the people. At the same time none can deny that behind all these new movements there are forces at work which are permanently affecting and transforming in various ways the religious thought of India. They are naturally slow in their working and their results are not so apparent in the lives of the educated Indians as they should be. But they are there nevertheless working away silently at the very centre of Indian life, refining and transforming one by one the great ideas and conceptions which had always controlled and directed it.

In India the main stream of religious thought for the past many centuries has been along the lines marked out by Vedanta philosophy. Hence the pantheistic spiritual outlook has become almost a permanent factor in the religious atmosphere of the land. The pantheistic conceptions about God and the universe, about sin and salvation are so diffused in various forms among the people that they have become part of the creed of the most illiterate among them. The absolute identity of all that is with God, the consequent denial of all distinction between truth and error, right and wrong, the despise of the phenomenal, these and other prevailing pantheistic conceptions have been exerting an enormous influence on the

religious life of the people. With such beliefs holding sway in their minds, it was only natural that they should develop a very high regard for *Saddhu* life and consider other-worldliness as an essential characteristic of the religious mind. The Hindu philosophers exhort men to cease to be themselves, to lose the sense of individual life and thus attain *Mukti*. But Western education with its emphasis on the development of character and the importance of personality is slowly breaking up these pantheistic ideas. Many are beginning to suspect whether the doctrine of the suppression of personality so long taught and practised in India may not be the cause of her present social and moral degradation. History tells them that the real work of the world is done by those who have a strong personality of their own, by men of strong character and that on the other hand men who have no character merely fill up counting in the census, but scarcely counting in any other way. They find that even to live true and faithful lives in their own limited spheres, and to be an influence for good on those around them, what they want is not the destruction of personality but its development and a right use of it. The widespread recognition by educated Indians of these truths is a clear indication of the fact that their philosophy of life is changing and changing materially. The spread of such ideas is weakening as never before the conviction so common in India that the ascetic is the only truly religious man. As it is deeds good or bad that form Karma and lead to rebirth it was argued that if a man was to get relief from the necessity of rebirths he should cease acting, live an actionless life and thus draw near the one Actionless Reality. But to-day there are few educated Indians who believe in the unreality of life and of life's

relations. They long not for a salvation from life but for a salvation unto life that they might have life and life abundant in all the concerns of this world. "In the world, but not of the world"—this is the ideal which modern leaders of Hindu religious thought seem to find in the Upanishads and the Bhagavadgita and are at pains to set forth as their message for all time.

Another great change that English education is bringing about in the religious thought of India is in the conception of the Godhead and of the relationship in which man stands to God. Higher Hinduism has always conceived God as the impersonal essence present in all things. He is perfectly changeless, eternally without desire, without will, incomprehensible and self-absorbed. He is described as *Sachchidananda*. But this lofty philosophic conception of God has no ethical content. The approach to such a God cannot be a religious but only a speculative process. The spirit of man can only have intellectual and not moral relation with such a being. Religion in India thus became indissolubly connected with philosophy and with a philosophy of the metaphysical order. One of the consequences of such a viewof religion was to place the moral life on a lower plane than the mental life.

Though this is the dominating note of Hindu religious thought, the hungering soul of the Indian worshipper has sought elsewhere the satisfaction that no philosophical speculation can bring. From the earliest times there has existed in India, in one form or another, a religion of Bhakti or loving faith seeking to give expression to personal devotion to a personal God. The poems of Tulsaram and

of Tulsidas and of Manikhavasagar bear impressive testimony to the existence in India of this universal craving of the human heart for a real loving God with whom personal fellowship is possible. Many feel that in this Bhakti doctrine, Hinduism attains to a conception of God loftier and truer than any yet attained by even its most sublime systems of philosophy and that on this rock the glorious Hinduism of the future should be built. The writings of these Hindu prophets, as distinct from the writings of Hindu philosophers deserve close study. Now, the conception of the divine nature with which educated Indians are to-day becoming increasingly familiar presents many points of contact with the idea of God which underlies the Bhakti system. This contribution of Western learning to India may be stated as the doctrine of the personality of God, looked at from the philosophical standpoint, or it may be stated as the truth of the love of God, looked at from the ethical standpoint. No one can read the writings of the modern exponents of India's religious thought without being convinced that this conception of God as presented by Western thought, with its rich ethical contents of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, has come to stay among the educated Indians. It is an apprehension of this pre-eminently ethical conception of God with its necessary corollaries about revelation, incarnation, sin and forgiveness which enables educated Hindus to discern the strong as well as the weak points of the *Bhakti* of their saint-sages; and it is to these conceptions that the best Hindu minds are instinctively turning to-day for help in their attempt at constructing out of the tangled mass of the different systems of Hinduism, the new Hinduism of the future.

One cannot ponder over these far-reaching changes without enquiring what it is that really enables Western civilization to achieve such remarkable results just in these departments of Indian life where the old civilization has admittedly failed. India has never been wanting in men of keen religious insight. The ideal of self-renunciation has been developed in our country to a remarkable degree. The saints and sages of India have left behind them a noble literature which is a source of continual inspiration to the world. But in spite of all these, we find that India had to wait for the advent of a new civilization to help her to realise herself—to awaken her conscience to the wrongs committed against the fifty millions of her depressed classes—to influence her to seek by social reform, education and legislation, the elevation of her women-folk, and also to start the forces which are to-day unifying in a remarkable manner the divergent elements in the great population of our land and are building them up into what will in future years be a nation. Some endeavour to find in the scientific advancement of the West an explanation for this rare vitality of Western civilization. It is argued that in modern science Western civilization has an ally which the old civilization had not, for ordering the physical conditions of human well-being and for correcting the many errors to which man is liable. It has been claimed by some that it was modern science which ushered into the world for the first time an "age of reason" and all the social, moral and political blessings we now enjoy are attributed to the spirit of the age. The present European war should open the eyes of all those who thought that the establishment of the millennium on earth was ultimately and finally left with science. Science has been pressed into

service, as never before, by man to commit the vilest and the most atrocious crimes against his brother man. It is only too true that science like any other knowledge or source of power is a two-edged weapon in the hands of man. It is the character of the man wielding the weapon and not the weapon itself which determines the possibilities either for good or for evil of the weapon. No doubt the world was never more advanced in various branches of knowledge than now. Though the older civilizations had not developed the modern scientific methods of research and study they could claim to have acquired a mass of useful knowledge on various matters affecting the well-being of man. For instance, long before India came into contact with the West she had developed systems of medicine, music, painting, architecture and even of education. But where India, and in fact all the old civilizations signally failed, was in not placing the knowledge they had, within the reach of all men, without distinction of caste or color or creed. It was in the hands of a few men or groups of men and they used it to promote their own selfish purposes. We must admit that in the West as much as in the East there have been attempts on the part of the privileged few to shut out others from the blessings of what they happen to possess. But as Europe entered more and more into the meaning of the great truth of the equality of all men before God—mainly as the result of the Reformation—we find growing up in the West a distinct tendency to place within the reach of all men the benefits of the various branches of learning. It was the Reformation which gave to the new learning and through the new learning to the civilization of the West its characteristic vigour and

vitality. It was Luther who emphasised for the first time in Europe, under circumstances which immediately popularised it, the great truth that *every man* in the world is free, through union with God, to develop himself to the utmost without being enslaved to any external authority, religious or philosophic. The whole sense of the personality in man was dignified and deepened as never before. Subsequent thinkers and workers threw further light upon personality and to-day the doctrine of the personality of man with its rich ethical contents is widely accepted by the people of the West as one of their elementary axioms of conduct. The great democratic and liberal institutions of the West—whether political or social or industrial—have had their origin and development in the belief that all men—whatever their condition or occupation or caste—are endowed with personalities and that all the sides of their personalities are capable of development. Here we lay our finger on a spot which marks the departure of the Western civilization from the Eastern, and here also we have the answer to the question why it is that Western civilization has achieved remarkable things in India in the short period of half a century in spheres where our civilization after centuries of influence, has signally failed. At this stage, the question naturally arises—How is it that the West came into possession of this great truth of the Personality of Man, its universality and unity which has meant so much for the West and through the West to the whole world and even to us in India? This truth—like all vital truths—was not evolved from the fertile brains of philosophers but had its origin in the living reality of a Life lived in this world. The

fact of the unique Life of Jesus Christ—The New Personality—came first and then came the gradual explanation of the fact. The best explanations the West has hitherto offered of the great Fact of Christ do not profess to fathom the depths of His Great Personality. Nor have men yet realised in their social and national life, in any satisfactory measure what Jesus Christ stands for, for the world and for humanity. The tragedy in Europe to-day is due to the refusal of Christian nations to apply to their national life and inter-national relations the principles and ideals which this Great Personality came to establish. But repentance for this sin as well as for other sins against humanity as a whole is already growing deep in Europe and will grow far deeper still. Let us hope that Europe will emerge from this great war with a greatly quickened sense of the brotherhood of man which we saw was at the foundation of all that was best in Western civilization. Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the greatest living scientists of England, speaking on the relation of war to Christianity, said a few months ago—"The result of this war will be more and more to carry the world back to Christ, the greatest revelation of God we have had on this earth." At this time when a conflict between two civilizations is in progress in our land and when we are expecting great changes in the administration of our country along democratic lines, we in India have also need to sit at the feet of Christ and learn from him the principles which wherever loyally followed have helped individuals, nations and democracies in establishing God's kingdom on earth and wherever neglected have led them to disastrous failures.

P. O. PHILIP.

PROFESSOR HENRI BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE.

I.

Monsieur Henri Bergson, perhaps the greatest living Philosopher, was born at Paris in 1859. At the age of 22 he entered the Ecole Normale Superieure and graduated in Philosophy. His next 17 years were spent in teaching in various lycées and Colleges and during this time he wrote his first book "Time and Free-will", the thesis for his doctorate. In 1900 he was appointed professor at the College de France where he still remains. He has been a member of the Institute since 1901.

Bergson's lecture room is the largest in the College but not large enough to accommodate the surging crowds of men and women of almost every country and race that flock to hear the world-famous philosopher. The language in which he clothes his ideas is remarkable for its lucidity, flexibility, clearness and brilliancy. His charming style coupled with a wealth of happy illustrations makes his books read like novels. His philosophy is a drawing room philosophy—simple, self-evident truths dressed in an attractive garb.

II.

There are some truths which are so familiar and common that they elude us by reason of their very familiarity. We do not notice them and disdainfully overlook

them, till somebody comes and points them out to us and then we wonder why we did not observe them before. The story of Newton and the falling apple is an illustration of this tendency. Bergson emphasizes another such self-evident truth which has escaped our attention. His philosophy is the development of the simple fact, *viz.*, that life is more than knowledge. Our intellect cannot grasp life in its fulness. What the intellect can understand is simply the *external* view of life which is chopped up in bits, but cannot touch *life itself* which flows on. An external view of life presents to us certain disconnected actions, feeling etc., but life cannot be said to be made up of them. The richness of life is not exhausted by the sum total of isolated individual actions, feelings etc. To affirm the contrary is to talk "like one who should say a river consists of nothing but pailsful, spoonsful, quart-pots-ful, barrelsful and other moulded forms of water. Even were the pails and the pots all actually standing in the stream, still between them the free water would continue to flow" (Principles of Psychology, James Vol. I. p. 225). It is like "seeking for the meaning of the poem in form of the letters of which it is composed." (Bergson's Introduction to Metaph, ysics p. 44). A schoolboy may be able to parse correctly every word of Wordsworth's *Intimations* and still be totally unable to grasp the spirit which inspired the poet. The artist's picture does not consist merely of colours, nor is a symphony simply made up of the vibrations of strings, reeds etc. Were all the photographs of a town, taken from all possible points of view to go on indefinitely completing one another, they would never be equivalent to the solid town in which we walk about (Ibid p. 4). Intellect looks at life from various points of view only and is hence

unable to represent the fulness of life to us. It is doomed to failure because it apprehends life statically whereas life is essentially a change and a flow. Reality is a pure movement, a pure becoming and intellect cannot grasp movement and becoming. It can only, therefore, represent reality by employing symbols but the concreteness of reality eludes it, for it is pure change. Our Intellect looks at it retrospectively and its dissection is merely a post-mortem dissection. Reality is not something which moves, changes, or becomes; it is itself movement, change and becoming. Pure Change is *the* only reality.

III.

It is not a mere accident that intelligence is unable to understand the meaning of life and reality. The fault is inherent in its very nature. The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life. The vital Force, the *Elan Vital*, has deposited it in the course of evolution, much in the same way as our physical organism has been endowed with sense organs. How then can it understand that which has deposited it. "Created by life in definite circumstances, to act on definite things, how can it embrace life of which it is only an emanation or an aspect? Deposited by the evolutionary movement in the course of its way, how can it be applied to the evolutionary movement itself? As well contend that the part is equal to the whole, that the effect can reabsorb its cause or that the pebble left on the beach displays the form of the waves that brought it there. In fact, we do indeed feel that not one of the categories of our thought—unity, multiplicity, mechanical causality, intelligent finality etc., applies exactly to the things of life ..... In vain we force the living into this or

that one of our moulds till the moulds crack. They are too narrow, above all too rigid, for what we try to put into them." (Henri Bergson. Creative Evolution, p. x).

But the question arises: why did the Evolutionary movement deposit Intelligence at all? To this question Bergson has a clear answer: "When a shell bursts, the particular way it breaks is explained both by the explosive force of the powder it contains and by the resistance of the metal. So of the way life breaks into individuals and species. It depends we think on two series of causes: the resistance life meets from inert matter, and the explosive force—due to an unstable balance of tendencies—which life bears within itself". (Ibid p. 103). Life has succeeded in overcoming the resistance of inert matter by means of instinct and intelligence. Thus intellect is a mere instrument or a tool forged by the Creative Life Force to act on dead matter. Its purpose, like that of any special sense organ as the eye or the ear, is that of practical usefulness. The intellect looks at reality as a collection of solid things because this aspect serves our ends best. Our actions are discontinuous but in order that they may not be blind, intelligence must be always present in them, hence in the process it also acquires the characteristic of action *viz.*, discontinuity. Once it partakes of this characteristic it uses it like a net and threatens to envelop everything within itself. Thus the mechanism of our faculty of knowledge, created by the inversion of the vital Impulse, is essentially practical.

We cannot deal with pure movement, our intellects, therefore, represent reality to us as broken, immobile and discontinuous. It takes "Snap-shots" of the passing

reality. The intellect is thus "cinematographical"—each view representing a fixed position of the moving force. Our attention singles out some one part of reality and holds fast to it. We mark off and sharply discriminate one object from another—in short we form concepts. Reality may change but concepts remain permanently unchangeable and do not pass into each other. As Locke says: " For though a man in a fever should from sugar have a bitter taste, which another time would produce a sweet one, yet the idea of bitter in that man's mind would be as distinct as if he has tasted only gall." (Essay, Book II, Chapter II, sec 3). Our intellect in this way carves isolated concepts out of the continuum of reality, in short our intellect psychologizes but does not philosophize. " All these abstract concepts are but as flowers gathered, they are only moments dipped out from the stream of time, snapshots taken, as by a kinetoscopic camera at a life that in its original coming is continuous. Useful as they are as samples of the garden, or to re-enter the stream with, or to insert in our revolving lantern, they have no value but these practical values. You cannot explain by them what makes any single phenomenon be or go, you merely dot out the path of appearances which it traverses. For you cannot make continuous being out of discontinuities and your concepts are discontinuous ". (James, Pluralistic Universe, pp. 235-6).

IV.

It necessarily follows that our concepts cannot fathom reality. Life is more than Logic and Science which employ concepts. Bergson is never tired of emphasizing the fact that reality is change, a flow that never ceases, nor repeats itself. It is an ever present, becoming, now. Its essential

character is that it *endures*. Reality is duration. When the intellect tries to approach duration it represents it as spread out in space. Time or Duration is in this way spatialised. We mark "time notches" in infinite number upon the infinitely long intellectual "time-stick." Time, when thus represented is nothing but "bastard space". It is an abstraction and not a reality. It is a picture and symbolical representation of space. In ordinary language we translate time into space and talk of events taking place" in time. We are thus not thinking of time at all, but of space. Of our own consciousness we think in spatial terms and represent mental states as lying beside each other and change as passing from one to the other. But this is not real change for in real change there are no states but everything is a living, moving present. In this fluid reality there is no sharpness of outline, but adumbration, no external juxtaposition but interpenetration, not discreteness but continuity no space but time. When we analyse duration we resolve it into ready-made concepts. When we look at it from the point of view of multiplicity we reduce it to "a powder of moments," each of which is instantaneous. When we look at it from the point of view of unity, we find that this unity is an abstract unity for it empties movement of all mobility and holds these moments together as "a thread holds the pearls of a necklace." Thus both kinds of metaphysics, intellectualistic as well as empirical, "freeze this flux" and the intellectual operation is performed on "the frozen memory of the duration, on the stationary trace which the mobility of duration leaves behind and not on the duration itself." (Introduction to Metaphysics, p. 19). Both empiricists and nationalists labour under the same delusion and are dupes of concepts.

No closed conceptual system of philosophy will ever be able to reach the free flow of the Reality. "The inherent difficulties of metaphysics, the antinomies which it gives rise to and the contradictions into which it falls, the division into antagonistic schools and the irreducible opposition between systems, are largely the result of our applying, to the disinterested knowledge of the reality, processes which we generally employ for practical ends . . . . They arise from our professing to reconstruct reality—which is tendency and consequently immobility—with percepts and concepts whose function it is to make it stationary" (Ibid p.57.) "The metaphysicians have dug a deep tunnel beneath reality, the scientists have thrown an elegant bridge over it, but the moving stream of things passes between these two artificial constructions without touching them" (Ibid p. 68). "Is it astonishing", exclaims Bergson, "that like children trying to catch smoke by closing their hands, philosophers so often see the object they would grasp fly before them? It is in this way that many of the quarrels between the schools are perpetuated, each of them reproaching the others with having allowed the real to slip away." (Ibid p.47).

V.

But if reality cannot be known by intellect, must we throw up our hands and give up ourselves to despair? No, replies Bergson stoutly, we must not let our hearts sink. Though we cannot seize reality with our conceptual faculty yet we can get into touch with it. We can place ourselves at a bound inside the "living, moving thickness of the real" and install ourselves into the very heart of reality and feel its palpitation. But how are we to accomplish this mental

feat? Bergson's answer is clear and emphatic : "Philosophising just consists in placing one's self, by an effort of *intuition*, in the interior of concrete reality". By "*intuition*" he means "that kind of *intellectual sympathy* by means of which one transports one's self to the interior of an object so as to coincide with that which constitutes the very reality of the object, the *unique* reality, consequently inexpressible" (in Concepts). Bergson's intuition, as he is careful to tell us is not a mysterious faculty. It exists in everything that lives and is simple consciousness of life. "Every one of us", he says, "has had occasion to exercise it to a certain extent. Any one of us, for instance, who has attempted literary composition, knows that when the subject has been studied at length, the materials all collected, and the notes all made, something more is needed in order to set about the work of composition itself and that is an often very painful effort to place ourselves directly at the heart of the subject and to seek as deeply as possible an impulse, after which we need only let ourselves go . . . . and yet if we turn back suddenly upon the impulse that we feel behind, and try to seize it, it is gone . . . . metaphysical intuition seems to be something of the same kind". (Ibid p.76-7). It is a plunge into the very cone of reality. We cannot *know* it, but we can *feel* it and *live* in it and out of this sympathetic feeling and living is born the intellectual sympathy or intuition. We can feel reality because the same life courses in our veins. We live and move and have our being in it. We can understand it, as Rageot says, "*in the fashion in which one loves.*" There is an ontological affinity between us and reality. We are flesh of its flesh and bone of its bones. It is like "deep calling unto deep". But such moments are very rare. Our intuitive faculty is

like "an almost extinguished lamp, which flickers up only at intervals for a few instants." The tyranny of intellect has worked its havoc. We have travelled farther from the east but still we behold the light of consciousness and whence it flows we see it in our joyful moments. Not in entire forgetfulness and utter nakedness have we come, but trailing clouds of glory from the living, moving, throbbing reality. Bergson's Intuition enables us to feel

"a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interested,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

(Tintern Abbey).

Intellect cannot attain to this feeling of reality even by the subtlest operations of "mental chemistry." The nature of reality can only be known by living the activity of the real. But it is not revealed to us in a single flash of insight. In each effort of intuition the philosopher sympathises with only one rhythm of real. It is "years that bring the philosophic mind". We require constantly to keep ourselves in touch with reality. The effort demanded is great. "The mind has to do violence to itself, has to reverse the direction of the operation by which it habitually thinks . . . but in this way it will attain to fluid concepts capable of following reality in all its sinnosities and of adopting the very movement of inward life of things. Only thus will a progressive philosophy be built up." (Ibid p.59). Instantaneous as these flashes of inspiration and insight are, they

throw a flood of lightning on vital problems connected with our Personality, our Origin, our Destiny.
Intuition is—

that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight,
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened.

(Tintern Abbey).

VI.

Bergson's conclusions have revolutionised philosophy. From the time of Plato and Aristotle down to the present age the ruling tradition has been to postulate the formula that fixity and immutability are nobler than change and motion. Plato unhesitatingly condemns change as illusory and posits the Eternally Immutable as the only reality. Bergson boldly turns the tables and pronounces that Change is the only reality. And Permanence is an illusion born of the intellect. Plato has no room for Becoming, Chance and Contingency; Bergson banishes all Being, Immutability and Necessity from his philosophy. Plato's philosopher stands apart from the world and contemplates the Immutable Ideas. Bergson's philosopher moves in the thickness of reality and draws himself away from the illusory Ideas, placing himself at a bound in the midst of Change and Motion. Plato's fundamental principle is that there is more in the motionless than in the moving and that we pass from being to becoming. Bergson defiantly enunciates his principle that there is more in movement than in fixity, more in becoming than in being and that our passage is from becoming to being. For Plato Intelligence is the supreme faculty embracing all eternity; for

Bergson Intuition is the only faculty that can pierce reality. In thus denying the validity of Plato's fundamental principle Bergson definitely breaks not only with ancient philosophy but also with all modern philosophy for the same postulate—the Reality of the Unchangeable—underlies all the various and antagonistic schools of modern philosophy. He absolutely inverts this traditional postulate which has been handed from one generation of philosophers to another.

Plato's Reason and Intelligence aspires to a certain and absolute knowledge of the World of Reality and Being; but, says Bergson, "more modest, and also alone capable of being completed and perfected, is the philosophy we advocate. Human intelligence, as we represent it, is not at all what Plato taught in the allegory of the cave. Its function is not to look at passing shadows nor yet to turn itself round and contemplate the glaring sun. It has something else to do. Harnessed, like yoked oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles and joints, the weight of the plough and the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we are acting, to come into touch with reality and even to live it, but only in the measure in which it concerns the work that is being accomplished and the furrow that is being ploughed, such is the function of human intelligence. Yet a beneficent fluid bathes us, whence we draw the very force to labour and to live. From this ocean of life, in which we are immersed, we are continually drawing something, and we feel that our being or at least the intellect that guides it, has been formed therein by a kind of local concentration. Philosophy can only be an effort to dissolve again into the whole. Intelligence, reabsorbed into its principle, may thus live back again its own genesis." (Creative Evolution, p. 203).

In fine, Bergson's message to the world may be summed up in the poets' words;

Sweet is the lore that Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, And bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

Edwardes College,
Peshawar.

BARAKAT ULLAH.

GERMAN SWELL-HEAD.

Memories and Impressions.

I know something about the development of German conceit. I noted it at the beginning. I had experience of it when near full growth. It had a basis whereon to build; there were grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff. I got my information in the provinces for I never lived in the great Teutonic capitals, yet what I saw was a true image of the whole, it was repeated throughout the length and breadth of the land. I was in Heidelberg for two summers, some years after the last Franco-German War, and whilst there, was much among the German people: There were plenty of British and Americans about, for the tourist stream ran deep and strong during these months, but I was not in the way of it. The National life was a thing quite apart. In those days Germany's ideals were not big guns, colonies and conquest. Britain was openly derided as emphatically a Nation of shopkeepers who worshipped the golden calf and had no higher aims. In practice, the Germans were more avaricious than any of the English-speaking peoples, but their ideals were proclaimed higher, as philosophy and scholarship and classical music, whilst in all three they then seemed our superiors. Thus, the educated men had a contempt for our limited culture, and, as they thought,

smallness of view; "genuine British narrowness" was a phrase often in their mouths and always in their thoughts. It was possible to object that their philosophy was will-o'-the-wisp hunting and straw-splitting. Hegel was still the god of their idolatry. He was certainly a very great and remarkable man, but who dares understand him? Perhaps Lord Haldane, but then, though we have the ex-Lord Chancellor's views on Hegel, obviously, though unfortunately, we cannot have Hegel's views on the ex-Lord Chancellor, yet the Master was wont to remark with sardonic humour that only one of his disciples understood him and that one, after all, didn't! Their scholarship too often seemed enormous labour wasted on trifles, and their classical music but a side issue amidst the great interests of life. They were much joined to their idols and thought themselves intellectual giants when we were pigmies, but there was no bitterness; they were inclined to patronise but in a genial and good-natured way. The Prussians were unlike the others. Scions of their best families came to the University in the summer, they had exclusive corps of their own, they were proud and aggressive. *Die Preussen* was the name for all that was arrogant and overbearing. Everybody submitted meekly to them. They had high birth, with abundant cash supplies. They took the homage rendered to them as their right. They were in some way, a fine looking set of young men though a little puffy, for they obviously ate and drank too much, and took scarcely any exercise. Their faces were scored with slashes got in duels, of which slashes they were inordinately proud. I need scarcely explain that those so-called "duels" were mere fencing exercises with no more hatred and danger than is in a Rugby football match.

Their pride was grounded on the rapid rise of thei country over the smaller German States, and the down-fall of France brought about by their fathers, if not by themselves. If they were contemptuous of England, so were they of the world in general.

The general community, which neither fought nor studied, plumed themselves on their linguistic superiority over English-speaking folk. In fact, an enormous number spoke our tongue, whilst some did so with wondrous perfection. There were many reasons for this which, however, interesting, I cannot discuss in detail. It paid them better, they began it early and almost as a matter of course ; they had no shyness, give them half-a-dozen words and they babbled them over and over again till others added themselves, and real knowledge ensued. More than all, their own tongue, with its genders and terminations and perplexing and complicated rules, is so enormously difficult, whilst our's, save for the divorce between sound and spelling, is so easy that they came almost by Nature, as it were, infinitely better prepared

With it all, I found the ordinary German a singularly dull and stupid person. Catch him young, place him under new and stimulating conditions, he develops wonderfully, that is why the German in our midst often impresses us with his ability, but I now talk of him at home. I saw much of the peasantry. Across the Neckar from Heidelberg down to Darmstadt there stretches the secluded, woodland tract of the "mysterious Odenwald". It is a smaller Black Forest, of great beauty and romantic interest. It is the scene of much of the action of the Niebelungenlied, that wonderful epic of old Germany which Carlyle introduced

to English readers. There too is the ruined castle of the Wild Huntsman, with a hundred other spots of legendary or poetical interest. It was my favourite place for a holiday, it was innocent of trains, so you need must walk. Also, in its simple inns, you were fed and lodged in some sort,—I was not particular in those days—for next to nothing. There you had the real, unadulterated German peasant; a good-natured, clumsily polite, simple, and intensely stupid person, whose delight on feast days was to drink gallon after gallon of strangely compounded beer, and swallow pound after pound of pork in some form or other, whereupon ever and again, as we saw by the criminal records, he would play strange pranks, so quaintly stupid as to make you laugh, so terribly brutal as to make you shudder. When I read of the close, serried columns that advance with mechanical precision to kill or be killed, or of men transformed to demons in French or Belgian villages, I recognise under the smoke my old friend Hans of the Odenwald, and mourn over his victims and even a little over himself, but what remedy is there? "Against stupidity", says their own peculiarly German poet Schiller, "the gods themselves are powerless". There was something of a like coarseness among the more educated folk. Neither a Scot nor a German debauch is a thing to be admired, though the poets of both countries have inspired rare and choice lyrics to gild the bowl. Neither compares well with the bread and the wine of the Frenchman, but there was something peculiarly repulsive, though not particularly harmful in those endless gallons of beer. For the food, quantity was ever preferred to quality. "There", said a student to me one day, as he indicated a popular *Gasthaus*, whilst a gleam of genuine emotion lighted up his fishy eye, "you

can eat yourself half dead for a shilling". Heidelberg still possesses its great tun, and the memory at least of the dwarf Perkeo who drank it dry, but then it was filled with wine, also it is but the old-time tradition of a more courtly age. All I can say for the town on the Neckar is that it was no worse than any other, better, I should think, for it was in the pleasant Rhineland, with its heritage of song and story.

My second visit was some ten or twelve years ago, and that was to Austria. I passed through Germany, but it was only with the crowd, and those who served them were obsequious, as ever. I can draw no real inference from one or two examples of arrogance and ill manners. I spent some considerable time in Austria where I was in all sorts of remote places. I liked the people; they were friendly and pleasant, had no airs of superiority, were courteous and gentlemanly; though a little reserved, they were neither bustling nor bumptious, and even then drew a very decided line between themselves and the Germans. They had not forgotten that in 1866 Prussia had struck them down at Sadowa. There was something of the fatalistic, easy-going procrastination of the East in their lives. It is said that Africa begins at the Pyrenees. In some ways, I think Asia begins at Vienna. Hard to think they were blindly to follow Prussia to their ruin!

My third visit to Germany was about a year before the war. I passed up the Rhine, halted at Emmerich and made Düsseldorf my place of sojourn. Emmerich, is one of the few towns where life goes on as it did in past centuries. The walls still remain, so do the old houses and the old habits. I found it charming. Dusseldorf was another

story altogether ; it was Germany up-to-date with a vengeance. The aspect of the place reflected the thoughts of the people. It is a wonderful town in some ways, a model Garden City. There is a wood in the middle of it, or it is in the middle of a wood, at any rate there is an enormous quantity of trees in the streets, not merely to line avenues but in masses. The ways are wide, and well paved and well kept. There is an abundance of really beautiful statues at frequent intervals. There are fine buildings and fine shops. Among the monuments there is one striking omission. Heine was a native, indeed, the house wherein he was born, now over 100 years ago, still exists, but there is no statue or even bust to one who was in some respects Germany's greatest and most characteristic poet, for his lyrics have deeper genuine feeling and smack more of the soil than even those of Goethe. Ah, yes ! but he said so many bitter things, clever and sarcastic and, above all, true about German methods of government and German failings generally that he is condemned by the present Kaiser as unpatriotic, whereas he was only just and far-seeing, whilst it is decreed he is to have no memorial. Düsseldorf is in Rhenish Prussia, and though now an acquisition is, I suppose, reconciled to and proud of its lot. Its folk believe that there is not such another city in the world. Its artists show forth in their pictures the utmost limits of impressionism, tortured paint, beside which the wildest nocturne of Whistler's appears rational, nay, commonplace. When they proudly vaunt that never before were there such pictures, you will agree with the statement, though in a different sense from theirs. I thought the Exhibition impressionism run mad, but everybody concerned was very proud thereof. The manufactures of the town were

busy and prosperous. I knew the head of an Iron-work intimately, and had long talks with him as to Britain and Germany. I will not say he boasted ; he had the calm assurance of certain superiority. He affirmed that England as a manufacturing country was quite done for. It was his best customer for wares in which it was formerly famous, and had held a monopoly. The Germans were undeniably cleverer, he said, they were better in invention and in carrying out their plans. He did not speak of open war. It was rather that supremacy would be won in the industrial conflict. He ridiculed the old ideals of the Fatherland. Philosophy was rubbish : Germany was striving after more solid things. Such were the sentiments of himself and his class though, oldly enough, I discovered that when anything very special and very good was wanted it was still the habit to get it from this country, whatever the price. I heard little of the Army and the Navy for I was not in a seaport or a garrison town, although I remember one reference to the daily naval toast, *Am Tage*, ("To the Day of Victory"). One wonders if this is still in use on the German ironclads cooped up in port, if so, I think the officers must look down when they drink it, to avoid meeting each other's eyes! The feeling against the British was strong, so that away from the regular places where they were specially catered for, life was unpleasant. By an accident, in coming down the Rhine from Düsseldorf, I voyaged in a special German steamer, where I do not think there was one of my countrymen aboard. Everyone was extremely stand-offish and resented my presence as an intrusion. The attendants were barely civil, notwithstanding their greed for tips, so that I was heartily glad when I stepped off the boat at

Rotterdam to find myself in the more genial atmosphere of Holland.

Although all seemed in the full blast of prosperity there were signs that the blast was forced. People complained most bitterly of the crushing weight of taxation, the fearful price of things. A verse of Heine's laughs at this as an eternal complaint, but it had a special emphasis and fulness of tone which showed that to the most, living was really the strain it was represented. Horse-flesh was regularly sold. I have seen this denied of this very town, but I myself inspected the shop and conversed with the people. Some said that though they had not eaten it themselves, many preferred it. One boldly carried the war into the enemy's camp. "Don't you know" said he, "what is the basis of the stew served up in London hotels? Why, horse-flesh, of course! " he went on, triumphantly, "though they don't admit it". Others grumbled sadly at the restrictions put on the importation of foreign meat. So I came away, recognising that Dusseldorf was a beautiful, even gay place, yet suspecting something rotten in the glittering fabric.

FRANCIS WATT.

WOMAN.

In the beginning, when Twashtri (the Divine Artificer) came to the creation of woman he found that he had exhausted his materials in making of man, and that no solid aliments were left.

In this dilemma, after profound meditation he did as follows.

He took—The rotundity of the Moon,
The curves of Creepers,
The clinging of Tendrils,
The trembling of Grass,
The slenderness of the Reed,
The bloom of Flowers,
The lightness of Leaves,
The tapering of the Elephant's trunk,
The glances of the Deer,
The clustering of rows of Bees,
The joyous gaiety of Sunbeams,
The weeping of Clouds,
The fickleness of the Winds,
The timidity of the Hare,
The vanity of the Peacock,
The softness of the Parrot's bosom,
The hardness of Adamant,

The sweetness of Honey,
The cruelty of the Tiger,
The warm glow of Fire,
The coldness of Snow,
The chattering of Jays,
The cooing of the *Kokila*,
The hypocrisy of the Crane,
And the fidelity of the *Chakrawaka*

and compounding all these together, he made Woman and gave her to Man!

(From *Ideals of Indian Art*, by E. B. Havell.)

THE URDU LANGUAGE AND CULTURE.

URDU is the so-called "*Lingua franca*," of India. It is by preference, called "Hindustani" by some, and is likely to be called "Hindi" by others. But "What is in a name"? It is the language of nearly twelve millions of Indians, and is understood by a much larger number. It certainly is one of the principal languages spoken in India, if not the most current. But Urdu is not merely a language which abounds in imaginative literature and poetry and is rapidly developing into a modern language, it is the symbol of a particular civilization, the formulae of a culture, which is well-worth studying even from a non-linguistic and purely cultural point of view.

The preliminary point about the name may be disposed of first. Those who call "Urdu" "Hindustani" object to nothing in the language itself but to the name only, and perhaps also insist that the language should be kept as free from the influence of Arabic and Persian as possible, whereas the tendency in some quarters is to import as much of Persian into it as can conveniently be done without displacing the Urdu verbs and current idioms. But those who advocate the cause of Hindi stand on quite a different ground. They desire first to purge Urdu of Arabic and Persian influences which have gone to

make it what it is to-day ; then to steep it in Sanskrit and finally to change its script also from the prevalent Persian to Deo-Nagri or a modified form of the Sanskrit script, maintaining that it was not merely the original script of Hindi, but is the one script in whose modified forms the majority of the Indian languages are written.

The controversy is more or less of a political or at present of a religious nature, and would be better left out of consideration until it has crystallised into any definite result. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that *Urdu is not Hindi*, and Hindustani is only a synonym for it.

To-day Urdu stands for a specific culture. It represents the resultant of the impact of several types of Asiatic civilizations. It is the meeting ground of the Tartar, the Arab, the Persian and the Aryan. It has been nourished on the breast of the civilization represented by the inheritors of the Sanskrit literature. Like so many independent streams the Arab, the Persian and the Tartar civilizations such as they were, flowed into the main stream of the culture and civilization, which reached its high water mark in Magadha, and finally assumed the volume and course known as Urdu. The intermixture of so many different types of civilizations, the inevitable impact of the foreign influences upon the indigenous life of the people brought forth the offspring that has been developing under the name of Urdu. This brings us at once to the very root of the subject, beginning where we can reconstruct the entire edifice in our imagination. Our analytical and synthetical efforts must inevitably go on simultaneously.

The word "Urdu" comes from the Turkish language and means "Army" or "troop". Here we have the most

direct evidence of the origin of the language. At some remote time, probably during the first permanent encampment of the Muhammadans in India, a very large muster of the foreign troops must have taken place, including the various representatives of the above mentioned nations, and the common language which they must have improvised for the interchange of thought, and employed in their common social intercourse came to be called "Urdu" or rather "Zaban-i-Urdu", the language of the army or the camp. The improvisation may have been wholly spontaneous dictated by the force of environment, a sort of "natural issue" thrust upon unwilling parents or otherwise; but it proved exceedingly useful, since a common vehicle of thought further implied a mutual assimilation of one another's modes of life, customs and manners, and thus not merely was the foundation stone laid for the structure of a language, but also for the superstructure of a special type of civilization which must reflect something of all who had pledged themselves to everlasting comradeship, who had bound themselves and their posterity in perpetual bonds of language. Like all the great and sacred days, the day when that unwritten compact of eternal friendship and brotherhood was signed and sealed, came and went unchronicled, but bequeathed to generations an imperishable heritage, a common destiny, a sacred community of interest and aspirations. All those who spoke the Urdu language and those who understood the Urdu language were linked together in chains which could never break, by their forefathers on that sacred but unrecorded day. The calendars have their red-letter days, but none which commemorates the origin of the language we speak. In silence it came and in silence it has lain enwrapped.

When the foreign invaders descended on the fair plains of India, not the earliest, but of the middle ages, Sanskrit had already lapsed into the dignified position of the classical language of India. The readers of Kalidas, Bana and Bhawabhuti were to be found, the doctors of the Sanskrit literature abounded, and State documents were still written in Sanskrit, but the language of the people had taken an easier course. The spoken language in the North generally was Hindi and a blend of the Magadhi or Pali of the Buddhistic days and the Sanskrit of the Mediaeval Renaissance.

Dr. Horrwitz in his "Short History of Indian Literatures" says "by the year 1000, Sanskrit and Prakrit had been fused into melodious Hindi, the Mediaeval speech of the Hindus." Prakrit simply means a dialect, and ever since the ascendency of the Koshla dynasty Sanskrit had been undergoing vast changes and breaking up into various prakrits. The Buddhistic canons were written in Pali, or the priestly language of the Magadhi people, and Pali held sway for nearly nine hundred years or more, displacing Sanskrit from its predominance as the spoken language of the Hindus (while many assert that Sanskrit never came to be the spoken language of the country) until the revival of Hinduism and the ascendency of the Brahmins in the 6th century A. D. when Sanskrit was once again esconced on the high throne of the State language. But the changes wrought during the preceding centuries in the speech of the people had left their indelible impress behind and Sanskrit could not reconquer the masses but had to be relegated to the realm of the classics of the country. Brij Bhasha, a very largely modified form of Hindi, so far from being in its

infancy was so far advanced that it was not merely the language of popular songs and the current literature of the time, but was the only language that obtained in and round about Muthra Brindaban, and Kannauj the then hub of the Hindu civilization as it was found in the north of India. How far Prakrit was influenced by Greek and Persian influences, it is not easy to determine. But history gives us more than enough material for conjecture. That Darius founded an Indian Satrapy is beyond doubt, and that Indians followed the Persian legions against the Greeks is not disputed. Professor A. G. Rawlinson in his "Indian Historical Studies" has gone to the extent of saying "There seems little doubt that the Persian occupation of the Punjab made a great impression upon India; Persian customs and Persian architecture were probably adopted at the courts of some of the local rajahs. One unmistakable trace of Persian influence lasted in Western India for many centuries after the Persian Empire had disappeared. This was the Kharoshthi script introduced by the officials of the Achaemenids which was not entirely replaced by the Brahmin writing till the 4th century A. D. The Kharoshthi is undoubtedly Armaic in origin, reading like other kindred scripts, from right to left. Alexander found Persian and Babylonian customs in existence at Taxila, and the customs of the Hindu courts in the north of India were decidedly Persian, at least such is the conclusion at which we arrive after reading Megasthenes' description of Chandragupta's court. The question of the Greek influence on the arts and literature of the Hindus has been a favourite subject with many writers, and while Mr. Vincent goes to the extent of tracing the Greek influence in the immortal works of Kalidas, Professor Rawlinson says "envoys from the West were in

attendance at Patlipatra, and the presence of a Greek rani must have enhanced the philhellenic tendencies of the court". "Shakuntala", the famous drama of Kalidas, no doubt bears some internal evidence in support of Professor Rawlinson's conjecture, for there, we find that King Dushayanta, when in a moment of dejection, orders the dancers, then there come two Greek dancing girls to amuse him. So the Greek arts and literature did not leave the Hindus of the period altogether unaffected. The exact amount of the early Persian and Greek influences on Sanskrit as a language or at least on Prakrit, the dialect which became the polished Pali in which Asoka's edicts were issued and carved on his pillars, can only be determined by a philological analysis of the language in question; but it cannot be denied that these foreign influences did operate on the life and language of the people. The highly complex elaboration and refinement of Sanskrit, and the consequent tendency among the generality of the people to simplify it for colloquial purposes combined with the impact of Greek and Persian influence on Sanskrit seem to be some of the earliest causes which led to the breaking up of that language into so many dialects or Prakrits. The Prakrit spoken in the North became Pali in the days of the Koshlas, and very probably other Prakrits assumed other forms now current in Bengal and Maharashtara and the dialects which obtain in Rajputana and other parts of the Northern country. Pali was displaced by Sanskrit again in the sixth century A. D. and gradually, but surely, drifted into the Hindi of the later days. Brij Bhasha, the language of Brij or Muthra was in vogue in the civilized part of Northern India when the Huns of the East commenced their invasions of India. Although some parts of Gujrat had been conquered by the Arabs as early

as the beginning of the eighth century A. D. no invasion of any note was made until the time of Sabuktagin, who bequeathed to Mahmud a reign of memorable invasions of India. The subsequent rule of the Ghoris, the Gulaman, the Khiljis, the Syeds and Afghans over vast areas of the North of India, and the establishment of Muhammadan kingdoms in the Deccan, the occupation of Bengal by the Khiljis, Brij Bhasha was the language of the people with whom the "troops" from Turkistan, Arabia, and Persia came into direct contact, and effected the graceful and inevitable compromise, which finally came to be imposed upon the ruler and the ruled alike, levelling their relative difference and kneading the heterogeneous mass of so many into one Urdu speaking *Nation*. Brij Bhasha, being the dominant language, became the main stream into which the tributaries of Arabic, Persian and Turkistani flowed. It became the dominant factor in the nascent "Zaban-i-Urdu", and not merely supplied all the main verbs, but a large mass of nouns, pronouns, adjectives and adverbs, which have held a permanent place in the Urdu language ever since.

Now begins the history of the influence the Muslim civilization exercised in the shaping of this language, and the manners of the peoples who had come to speak the language known as Urdu. For centuries to come, for at least five centuries after the permanent settlement of the Muhammadans in India, till long after the advent of the Moghal rule even the spoken language of the Muslim gentry and of the foreign Muslim families connected with the State remained Persian; and the Court language of the Moghals never ceased to be Persian till as recently as the deposition of the last Moghal king of Delhi, whose

last message to Queen Victoria, an appeal for better treatment of so exalted a State prisoner as himself was in Persian although he was not merely one of the best poets of the Urdu language but both in theory and actual life the very fountain-head of the best Urdu, the "Qila" or the King's palace being then and always considered the very purest source of the language. But while the *Court* language of the Muhammadans continued to be Persian, Urdu *the language of the people* continued to progress by leaps and bounds winning adherents everywhere in the North.

As early as the time of the Tughlaqs, Muhammadan authors and poets of note had commenced assimilating the language of the people, the earliest trace of which we find in Khusro's imperishable works. Khusro was a poet of the finest genius, the bulk of whose works is in Persian, and doubtlessly is as good as any other poet's works in Persian barring Jalaluddin and Firdusi. Among his contemporaries he was easily the first, and still occupies a very high, perhaps the highest, place among the Muslim poets who though born in India wrote in Persian, unless we give Ghalib a substantial share of that honour with Khusro. He devoted a great deal of his genius to the language then known as "Hindi," a mellifluent form of Brij Bhasha and up to now, generally employed in the composition of songs. Urdu that was not, but it was the precursor and the parent of Urdu. Hindi has been peculiarly wanting in adaptability. Its vocabulary being confined to a limited number of lyric expressions and social wants. Without the aid of Sanskrit, or some other language it is unsuited to the expression of scientific or modern conception of things, consequently the entire field of its

expression is lyrical. It is conspicuously simple and sensuous in expression, and most amazingly suited to lyrical conception and execution. But further than that it is nowhere. It is just like the prattling, lisping expression of the child that sounds so sweet, so fascinating but which loses its charm and is found hopelessly wanting in the laboratory of the scientist or the still more complex expression of political thought in the Parliament or the Council chamber. For instance, some Hindi poet has written the following song which has a most remarkable melody of language and rhythm.

"Wahin Jao sham jahan rain rahe,
Main ne tare gin gin sari rain ganwái
Mori naina bich nind nik nahin ai
Main ne Birha ke ban sahe.
Mori baiyān na pakar, gai bangri muṛak,
Tore chhalbal rahe hie mah hi rarak
Mo se jhute bachan kahe".

which may be rendered as follows :—

"Go there, dear one, where you spent the night,
I waited all night long counting the stars,
Sleep did not come to my eyes for a wink
I endured the thunder-bolts (pangs)
of separation.
Do not hold me by the wrist; for the bangle
is cracked
Your deceptive ways rankle in my mind
You made false promises to me
Go there dear etc.

Now the song creates a characteristically Hindi atmosphere. Love in its extreme intensity, it always is with

the Indians generally but especially with the Hindus. Hindi poetry assigns the part of the lover to the woman and of the beloved to the man. The beloved is as a rule unreliable, who plays with the affections of many and rarely if ever attaches himself to any one of his many loving ladies. His promises are as a rule without fulfilment, and hence the pathetic complaints of the loving lady. She is ever the soul of fidelity, genuine affection and patient waiting. The meeting of the lover and the beloved is ever the scene of complaints by the former and nonchalant complaisance displayed by the latter, hence the soul-piercing plaintiveness of all the lyrics. In Persian and Urdu the order is reversed.

The next landmark is a more definite one. Wali is accepted to be the first poet of the language known as Urdu. He is the Chaucer of Urdu. His is the first utterance on record of a recognised poet in the first articulate and definite form of Urdu. But it is clear from his works that the Hindi of Khusro had, during its passage from Khusro to Wali, undergone great changes. It had, first of all ceased to be Hindi, but had, largely enriched by Persian vocabulary, Persian diction and Persianised ideas, assumed the earliest form of known Urdu. The "Zaban-i-Urdu" had now found a poet, and was henceforward to enlist an ever increasing number of votaries. There is much room for conjecture in assigning to Hindi script the part it would have played in forming Urdu after the Sanskrit model, and yet there is more room for argument in making out a case in favour of the Persian script, the adoption of which seems to have rescued the language from the fate of extinction which threatened it. Besides that, it is quite obvious that Persian being the language of the Court, it was cultivated

with great assiduity by all and Urdu the spoken language of the people could not resist the inflow of its influence. Voluntary or not the adoption of the Persian script certainly perpetuated the new-born language. But the phenomenon is unique. The language of the conquered robbed the conqueror of his dearest possession, his mother-tongue, and that at so cheap a cost. The Hindi script did not supersede the Persian script, but the bulk of the Hindi language displaced the Persian language. Like French, after the Norman conquest of England, Persian remained the language of the Court and of the superior classes, but a blend of Persian and Hindi, like the Anglo-Saxon and French, continued to be the language of the masses. But unlike Anglo-Saxon, Hindi had no literature of any account to offer to the Persian language. Sanskrit abounded in literature of all sorts from the Panch-tantra, like Aesop's Fables to Surya Sidhanta, a highly finished work on astronomy, romance and drama, sciences and arts; everything was to be found in Sanskrit, but nothing beyond sweet speech in Hindi. On the other hand Persian abounded in literature at the time. Persian was directly under the influence of Arabic, the language of a vast and unique civilization. But Hindi developed such literature as it now possesses during the Muslim rule. Kabir, the Hindi poet, was born and lived in the Muslim reign. We have the following reference to Hindi literature by R. S. Dutt in his "The Civilization of India". The author says "Hindi is the vernacular of Northern India, and Hindi literature begins with the epic of Chand, the contemporary of the last Hindu king of Delhi. The religious movement of Ramananda and Kabir followed, and led to the formation of a vast mass of sacred Hindi literature. Rajputana boasts of heroic

ballads and poetry connected with the martial deeds of its feudal chiefs." But Hindi literature began, according to Dutt, with the epic of Chand, who, he says, was a contemporary of the last Hindu king of Delhi, namely Pirthi Raj, who was slain in battle in 1193.

But Hindi made further progress, Sur Dass wrote his epic Sur Sagar in the sixteenth century. Keshav Dass wrote his Bhakt Mala, and another famous work is Bihari Lal's Satsai. But the most eminent work in Hindi is Tulsi Das's Ramayana. Works have appeared since R. C. Dutt enumerated the above works in Hindi, but none of the merit and stamp of Ramayana. That closes the catalogue of Hindi literature. Now it will be perfectly clear even to a superficial observer that Hindi had really no literature to offer to Persian, though it had enough and to spare in almost every branch of literature, not merely being itself the result of nearly 20 centuries of a highly refined civilization, but having been further imbued with the Greek and Sanskrit influences and deeply steeped in the influence of Arabic literature, which it as highly developed as Sanskrit literature if not more. It was, therefore, a very natural thing for Urdu to fall under Persian influence to some extent. But Hindi supplied the groundmark. The Hindi civilization, reduced as it had been to a picturesque simplicity, a superb elegance and a tranquil poetry, all pensive and lyrical, reposeful and genuine, furnished the graceful background, on which the refined Persian, the vigorous Arabic and the valiant Turkish influences blended together to form the beautiful culture which distinguishes all the Urdu-speaking people from the rest of the world. A process of mutual

absorption and assimilation could not fail to produce the effect which Urdu stands for.

The Persian temperament, highly artistic and refined, imaginative to a fault when blended with the vigorous vitalising, manly influence of Arabic literature, and further galvanised by the contact of the half-uncouth, almost barbaric lustiness of the Tartars could not fail to produce the ideal culture, the most finished polish when softened and mellowed by the lyrical simplicity and grace of the Hindu civilization of the day. To this the Urdu language bears a most eloquent testimony.

During the last one hundred years the language has arrived at sturdy manhood. No longer a weakling of Khusro's days, it was already a promising youngster when Walī commenced tending it, and had outgrown adolescence long before Mir Taqī Saudā and Inshā handled it. In fact it was at full strength when Mir Hasan wrote his famous Masnawī. At the time of Zafar and Zauq it had begun to show signs of a certain decadence, for the refining process had reached its limit and the Persian tendencies of Ghalib had begun to trespass on the legitimate province of innovation. While Ghalib's Urdu prose may never be excelled, either in originality or dignity, his Urdu poetry marks a very prominent cleavage between the current Urdu, and the highly Persianised style to which he gave currency. Nazir of Agra, a poet of unparalleled eminence, (of course, barring Ghalib the *Ustad* or the master of excellence who followed Nazir), wrote in the language of the people, and almost overplussed Urdu with Hindi; but the decadent influence of Ghalib turned the tide of Urdu into quite another channel, and but for the latter day appearance of

Dāgh, Urdu was doomed to perish in the cradle of Persian. In Urdu, poetry abounds.

The prose works in the Urdu literature are chiefly romantic, religious and historical. Fiction and journalism have been strongly in evidence for over half a century, and philosophical works, works of travels, biographies, and translations from other languages are copious. Scientific works are scanty and original scientific works almost wholly wanting, but translations are being made every day. The language is being rapidly modernised and made adaptable to all the modern needs. Dramas are not lacking, but good and unblemished dramatic works are conspicuously absent. Drama is not new to Sanskrit, but to Urdu it is an exotic, modelled on the Persian pattern, it is heir to the same defects as Persian. Art-literature as it is understood to-day, even in its rudimentary form is totally absent, except a few good compilations on music. Art-literature of the kind produced by Ruskin, Wainright and Pater is unknown to Urdu ; and Urdu cannot boast of a William Hazl't or a Renan, for " criticism " is still either in its crudest orm or absent.

A very exceptionable style of writing has recently come into existence and although not in favour is secretly admired; that is the style of writing difficult Persian with Urdu verbs ; but it is only the extreme case of decadence of Urdu, and a correct conception of Urdu composition is not altogether foreign to some rising authors.

Looking at the bulk of the works that have come into existence in so short a period, one really begins to wonder how the seemingly impossible has been achieved. It is not Bengali alone or Marhati which rank as better than rude, uncouth vernaculars, nor is it Tamil or Telagu which have

created a vast literature of their own, but Urdu, though perhaps the youngest of all the languages of the world, which has already established itself sufficiently to bear a comparison with any language of the world except Sanskrit, Arabic, and German; for it is no more a language scientifically formed than English or Bengali. It has grown out of a chaotic mass of dialects and highly refined languages more or less in the same way as English. It has, however, made a most phenomenal progress during a very short time. But it has had a few unmistakable advantages. It is said that no language except Greek has been formed without pattern. Nearly all the languages of Europe developed on the pattern of Latin ; themselves being the developed forms of the various dialects into which Latin had broken up. Thus, each younger language has the advantage of others' experience before it. It is not the first experiment as, perhaps, Greek was. Now Urdu had the whole of the Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic literature to feed upon Once it had passed the precarious condition of the early Hindi, and emerged out of the misty dawn of juvenility it found the best genius of the Hindu and the Muslim to carry it shoulder-high, in triumph from one year's end to the other. Literature grew up with a rapidity which is amazing. Also we must never forget the long spell of peace and prosperity from the reign of Akbar to that of Shahjahan, the latter Emperor's reign especially was marked by general prosperity and the progress of arts and industries. While arts and literature continued to be zealously cultivated all through the reigns of Akbar, Jahangir and Shahjahan Urdu was *not* the language spoken in the *Qila* or the Emperor's palace. It is not until long after Aurangzeb, and as recently as Mohammad Shah's reign

that any definite trace of written Urdu can be found. What effect the presence of the Rajput mother of Jahangir and Aurangzeb had on the Court language does not seem to be very clear on account of the fact that the study of Urdu and the formation of its literature did not commence in any marked degree in those reigns. In Shah Alam's time the Urdu of the *Qila* had become the standard language and the King himself wrote verses in Urdu. The further the language was refined and developed the further it went from the root language and became more and more saturated with Persian literature.

Delhi may or may not have been the actual birth-place of Urdu, but it certainly became its congenial nursery and all the first great authors and poets of Urdu were born there. When the court of Delhi declined and the star of the Nawabs of Oudh was in the ascendant, the men of letters flocked to Lucknow. Many Delhi people also migrated to Lucknow; and the language which had reached its maturity in the Diwan-i-Khas of Delhi, went visiting the court of Lucknow, where it was received with decorum which was its due, and Inshā and Saudā, Nasikh and Atash, to mention only the most prominent names out of countless others names of authors and poets of the day, brought it to a perfection, which was peculiar to the execution of those days. But the never-paralleled masters of the language shall ever remain Mir Taqi and Mir Hasan both of Delhi. To dwell on the beauties of the language as cultivated by these poets individually will require ample time and space. But suffice it to say that if English has its Milton and Shelley, Urdu has its Khwājā Mīr Dard and Mir Taqi; if English has its Keats and Coleridge, Urdu

has its Inshā and Nāsikh. We have a poet to match each English poet except perhaps Shakespeare. But then Goethes and Dantes are not born every day. Our Ghalib is as good as, or perhaps better than Browning, and our Zauq and Zafar, Anis and Dabir, Jurat and Atash and scores of others will compare favourably with Tennyson and Pope, Grey and Byron, Cowper and Southey, and our late Dagh and Amir, are certainly superior to Alfred Austin and Meredith. Swinburne and Francis Thompson are, no doubt, difficult to match for many reasons, chiefly because the more or less contemporary period has been rather poor in the production of the better type of poets.

In prose, we have Scott and Dickens, Kingsley and Fielding, Stevenson and Lamb ; but no Charlotte Bronte nor George Elliot. Prose, however, is not quite so plentifully represented as it ought to be, but it has only comparatively recently been cultivated.

The history of the Urdu literature is as fascinating a study as any can be, but owing to a total want of informing literature on the subject the curious can hardly be referred to more than just a few books. Perhaps Ab-i-Hāyat will remain, even as it is to-day, the only work of immortal merit on the subject. Its gifted author Muhammad Husain Azad, in erudition and the vastness of the range of his information is the George Saintsbury of Urdu, and as a poet and historian distinctly the superior of many. He died only a few years ago, but has left behind him a legacy of imperishable works. There are other works also which the student of the literary history of Urdu must read, but no work can be referred to with a fraction of the advantage

derivable from Ab-i-Hayāt. Sir Charles Lyall's admirable article in the Encyclopaedia Brittanica contains a fairly comprehensive summary, but it is hardly better than an elaborate catalogue of important works and authors with a suitable philological preface.

It must have been made abundantly clear from what has been written above that Urdu is as much the repository of the genuis of various languages as it is the reflex of various civilizations. As a symbol of the specific culture for which it stands it represents the *ne plus ultra* of oriental refinement, only those who are fully conversant with what is best in Urdu can appreciate the remark that in point of refined social intercourse no type, not even the French or the Persian, has touched a higher level. All the rarefied genius of so many different civilizations meets in perfect harmony in Urdu, representing a culture which is destined to play an important role in the history of mankinds. Whatever its possibilities as the national language of India, Urdu has acquired a position now which has enabled it to command the respect of scholars. This is of no mean importance in the history of languages, for it brings home the possibility of the rapid progress of newborn languages, Esperanto not excepted. But it must be observed that the development of Urdu has been wholly evolutional and spontaneous, and not scientifically enforced.

A jargon, which began as a crude but far-reaching compromise between different races meeting, at the rendezvous of soldiers and civilians has attained to the exalted dignity of a refined language, and, further, is the formula of an eclectic but exceptionally elaborate culture to-day.

M. ASAF ALI.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Many years ago a certain diplomat is said to have been asked if he would not wish to see inaugurated the reign of perpetual peace, and to have replied, "Ah no, the bloodshed would be too terrible."

Aghast at the terrible amount of blood which has now been shed, people cherish the hope that this war will really lead to the era of perpetual peace. They like to speak of the present dreadful struggle as a "war to end war," and as fought to "make the world safe for democracy and freedom."

This attitude and the tendency to regard the world conflict as a duel between democracy and autocracy has been largely forced on the British people, owing to the views expressed by President Wilson, and also partly by the Russian revolution. Of his own accord the average Briton of the ruling class would hardly have taken up that position. He is not, as a rule, a fervent devotee of liberty; he is very far indeed from what Carlyle calls an eleuthero-maniac. His instinct is more to govern; he believes in caste and station. He has been trained in a public school, where proper subordination and respect for constituted authorities are traditional and still prevalent. Patriotism and a spirit of responsibility for the Empire,

in the government of which he may hope to have a share, are in his blood. In his private opinion, probably, democracy has already gone too far in the British Isles, and he has a contemptuous feeling for agitators, reformers and socialists.

Thus, when the war broke out, he sprang to arms to defend not liberty or democracy, but the British Empire. The British Empire is doubtless a very fine institution and contains a great deal of freedom within its bounds; but it can hardly be identified with democracy, nor was it established by peaceful methods of persuasion. Peace and Empire indeed are hardly compatible terms. "The Empire is peace," said Napoleon III., but his empire ended in war and ruin. The British Empire, if really moribund, as our enemies seem to have considered it, offered them a strong temptation. Owning a fifth of the surface of the planet, we hold, we may say, the championship of the globe; and he who holds a championship is bound to meet in contest all who challenge his position. The possession of empire is a constant challenge to all who think themselves strong enough to dispute it. Supremacy in any walk of life can only be maintained by constant vigilance and perpetual readiness to meet competitors.

Nor can our statesmen at the outset have regarded the war as a fight between democracy and autocracy. For one thing the greatest despotic empire in the world, as Russia then was, entered the war on our side: nor was the policy of Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) supposed to be inspired by any special democratic feeling. By Radicals he was rather looked upon as pursuing a Torypolicy in a Liberal cabinet. Mr. A. J. Balfour too, with his record

and traditions, is a curious apostle of democracy, although he was forced more or less to play that rôle during his visit to America.

So long as the Czar reigned the real democrats had a show of reason in their sneers at the "war for liberty." In one way the deposition of the Czar was a relief for England and in another way a difficulty. I am not speaking of military difficulties, owing to the paralysis of Russia, nor of the danger which we might otherwise have incurred of the Czar's treason to the Allies. I am alluding simply to the logic of our position. While our alliance with a despot seemed discreditable in a war for freedom, and inconsistent with our jeers at German methods of Government, our Conservative statesmen may have been not wholly displeased that the war should not wear a revolutionary aspect. The old-fashioned wars between well-established States were more in the line of their traditions. The Russian revolution then, combined with President Wilson's democratic feeling, may have somewhat annoyed them by forcing them to take up the cry of the peoples against the autocrats, and to preach a crusade of liberty and perpetual peace.

Our ruling classes, if they are far-seeing, must perceive danger in the position into which they have been forced. They may conceivably crush the German Empire, but in doing so they may endanger the British. At best, they will imperil their own leadership of the British nation.

We Britons are not logical, we are a compromising and makeshift people. If an arrangement "works," even indifferently, we seldom alter it on grounds of principle. So long as domestic questions were to be settled solely within

the British Empire, we could act in our usual inconsistent, illogical fashion. An Englishman would say, "I am in favor of liberty," but when asked why then he did not grant Home Rule to Ireland, he would say, "Oh the Irish are such difficult people to deal with. They don't know what they want and they won't be happy till they get it." It would not occur to him that possibly the Russians may have found the Poles an awkward people to deal with.

But now, such questions as Home Rule for Ireland cease to be of purely domestic concern. Our great alliances practically force us to explain our conduct to the world, and especially to America: and the answer which we thought good enough for Ireland will not be good enough for the United States and the world.

Seeing that there is a general overhauling of political relations all over the world, on a scale unparallell.d since the French revolution, and we are challenging the doings of Germany, Austria and Turkey in their own dominions, we shall not be able to shirk inquiry into our own concerns. When we press questions as to Belgium, Serbia and Poland, we cannot avoid being interrogated as to Ireland, Egypt and India; for we loudly proclaim that we oppose the German attempt to settle things by force, and that it is our intention on the contrary to settle them on terms of justice and reason.

After such deliberate proclamation of our principles we can hardly go back to the old methods of "the spoils to the victors" and *vae victis*. "As thou urgest justice, be assured thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.'

For the purpose of this war we have a temporary alliance of the most extreme Conservatives with the most

extreme Radicals and Socialists. We cannot expect this alliance to be perpetual, nor indeed to extend much beyond the duration of the war. For Conservatism and Liberalism represent, respectively, eternal principles in human nature and in human interests, which have appeared in all States where there has been anything of the nature of free institutions. In the ancient Grecian republics we had Hoi Aristoi and Hoi Polloi; and among the Romans populares and optimates, the latter being also called, in a nomenclature approaching that of modern times, *conservatores respublicae*.

But will faith be kept on both sides, or will one side cheat the other, as the Irish have been kept waiting for the Home Rule, although the Act has been passed for years and duly inscribed on the Statute Book? Our Conservatives say the fight is for democracy and freedom. Well, shall we get democracy and freedom when we have won?

If so, if our alleged intentions are honestly carried out, there will be momentous consequences. If Germany must not rule peoples against their will, how can we ourselves claim to do so?

We rail against the Junker class in Germany. What about our own Junker class, the class that conspired against Home Rule, and whose representatives in the army violated military discipline by refusing to serve against Ulster.

It may be pointed out that we are, ostensibly at any rate, on the opposite side to that which we took in the great struggle with Napoleon. I do not allude to the fact that we are now on the French side and opposed to Germany,

whereas the reverse was the case in the great Napoleonic war: but to the fact that we were then fighting against the French Revolution in the person of Napoleon. We were upholding the old, more or less absolute, monarchies of Europe, paving the way to the "Holy Alliance" of sov ereigns, and endeavouring to restore the effete mouarchy of France. So, in continental eyes at any rate, we were fighting the battle of the sovereigns against the people. This indeed was evident in England itself, for all attempts at reform and all signs of sympathy with French revolutionary ideas were sternly repressed, and agitators punished with terms of penal servitude.

Now, on the other hand, we are all for liberty, and the upsetting of thrones. Are the ruling classes in England really converted? Or is it a case similar to that of the Roman Senate, frightened by the Volscians and sending a mission to implore the Plebeians to return from the Mons Sacer?

However, whatever may be the secret desires and intentions of our ruling class, the force of events will probably be too strong for them. They cannot prevent the defeat of Germany being a triumph for democracy, and this triumph will have far-reaching consequences both in the British Isles and throughout the Empire. There are indications indeed that the word *Empire* will be objected to in future, and that both in name and in fact our so-called Empire will develop into a confederation of Free States. In the long run a free country cannot govern subject States; in the attempt to govern others the mother country herself loses her liberty, as was amply proved in the case of Rome. Our dominions, comprising as they do, such varieties of

races of men, it will have to be recognised that free institutions are not the exclusive prerogative of any race.

We look forward with confidence to the future. We must ere long be relieved of the nightmare obsession of this worldwide struggle. On the conclusion of peace, we may expect, if not a Golden Age, at least disarmament and a long period of tranquillity. Relieved from external pressure, internal forces will then have free play, and we may anticipate numerous and surprising developments in the body politic.

WALTER BAYLIS.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

The Astronomer-Poet of Persia.

Every man has his day, every nation its century. The Greek and Roman arts and letters had burnt out their fires. Boccacio, Rabelais and Petrarch were not yet born to feel the throb of classic antiquity. The curfew was tolling in England and Chaucer was yet to come. Whole Europe, in fact, was groping in mediaeval darkness. But the arts of Baghdad and Bokhara were at their zenith and Persia was evolving her philosophic systems and putting forth the best of her poetry. The Turkish arms were victorious everywhere, and the world was shaking with these great religious convulsions known as the Crusades. It was at such a time that there flourished in Persia an astronomer and poet who strove to settle the why and wherefore of things in epigrammatic quatrains which in terseness and expression have been rightly pronounced to have no equal even in Greek anthology. Unlike Lucretius of old, who boldly.

"Dropped his plummet down the broad,
Deep universe and said No God"

the Persian poet modestly confessed—this was as early as the 11th century—that he had

". . . . many knots unravelled by the Road
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate."

It was in Naishapur, a province in the north of illustrious Khorassan that Ghias-ud-din Abul Fath Omar was born. The exact date of his birth is not known but it is fixed between 1050 and 1060 A. D. Khorassan has been rightly called the Persian Parnassus. All that is great in Persian came from Khorassan. It was the home of Rudagi, it was the birthplace of Firdausi, of Essedi, of Feri-ud-din Attar, of Jalla-ud-din Rumi of Hatafi and Jami. The flowery valley of Khorassan, bounded by a long range of hills seems indeed to form a fit cradle for poets. In Naishapur the gardens still bloom with flowers, and violets still grow as when Omar loved and sang them nine centuries ago. Khayyam was only the poet's assumed name and means the tent-maker, a profession of his father. Though he often refers to this profession, there is no evidence that he himself followed it at any part of his life. Considering he lived so long ago, it must be said we know enough of his life, at least in its more important bearings. Comparatively we know less of Shakespeare who died in the 17th century. A school friend of Omar has left an account of him. Besides there are numerous allusions and accounts of him in the Persian literature of the 14th and later centuries. It is curious that 'Awfi makes no mention of Omar in his *Lives of the Poets*, which he wrote about 1200 A. D. It was probably because the ideas of the poet were not popular during this time. Omar Khayyam taught philosophy in his native place Naishapur, though professionally he was an astronomer and very little known in Persia as a poet. He was one of the eight leading astronomers who were appointed by Sultan Malik Shah to reform the Persian calendar, and who fixed the New Year's day at the first point of Aries and instituted the famous Jalali Era, which

Gibbon says, far excelled the Julian and approached in accuracy the Gregorian computation of time. From the contemporary historians we gather that he wrote works on Natural Science, Metaphysics, Geometry and Algebra but all that exists from his pen are three works—*Problems of Algebra*, *Some Difficulties of Euclid's Definitions* and the famous *Rubay'iat*, which is one of our greatest treasures, though not valued very much in the poet's lifetime. He was also supposed to be a doctor because it is recorded that he was called upon to cure Sultan Sanjar of small-pox. Khayyam was indeed like his prototype, the great Persian, Hussain Ibn Sina, known to Europe as Avicena, who was also a philosopher, scientist, doctor and poet. Avicena's works, it may be added, engaged the printing presses of Europe for more than two centuries.

As to the daily routine of the life of Khayyam not much is known besides that he liked to gather his friends round him and converse with them on Philosophy. He was also fond of sitting on moonlit nights on his terrace on a carpet surrounded by singers and musicians, while wine circled round freely. Various anecdotes about his life are chronicled. But we need not mention them. We cannot overlook, however, one story of his school days, though it is well known to all readers of Omar as it appears in the Introduction of Fitzgerald to his translation of the Rubay'iat. Three friends Nizam-ul-Mulk, Hassan Ben Sabbah, and Omar Khayyam were the pupils of Imam Mowaffak of Naishapur who was a Sunnite sage and "one of the greatest of wise men of Khorassan." Hassan one day proposed that if one of them became great and prosperous, he should share his fortune with the other two.

All agreed to this compact. Nizam-ul-Mulk was the lucky one, who rose to be the Vizier of Sultan Alp Arslan and of the succeeding two Sultans. His two friends came to see him, and the Vizier kept his word. To Hassan he gave a high post but this man soon revolted and tried to supplant his patron. The plot was discovered. Hassan fled away, became the head of a party of fanatics called Ismailians and gave origin to the word *assassin*. When Khayyam appeared before the Vizier, the latter wished to introduce him to the Sultan and offered him a lofty post. These favours Omar repeatedly refused. He did not want offices or honours, he said, but he only wished " to live in a corner under the shade of the Vizier's fortune and spread wide the advantages of science." The Vizier, thereupon, accorded him a yearly pension. To complete the tale of the three friends it may be added that the Vizier Nizam-ul-Mulk fell a victim to the dagger of one of the followers of Hassan. There is a curious story about Omar's apparition to his mother, which is mentioned by two authorities : When Omar died, his old mother wept bitterly and prayed constantly to God to give repose to his soul. Whereupon he appeared to her in a dream and repeated the following quatrain :—

"Omar! of burning heart, perchance to burn

In hell, and feed its bale-fires in thy turn,

Presume not to teach, Allah clemency

For who art thou to teach, or he to learn?"

That Omar Khayyam's Rubay'iat is a household word to-day, is due entirely to the immortal translation of

Edward Fitzgerald. The first publication of the translation was, however, a complete financial failure. It did not acquire any sale until its price was brought down from five shillings to a penny per copy. In that penny-box lay the chances of fame or nothingness. Merit asserted itself. Swinburne and Richard Burton discoverd the merit of the translation and showered praises on it. Rossetti advised all his pupils to buy it. It was not long before seven guineas per copy were paid for the very translation that was consigned to the dust-heap. Tennyson who dedicated his "In Memoriam" to Fitzgerald has beautifully styled his work

"A planet equal to the sun,
That cast it"—

The text which he utilized was a MS. which is in Calcutta in the Library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, together with the MS. in the Bodleian Library of Oxford. Both of these MSS. were copied and sent to him by Professor Cowell, who afterwards became the Principal of the Presidency College, Calcutta. Fitzgerald's work cannot indeed be called a real translation. What is most regrettable is that he has not sometimes kept to the spirit of the original, and in giving free rein to his speculations has made Omar irreverent where he is not. He has embodied in the work many of his own metaphysical impressions, acquired by a patient study of the Persian literature and a constant reading of Lucretius. His work is, moreover, incomplete as he has left untranslated many of the erotic quatrains of Omar. Barring these deficiencies, and they are very few, nobody has presented to us Omar's Rubay'iat with so much force, vividness and music, as Edward Fitzgerald.

Though one strain of thought runs through the quatrains of Omar, they have generally no connection with one another and are complete by themselves. They must have been written according to the poet's moods throughout his lifetime and not as a consecutive whole. As with Goethe, to sing was not the main occupation of Khayyam, to both, the acquisition of knowledge was the chief aim in life. Poetry was a relaxation from the strain of professional toil or an outburst of feelings after moments of contemplation. The Rubay'iat of Omar were collected and published during the last years of his life in alphabetical order after the Eastern fashion. Heron-Allen supposes that many of his quatrains came down traditionally and were collected by Hafiz and especially his pupil Nizam, whose own quatrains also passed for those of Omar. At present there are many Persian MSS. and lithographed editions existing. The oldest is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (1460 A. D.) and is written on thick yellow paper in purple black ink, powdered with gold dust. There are others in Paris, Petrograd, Calcutta, Lucknow, Bombay, Teheran and Tabriz. There is one in Bankipore which is richly illuminated and bears the autograph of Emperor Shah Jahan. It is strange that no two MSS. or lithographs completely agree with each other. The Bodleian Library MS. contains 150 rubay'iat, the Calcutta MS. 516, and Whinfield's copy of Lucknow lithographed edition 716 of them. Mrs. J. Cadell after studying the authorities in all the public libraries of Europe found over 1200 distinct quatrains attributed to Omar Khayyam. As each MS. of later date is filled with more rubay'iat, it is probable, as Heron-Allen suggests, that the men, who were paid by the number of quatrains to copy the original MS., added some of their own

so as to earn more money. Hence no quatrains, except those that appear, in at least two MSS. may be considered to come from the master's pen. It was fortunate that Fitzgerald was able to compare both the Bodleian and Calcutta MSS. Whoever wishes to know Omar's writings more or less as he actually wrote them must read, to mention only two, the well studied and literal translations of Heron-Allen and Whinfield. They preserve the spirit and even the order of the original. The latter fact naturally robs the translations of the unity of thought and purpose. The special beauty of Fitzgerald's translation is that he has arranged the quatrains in the order of the different stages of a mind that develops through the gathering influences of age. The quatrains commence with the fire and gaiety of youth and invocations to wine—red, red wine. Then comes the philosophic age and, as pointed out by H. M. Batson, the poet sounds a serious note in the 25th quatrain* which runs almost without interruption until the 81st. Finally old age comes and with it the poet's laments for death become more piercing and sad.

"Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again:
How oft hereafter shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!"

Omar's Rubay'iat appeals to every thinking soul because it is an expression in melancholy and passionate tones of the struggle of his inner life—a struggle with the dark mysteries, which we all had to grapple with some time or other in our life. It have a record of a restless spirit

* Fifth edition, Fitzgerald's Translation.

with its dreams and disenchantments, its cravings for things unknowable, its insatieties and sorrows. Khayyam has no system of philosophy at all. He does not either affirm or deny, construct or destroy. His are only doubts and uncertainties. The most startling declarations are not made by him. It is not he but a Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness that cries "Fools your reward is neither here nor there." The eternal questions of fate, freewill, predestination, death and immortality filter ever and ever again through his quatrains. They harrow his mind and he cannot solve them. He groans, he froths, raves in despair and then . . . with a stroke of his pen condenses the poignancy of his soul in an epigram. He questions why the secret is hidden, why "every time he comes out by the same door he goes in." He cannot take for granted the existing creeds. The Koran reveals something to which there is no why and wherefore. Like Oliver Wendel Holmes he thought he had a right to know what he believed in and whom he served. He is sometimes called a materialist, sometimes a sceptic. He is neither. Just when he seems to be most so, he admits there is a mystery beyond, hidden by a veil which his science cannot rend. He is not an atheist like Lucretius but an epicurean like Horace. He is an unbeliever, but he yearns to believe. He implores for some light, not of faith but of reason to illumine his path. But his is like a voice in the wilderness. Hence his ceaseless complaints.

He is deeply imbued with the idea of fatalism,

"All that is destined must in justice come to be
And vain the wish that yearns, the sorrow that resists."

He resents, therefore, that the Creator has made men mere puppets with no independent will. According to him,

"In and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a magic shadow-show,
Played in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go".

He questions, therefore, how can God blame man for doing evil if He has decreed all his deeds. How can He doom man to hell if He Himself has created him a sinner? Thus he addresses the Creator,

"O Thou who didst with Pitfall and with Gin,
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round,
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to sin ?

Schopenhauer seems to be only echoing in his philosophy, Khayyam's idea of good and evil. If to the Infinite Consciousness sin and evil appeared in the same light as to us, they would never be allowed to exist. It cannot but be remarked that, with whatever bitterness the poet may question the existence of eternal punishment, he is never irreverent. In Fitzgerald's translation the stanzas on good and evil culminate in one last address to God which almost amounts to blasphemy.

"O Thou, who Man of baser Earth dids't make,
And who with Eden dids't devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man,
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take!"

Whoever has judged Omar Khayyam by the standard of this quatrain has done him wrong. The antithesis is indeed remarkable but it is entirely of Fitzgerald. Omar has been bold as very few poets have been but he never

ventured so far as to offer forgiveness to God for man's sins. As a matter of fact the original stanza says just the opposite. Omar asks God "to give repentance and accept excuses."

Everything speaks to the poet of fleeting Time and the transiency of things,

"... The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and lo! The Bird is on the wing."

It is not, however, the decree of death as much as the destiny beyond, that saddens his soul. This *Memento Mori* recurs again and again, and each time he drowns its bitterness in wine.

"Another and another cup to drown,
The Memory of this Impertinence."

Pomp and power are nothing to him because they soon pass away. He can't see the Caravanserai but must think,

"How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp,
Abode his Hour or two and went his way."

But death does not mean to him complete annihilation. He seems to believe in corporeal transmigration. Every speck of dust to him might have been the "apple of a beauty's eye." For him a pot of clay is a brother because he himself is clay. When once he broke his wine-glass, it immediately said to him,

"I was once as thou, and thou shalt be as I."

His most pathetic wail is the one in which he invokes his love in his affliction,

"Come love, sit on the grass—'T will not be long,
Ere grass grows out of our *dust*, your's and mine."

Since "all is a dream and a vision, a breath and an illusion," where can he fly for consolation? He finds it in pleasure, in however small degree—pleasure of wine, woman and song. Faust, unable to solve the problems of life and death, had also plunged himself in pleasure to soothe his burning soul. Khayyam himself confesses his view of life :

"Did He who made me fashion me for hell,
Or destine me for heaven? I cannot tell ;
Yet will I not renounce *cup*, *lute* and *love*,
Or earthly cash for heavenly credit sell."

His praise of wine recurs incessantly, almost monotonously. Some of his admirers have advanced the view that Omar uses the word *wine* to signify God, thus making him exactly the opposite of what he seems. It is contended that only the Sufeists, who were mystics, use the word *Saki* (the cup-bearer). This allegorical meaning of *wine* is, to say the least, fanciful. We may not indeed take the meaning quite literally, what he must have meant by wine is obviously earthly pleasure and neither a God nor Vice. After wine, comes his idealization of woman—the beautiful Persian woman to whose charms yielded even the great Alexander on whom the Athenian and Macedonian beauties wielded no influence. It is much to be regretted that Fitzgerald confined himself to Omar's metaphysical poems almost neglecting the amatory ones. Omar likes wine, it is true, but always in companionship with his Love, who must fill the cup for him. He must play with the curls of her hair. He cannot conspire with Fate but with his Love. He is afraid to tread the soil, for it might have been a "tulip-cheeked woman." It must be added to

the credit of Khayyam, that in all the erotic quatrains, of his rubay'iat there is nothing either vulgar or suggestive.

We cannot judge Khayyam's writings without taking his times and circumstances into consideration. He lived in an age of Sufeism, which was a mixed doctrine of pantheism and asceticism. With Sufeism his scientific spirit could not agree. Reason with him weighed more than faith. But neither did he scorn faith and uphold reason, like our modern rationalists; nor did he blindly embrace faith and deaden the senses like the mystics, nor did he reconcile faith with reason like the great prophets. He spent his sorrowing life in doubts and misgivings. Newton's Astronomy turned him towards God. Khayyam's astronomy tended to turn him away from God. Above all, the religious convulsions in the times of Omar Khayyam were far from propitious. Christendom which had solaced the souls of thousands had indeed come to him but come in the form of crusades. The conquest of Jerusalem by the Turks was completed in 1076. Omar was then a boy of about 20. At this impressive age of his reflective mind he was watching the persecutions of the Christians, the sieges of Antioch and Jerusalem, and the massacre of Seruj, all taking place for the glory of God. These youthful impressions must have naturally preyed on his mind, moreover materialized by Science, like the Lisbon disaster on that of Voltaire. He emerged from the conflict with harrowing doubts, which he poured forth in all their anguish and pathos till the end of his life.

Omar Khayyam died in 1123 under quite pathetic circumstances. His death is recorded by Muhamad Sharazuri in his history of learned men, *Nuzhat-ul-arwah*.

We cannot do better than quote his own words: "It is related that Omar was one day picking his teeth with a tooth-pick of gold and was studying the chapter on Metaphysics from Avicenna's "*Book of Healing*" when he reached the chapter "The One and the Many," he placed the tooth-pick between the two leaves, arose, performed his prayers and made his last injunctions. He neither ate nor drank anything that day and when he performed the last evening prayer he bowed himself to the ground and said as he bowed 'Oh God, verily I have known Thee to the extent of my power; forgive me therefore. Verily my knowledge of Thee is my recommendation to Thee." With these repentant words which, with all his piety and tears, cannot "cancel half a Line nor wash out a Word" of what he wrote, the poet fulfilled that doom of which he sang in immortal words,

" . . . One thing is certain that Life flies;
One thing is certain and the Rest is lies,
The flower that once has blown forever dies."

His last request before his death was that he may be buried in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses on his grave. His pupil Nizami of Samarcand records, that when he visited Omar's resting place he found it was indeed, outside a garden in Naishapur where rose-bushes and trees laden with fruit dropped flowers on his tomb. There under that bower of mingling branches and crimson blossoms, could that inquiring spirit have found an answer to his eternal questioning? Could he have, there in the grave, learnt what his science could not teach him—whence one comes and whither one goes? There under the earth, his mouth *stopt* with *Dust* could he have grasped

this sorry scheme of things entire, which he wanted to shatter to bits and remould to his Heart's Desire? From the rose bushes growing over Omar's tomb, a visitor to Naishapur, brought to England some hips from which two rose trees were breared and planted by the side of Fitzgerald's grave in the churchyard at Boulge. Thus it is that the link between the two minds is symbolized into a link between the two graves. In vain, indeed, does the "Moon of Delight" look after such a poet and such a translator.

Calcutta. J. J. CAMPOS.

A NOVEMBER DAY.
(In England.)

The trees are gaunt and bare, that not long since
  Were covered with the gold of autumn glory,
The soft blue mist plays through the leafless boughs,
  The earth, and sea, and sky, the trees and mountains,
The fields and meadows seem to breathe the story
    Of death and decay,
    Of sweet life passed away,
    Of the old year fading fast,
    Of the joys and sorrows past.

All nature seems to languish now,
The sun struggling through the pall of light grey clouds
Shines with a soft and mellow light, striking
  A golden pathway through the mist that shrouds
  The gaunt trees and naked fields.
  Bare they grow as Nature yields
  To winter, who in majesty arrives,
  Holly-crowned, and before him drives
  As hounds in leash, the rough wild winds of winter,
  And o'er the land his snowy sceptre wields.

Nov. 1917. KATRINE SILBERRAD.

THE IRONY OF WEALTH.

MR. Marchand, the millionaire, sat in his library contemplating a letter that he had read over and over again. It seemed to give him much difficulty, and leave him in a state of indecision.

His Secretary was also at a loss, for he had tried repeatedly to secure his employer's attention this morning, but without success.

"Is there nothing you would like me to do sir?" he enquired almost plaintively.

This was a variation from the polite hints and thinly veiled suggestions that it was time to proceed with some kind of business, and the tenth attempt to bring Mr. Marchand out of his reverie.

"Nothing!"

The word was almost snapped at him.

"Would you like to see Hopkins?" Hopkins was his Valet.

"I do not wish to see Hopkins!"

Severely puzzled, the Secretary withdrew to the further end of the library, under the pretence of arranging some papers at the table, but really with the object of retreating

quickly from the room by a door leading to another apartment whence he could escape unobserved; for business was evidently not urgent this morning.

"Thank Heaven he is gone, said the rich man as he again fingered the letter before him. "Well it is strange, very strange that I never felt as strongly on the matter before. The man is right and he is wrong; and I am right and I am wrong—very wrong, God help me, how little such a person knows. I will go and see him, whoever he is."

By force of habit his hand sought the telephone, but recollecting himself he continued :—

"Pooh, what nonsense—cannot I do without a motor indeed! I'll walk."

But the gauntlet had to be run, for many servants both male and female were passed before reaching the heavy iron gate that led from his grounds. He gave a short 'Good morning' to the lodge-keeper, and to this party's evident surprise was soon trudging along the road like any ordinary individual. He the great multi-millionaire, the son moreover of a millionaire, the much envied bachelor who owned so many houses, horses and motor cars, and had secretaries, chauffewrs, and coachmen, a steam yacht, several large estates and could command what service he liked, was actually walking down the road like any ordinary individual.

After the lodge-keeper had seen him, the Head Gardener was told about it and very soon every one knew, and as was quite rational, made more of the event than such a trifling circumstance might warrant. Still it was rather remarkable, for Mr. Marchand had hardly ever been known to walk all by himself straight down through the village like this before.

"Something must have happened," said the Butler.

"Very strange," thought the Secretary.

"Quite unusual," was was the comment of the Housekeeper.

But little did they imagine how very remarkable and unusual Mr. Marchand's proceedings really were.

There was a little railway station not far from his palatial residence, and here he took his ticket for London and to the undisguised astonishment of the booking clerk he boldly took a 3rd single.

On reaching the terminus, he refused all invitations of taxicab drivers and walked from the station, wending his way through many crowded parts, finally to take a turning down a very unpleasant and narrow street. After referring to that letter which had previously been studied so long, he found that No, 27 was one of a very dirty row of cottages: No. 25 was a place where the occupants did not wash, to judge by the children on the doorstep, whilst 29 was empty, and betokened that the previous tenants had not enjoyed a peaceful life, most of the windows being broken. With some hesitation he knocked at No. 27.

"Do you want to see Mr. Sangster," called out a female from an upper window.

"If you please," and Mr. Marchand stepped back to view the speaker.

The tone of voice was querulous and half suspicious, and he felt astonished, for here was an intelligent and almost refined looking woman of about thirty years of age. Presently she descended and opened the door.

"May I ask what you want?"

A perfectly reasonable question, but, under the circumstances it was one which Mr. Marchand found difficult to answer. There followed one of those awkward pauses; Mrs. Sangster, not expecting any well dressed man in that street, and certainly not at No. 27, whilst Mr. Marchand had only thought of meeting her husband, and was not prepared to find a poor woman with manners and general appearance so far above her surroundings. They were both puzzled and looked it.

"I had a little private reason", at last stammered Mr. Marchand, "for wishing to see Mr. Sangster, who I suppose is your husband?'

"Dear me," said the woman, "I dont think he was expecting any one. Would you—would you call again or can I give him any message? He will be home in about another hour."

This led up to a partial explanation.

"I have received this letter from your husband, and so have come to see him, for the matter interests me."

Mrs. Sangster read the letter, her face undergoing significant changes, the visiter thus having the means of observing that it was a very expressive face.

"Thank you," she said returning the letter. "But still I do not quite understand why you should have called. My husband you will admit, has not asked you to do so, nor indeed asked you for anything."

"Precisely, and that is the very reason I came. You see Mrs. Sangster, to a person in my position this is such a very extraordinary thing to happen, it has made me

a little inquisitive. I am so used to receiving begging appeals, that a letter of this academic character, so to speak, is so unexpected, I felt I should like to see the writer himself."

At this moment a shabby looking man came up to the door.

"Why there you are George!" cried Mrs. Sangster as if alarmed. "And early too. Has anything—happened ?"

"Happened, yes,' said the husband. "I have lost my job! That's what has happened !"

"This gentleman is Mr. Marchand," said his wife, though her face showed, as she felt, how miserable a thing it was to say anything of the kind, just at this time.

"I feel I have come at an inopportune moment, gasped, the millionaire.

The man pulled himself together with an effort.

"No, no," he said, you may the better see the force of what I wrote. Will you come indoors ?"

It was a poorly furnished room that they entered, but clean.

"My name you know," he continued as they were seated, the woman standing meanwhile near her husband. "Evidently, however, you have mistaken my object in writing to you. In some bitterness, suspecting that I was shortly to lose my post, I was tempted to air my views, knowing that you were reputed to be the wealthiest shareholder in the Company employing me."

"You did not mention the name of the Company, nor your employment" interrupted the other.

"No, it was immaterial! Had I been begging it would have been another thing. All I wanted to do was to impress upon some one of your class, the injustice of your living as you do, and a man living as I do. You a millionaire and Director of this South Western Tramway Company with far more money than you require earned by others, and I a tram conductor with barely enough to keep my wife and myself alive and in the miserable abode which you now see. Is this just and right in your opinion Mr. Millionaire?"

"Quite so, I understand," answered Mr. Marchand, "for you put your case very ably and clearly, and in the main I quite agree with what you say; but as I have come to explain, there is one unfortunate mistake you made."

"Indeed!"

This was in a tone not so polite. Mr. Marchand however, proceeded without sign of being offended.

"Certainly," he said "the mistake you make is this. I am *not* a millionaire."

"Not a millionaire? But are you not Mr. Marchand?"

"Yes."

"And are you not the owner of all the wealth people have led me to believe you possess?"

Mr. Marchand nodded complacently.

"Then what in the name of common sense do you mean by such a preposterous denial. Are not rich people capable of speaking the truth?"

"My friend "answered Marchand," though you are a tram conductor—"

"I was."

"Precisely, and you have most evidently been something else and, therefore can understand the enigma which I have come to explain. Terms are so often used loosely. I may be very rich, more wealthy even than my father—and yet not a millionaire. Do you understand ?"

"Not yet".

"As a tram conductor, may I ask, do you feel that you are really one fitted for the post by nature as well as by circumstance ?"

"Certainly not—*Non sum qualis eram*! But you have always been wealthy !"

"That is not the point. To be a real millionaire or anything else requires not only the position, but the character to fit that position. I am *not* a millionaire."

"How extremely unpleasant you must find it, almost as much so as I do punching tickets, instead of painting pictures," said Sangster with undisguised sarcasm.

"Every bit as much, for the millionaire like the artist is born not made."

"And you presume to appreciate my position do you? How can you compare your condition with the loathing that I feel when dancing attendance on all the miserable creatures, people without manners, who don't know their own language even. To be at the beck and call of the common herd—"

"Pooh ! my dear fellow," cried Marchand, "you know nothing of mental torture like mine. Imagine yourself wishing to be a philanthropist, and conscious all the time that those you see are unreal in their behaviour when they meet you. Every man, and *a fortiori*, every woman, avoids

being natural when meeting a wealthy man. I never see men and women as they really are. All life is deception from my point of view. With you, on the contrary your fellows behave naturally, you see them as they are, and they are not entirely of a lower social standard than yourself surely ?"

'No, but that does not improve matters. Those that are not, look upon one with a contempt that is even more galling. If they recognise me as something more than an ordinary working man it is bad enough, but if as one who has fallen, it is, as a rule, to give them a species of triumph".

"Oh;" said the millionaire, "and do you not see the reason?"

"Social status—oh yes, it may be a fact, " he said disregarding the question, "but when thus in evidence, it is more than galling, and I find my own class in this petty form of injury equals if it does not exceed the tyranny of the more wealthy. I know men are not equal, but the moment they exhibit their superiority they become objectionable and paradoxically—if they only could know it—inferior."

"Come" said his visitor, "you are heated, and do not realise what we are really discussing. Like the very rich, such as these suffer from one of those ills that flesh is heir to, that is all. It is a natural law for men and women rich and poor alike, they inherit the passion for possession. Contrary to what is generally believed, we do not desire to possess money or wealth simply for the pleasure of using it or what it can procure. This is a common delusion. If it were so, no one would care to be rich as I am. I have three houses all so large that I rarely go into a tenth part of the rooms. I have a thousand ton yacht for the sea, two small

steam launches on the river, a couple of skiffs, four motor cars, several carriages and ten horses and more servants than I can remember. Naturally I cannot use all these at once, and very often never see them at all, they might belong to some one else. In certain cellars are stores of wines that rarely require replenishing, but even if I were not almost a teetotaler, I could never get through such quantities of costly drinks. A rich man has but one throat, he can only be at one place, or doing one thing at a time, and the multiplication of luxuries, foods, drinks, equipages and furniture though unlimited in supply is always limited by the capacity for consumption or enjoyment."

"Why dont you teach your fellow creatures such restraint in possession as would be decent then ?"

"If this love of possession depended upon utilitarian exigencies this would be very reasonable. Unfortunately this is not the case. There is a sadder aspect even than that shown by greed. Men love owning things not only for use or pleasure derived directly from them, but, as is obvious from their piling up what they cannot use or enjoy themselves, in order that others may not have them. The dog in the manger was nothing to the man and his possessions. He has an innate desire to keep what he has from others; hence the huge accumulation of wealth, for on utilitarian grounds there can be no explanation at all. It is born in men to love possession. The thing is *mine* not yours. And yet strange to say I have no pleasure in this. Nature has been unkind. This common instinct to love possession as one's life has been denied me. I never want to snatch and hold from others, and derive no pleasure from thinking that others want what I possess; but still am cursed with ownership wherever I look."

"You can give things away."

"Yes but that wont alter the fact that I am a possessor, and only haunted with holding what others wish for, and their wishes give me no pleasure, as they ought to do. I do not enjoy the envy of others. It is wasted."

"You can buy pictures and works of art."

"I hate the thought of such things. Think of it; all the beauty of a starlight night, the glory of a sunset, the music of creation is no more mine with money than it is the property of others not cursed with gold. The purchase of pictures gives no more enjoyment to the owner, than the original beauty of creation to others, unless—unless it is through a knowledge that he holds what another wants. That is the chief reason, the only true reason for most of the encouragement and support given to Art!"

"Think you so? But you are speaking to an artist, and one who has failed, but still loves art for art's sake."

"So you think. But you have competed, struggled, and had ambition. What is an Academy of Pictures, but a race between the strong and the weak, the fortunate and the unlucky? So with all life, commercial, social, and scholastic. Art for art's sake, music for the love of it—your theories do not accord with your practices."

"And yet you would leave the world of independence, and join in the strife? Surely you are better off where you are."

"No, there are places in the world where one could earn enough to keep life in the body. It is not necessary

to sit in a luxurious chair, one can rest on a very plain one equally well. It is not real pleasure to discuss all the different brands of liquors, good beer or water will satisfy thirst, and an appetite is worth more than tempting foods. Real wants are very few and imaginary requirements born of wealth, convention and snobbishness are burdensome and simply bring trouble. Witness as a contrast, the satire on ease and refinement so often to be noticed in the lives of many, who from sheer distaste leave their comforts and luxuries and take to rough hardship in sport and games. You see the wealthy often vying with one another in hard labour, shooting over moors, hunting, travelling to wearisome race meetings, whilst their wives are worn to shadows with keeping social engagements. If their livings depended upon such things, one might well imagine a simple gamekeeper or waiter commiserate such people. Think of the hours they keep. They have really hard lives."

"But" replied the tram conductor, "they escape the bitterness of life such as I experience. I have to suffer daily mental torture of knowing I am looked down upon. You know nothing of contempt,. the pain of scorn, and from those who have no right to arrogate to themselves their superiority. The meretricious mob that talk of a proletariat indeed! How they enjoy their self glorification? How they delight in the pain they cause! Can you understand all this ?"

"Quite so," said the millionaire. "And yet with all your loathing, you long to be higher in the scale yourself. Is not that the case"?

"No, a thousand times no"

"Say you so. But let me assure you this state of affairs fills me with an equal loathing, and were it possible, how gladly would I leave my millions. To any man of sense or principle, who sees the social world vexed and perturbed over trifles, it is quite enough to drive him to a desperation worse than yours. You are tortured by those you meet at times, but I have to live in continual agony with the torturers, and what is worse, as you have shown am classed with them, and bear their name and all their evil discredit. I am not a millionaire. Bitterly I resent your letter. For years I have suffered and watched with loathing their denial of all proportion, that irreverence for Nature, the distorted view of all life which sets man on a pinnacle, when in his ignorance and weakness he should be abased. I hate my life, for is it not all untrue! Look at them! Fancy men living in this world replete with wonders inexplicable, with beauties inexhaustible; seeing the change of seasons that bring repeated evidence of mysterious power surrounding them, forces of nature that can never be explained; these they see day by day. And by night they may peer into the fathomless depths of space and know that their own little world is but as a speck of dust whilst around are the myriads of fiery globes ceaseless in movement and stupendous in volume, that should make imagination reel. They know not even the secret of their own life's blood in its circulation, nor where their own personality may dwell; this alone they are sure of, that here they are upon this little sphere, and the day or night must come when they must leave it. And yet with these plain facts of life and death and the greater impenetrable mysteries of the heavens and the earth, of nature and the fringes of that

universe they can so dimly see, they prate of wealth and grasp for more and strive for notoriety and position. Oh I hate it all—I am no millionaire."

"Would you change?"

"Gladly—and you?"

"No"! cried the man rising excitedly. "By Heaven no! If you, brought up in the lap of luxury without any experience of poverty, knowing nothing of that daily torture from the contempt and pride of those above you feel this, what would be my contempt for myself should I reach out my hand to take those tempting fruits to which no one is entitled?"

"Again you make me feel what has haunted me ever since I came into possession of my wealth. Some there are who have schemed and worked to gain their millions. With me it was but to receive what cost no effort. As an honest man I know I have no possible right to hold it. Oh for some power to wrest it from me!"

"You would not let it go!" sneered the other.

The woman who had stood, a motionless and silent listener said but one word.

"George!" she entreated.

"He would not!"

"Try me," said Marchand. "Put me to the test, as I put you. Before God and justice will you agree to take, or could you refuse what I offer freely—"

"Would you let go all those millions, the power, the fame, the luxury and all for what?"

"For what! For a principle, for peace, for life with interest and purpose. Would you refuse them?"

George ! cried the woman again starting forward.

"Sir, do not tempt him, he is worth more than all. Have mercy !"

For the man's excitement was such, the veins stood out upon his forehead, his hands were clenched, and the breath came too quickly.

"Wealth is yours for the taking" shouted the millionaire. Take it, relieve me of a life's suffering. Say you believe me. I mean it !"

"George my husband !"

But the man made no answer, save with a groan of pain as he sank lifeless to the floor.

FRANCIS GELDART.

TO MOTHER INDIA.

O peerless mother, with ancient glorious crown
Of noble deeds of valourous might and love
In History sung ! O Ageless, raised above
Thy sister nations' wisdom and renown,
In days of yore ! Wherefore art thou behind
In march of Time, when those that learnt their all
From thee are watchful answering to the call
That also waits to 'waken thee ? O kind
And gracious mother, sovereign of the Past,
Arise and take thy place. Thy mission is one,
One grand, in truth. In vain, when they have done
Their best ; the world will come to know at last
Of thy great worth. All eyes will turn to thee
To succour struggling task'd humanity.

ALLAHABAD. RAM CHANDRA TANDAN.
December 1917.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PANCHAMA AND A BRAHMIN.

[Conversation, taken place between a cultured Panchama and a tolerating South Indian Brahmin, in a train.]

Panchama—Will you please give me a seat by your side?

Brahmin—Oh; yes, I shall be too glad to do it. I want a companion by my side.

Panchama—Sir, I am a Pariah by birth and you honour me by giving me a seat by your side, I fear you will complain of my polluting your Brahminhood.

Brahmin—Oh! no, no. It is only for the uncleanliness of the Panchamas, the Brahmins keep aloof from them. For my part I am not even one of them.

Panchama—Are there not unclean people amongst your caste? Do you throw stones at them, drive them, and send them off, from your presence, as you do with us?

Brahmin—Yes. There are yet some rigid people who are addicted to these which you enumerate. But the majority are for tolerating these things.

Panchama—Can you cite authorities for the existence of the caste of Panchamas in the *Vedas*, *not* in the Puranas and other things.

Brahmin—My dear brother, Vedas do not mention of Panchamas. But they mention *only four* castes.

Panchama—Then, how do you account for the tyranny of the Vedic castes over the innocent Panchamas?

Brahmin—My worthy friend, hear me well. The tyranny which you complain of has ceased to exist nowadays. Cosmopolitanism has already crept into the educated circles. Where there is illiteracy, there is foolish and rigid orthodoxy which is the cause of these things.

Panchama—Are not the higher classes responsible for the illiteracy of the Panchamas, who fall an easy prey to the fold of Christian missionaries?

Brahmin—I too think like that. For it is the lack of religious instruction to that class that has caused much havoc and it is a pity that they embrace other faiths for money's sake.

Panchama—Excuse me, Sir, for troubling you with an unpleasant turn of conversation.

Brahmin—It is not in the least unpleasant, my dear brother, but it is one of my most pleasant duties to listen to such topics like this. It will be news to you when I say that I am an organiser of several social movements whose object is to raise the depressed classes. For the past few years I am working in that field and I also hope that 75% of the populace are for the uplifting of all the submerged classes and for making them members of the one common Indian Brotherhood.

Panchama—I wish the fruits of the movement shall soon be reaped by the millions of down-trodden people whose

world is full of tyranny and oppression and utter unconsciousness of the state of affairs around them.

Brahmin—You will see that everything you complain of, will disappear by half a century and all people consisting of Moslems, Brahmins, Panchamas, and Christians will have an equal hand in everything concerning India.

Panchama—This is my destination, and I am very sorry to take leave of you. I shall meet you again.

Brahmin—Good-bye, brother. (Shakes hands.)

P. VIJAYA RAGHAVA ACHARYA.

Kumbakonam.

IN ALL LANDS.

The War.

About this time last year the Allies in Europe were rejoicing that the offensive had been wrested from the enemy. Fortune gave a turn to her wheel, Russia collapsed and the Allies on the west are preparing to meet a determined enemy offensive. The Kaiser has assured recruits in his army that this will be the last year of the war, and the Allies have also spoken of the new phase as the final stage of the war, without predicting how long it will last. Preliminary raids on the western front have all been repulsed with success, if not always with heavy losses to the enemy. We have begun to hear of American troops fighting in France. How many have crossed the Atlantic is a military secret. It is known that one transport was torpedoed, and about 150 soldiers perished. In Palestine the Allied troops have captured Jericho.

* * *

Joint Responsibility.

The military experts of a nation are concerned with the success of the measures which they themselves advise for the glory of their own army. Political considerations may require the sacrifice of individual advantage to the general good. The Versailles Council, on which all the western

Allies are represented, is more anxious to strengthen the weak links in the chain than to add to the strength of those that are not likely to give way. Much uneasiness has been felt in England regarding the policy of this joint Council in so far as it affects Great Britain. Sir W. Robertson, who was Chief of the General Staff, was evidently not in sympathy with that policy and he has resigned. Here, as in other cases, "professional conservatism," as Mr. Lloyd George calls it, is not compatible with political considerations, and he offers to resign if the country has no confidence in him. The country cannot know what he knows.

* * *

Peace Terms.

If Count Hertling's last pronouncement on the attitude of Germany may be accepted at its face value, it brings us nearer to a general peace than his previous reply to President Wilson. The Kaiser's words and deeds in the past have led the world to suspect a scorpion under every stone, and the German Chancellor's assurances are guarded and vague enough to feed suspicion. Nevertheless Germany has ceased to brandish the sword in the face of the world, and if newspapers do not hamper tatesmen in a very difficult situation, an early peace may obviate unnecessary bloodshed. Count Hertling assures the Allies that Germany does not object to the evacuation of Belgium, but asks the Belgian Government at Havre what safeguards it will offer against the country being used as a "jumping horse" by other Powers. Much higgling of this sort must go on before an agreement is reached; yet it may be reached.

Wilson and Hertling.

The outstanding point of difference between the American President and the German Chancellor is that the former insists on a peace to which all the great Powers of the world must be parties, so that they may combine in future to curb the ambition of any nation and enforce obedience to international morality. Germany seeks to evade a general peace of this sort and retain a free hand for future action. Hence the Chancellor is anxious to conclude a separate peace with Russia, and apparently a separate treaty with Belgium. Separate treaties, especially with weak Governments, may be treated as scraps of paper with impunity, and hence the suspicion of Germany's ultimate and secret aims. Where she disowns the intention of occupation, she at least wants control, either by way of protection or in some other form. How the map is coloured is a secondary consideration. The Foreign Office must have larger powers.

* * *

The State of Russia.

According to Bolshevik statesmen, the Russian army absolutely refuses to fight. The Government is so disorganised that Petrograd is on the point of starvation. Factions and feuds have reduced the capital to a pitiable condition, and Trotzky's offers to the enemy and his expostulations are humiliating. Nevertheless he now and then threatens, perhaps only to please some of his followers. Germany has declared the armistice to be concluded and is rapidly advancing on the capital, at the time of writing these notes. The terms of peace, which the Bolsheviks offer to accept, are not all made public, but it is believed that their effect will to be sever Poland, Lithuania, Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, and Finland from Russia. Ukrania

has already become independent of Russia and signed a separate treaty with the Central Powers, obtaining thereby portions of Poland. The consideration for this acquisition is as yet unknown. Whatever the future of these small nations may be Russia will be shorn of much of her territory.

* * *

Asia and the War.

The effect of the European conflagration has not been felt over the greater part of Asia, though Japan, China, Siam, and the British possessions are politically involved in the war, and the Turkish possessions have suffered. One reason of Germany's disinclination to deal with a league of nations would undoubtedly be that she should have a free hand in settling accounts with China and Siam and possibly in opening negotiations with Persia, where her agents have been busy. The French Press is said to have reminded Japan that a separate peace between Germany and Russia will give her an opportunity of asserting herself. Japan has not been unmindful of the possibilities to which a Russo-German compact may give rise. But British journals have not welcomed a rupture between Russia and Japan. A struggle with Japan may drive Russia into the arms of the Central Powers, and though just at present the army of the one may not fight, and the latter may be weary, a combination of that kind would spell disaster to Asia.

* * *

Austria and Germany.

President Wilson seems to realise that a lasting peace will be assured to the world only if a combination of all the great Powers can prevent a narrower league, like an alliance between the Central Powers of Europe and possibly

Russia, from defying others. In Europe Germany, Austria, and Russia have not always been friends. For centuries they were quarrelling over one bit of territory or another on the border, and just at present the German and the Austrian policies are not identical. It appears that Austria did not take part in the invasion of Russia after the armistice. Possibly the two Governments differ on the destiny of the provinces severed from Russia. It is fortunate that Austria has no colonies, and possibly no colonial aspirations. But aspirations grow with time and opportunity, and if the fox hunts with the lion, the immediate effect is bad for the denizens of the wood, whichever of the two may secure the greater part of the spoil.

* * *

Prevention of Wars.

Can wars be prevented? A certain class of thinkers hold that the best antidote to war is non-resistance, if not active love. In India saints have recommended that remedy for private feuds, but apparently they have not presumed to advise kings. In the West the Quakers have faith in the efficacy of non-resistance, and they rely on the precedent of a small colony which refused to wage war with Indians in North America and was, therefore, for a long time left unmolested, while other Christian communities were being harassed by them. Trotzky tried the remedy. The Bolsheviks declared that they would not fight against their German brethren, they demobilised the army, and protested against the invasion of their country. The pathos of the situation probably melted the heart of the Austrian, but not of the German. The latter argued like the wolf: "If you will not fight now, your nation fought before, and may fight again. Sign all the terms dictated

by us, otherwise the war must continue." Will the world fail to learn a lesson from the episode?

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Stern Realities.

Count Hertling has quoted Carlyle for a purpose of his own. If England and Germany had not been at war, Carlyle would probably have made a hero of the Kaiser at the present moment. He was a worshipper of ability and he would have drawn the same lesson from the Russian Revolution as he did from the French Revolution. "Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect Government for that country"—Such was the teaching of the Sage of Chelsea. Revolutions, he said, arise from placing *un*able men at the head of affairs. Sages generally emphasise partial truths, which can be comprehended more easily than balanced and qualified propositions. Yet Democracies as well as other Governments are now being reminded that the world cannot be governed by fine phrases, gushing sentiments, and faith in abstract righteousness. If Tirpitz has learnt only the value of big guns, he too has learnt a half truth. Nevertheless the world will not believe in drawing room politics.

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Peace and the Sword.

Exactly sixty years ago Ruskin, who was certainly not a jingo, said of peace and the conversion of swords into ploughshares: "No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses as well as over that

which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or subdue." This was the lesson he had learnt from history. The country was not involved in a war. The Mutiny in India had certainly not elicited those reflections. Indeed a year afterwards he said : " We are about to enter upon a period of our world's history in which domestic life, aided by the arts of peace, will slowly, but entirely, supersede public life and the arts of war. " That period has passed away like a pleasant dream. The arts of war will be developed with greater zeal than ever—there is no other safeguard for peace for " many a year to come. "

* * *

The Sinews of War.

Though India is a poor country and ignorance prevents the greater part of the population from knowing what sacrifices a war involves, the sums subscribed for relief, as loans to Government, and for munitions or support of men will reach a very large total. How to help in the war is a question which constantly engages the attention of not a few Chiefs, high officials in British India, and their wives. Throughout the period of the war the retiring Finance Member of the Government of India has had a very anxious time, and he has earned the high appreciation and gratitude of the country by the ability and sympathy with which he has managed to meet the demands upon him without unduly adding to the taxation. Of the 100 millions sterling promised to the Home Government in England as a contribution to the war expenditure, nearly 35 millions were raised last year by loans. It is announced that another loan will be issued this year and no additional taxation will be necessary. These sums only remind one of the poverty of the country.

Men for the War.

It appears that the response of educated India to the call under the Indian Defence Force Act has not fulfilled expectations. Weeding out the physically unfit applicants for enlistment, about 3,000 recruits would appear to be under training, while the Government was prepared to train double that number. Considering the proportion of rejected applicants, one can hardly charge educated India with unwillingness to serve their country. Whatever the explanation may be, in the result the Government has to rely more on the classes stigmatised by certain patriots as mercenary than on volunteers. Compulsion may yield better results as far as numbers are concerned, but the Government does not consider it feasible. The proceedings of the Exemption Tribunals that have to deal with Europeans do not show that the work of similar Tribunals for Indians will by any means be light. If even persuasion sometimes leads to unrest, as in Manipur, the Government may well think twice before trying compulsion.

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Criticism and Cooperation.

One may expect the people to be more ready to take up loans than to lay down their lives. Nevertheless if any enthusiastic officer goes rather too far in persuading people to subscribe to a Government loan, the press sharply condemns the zeal. If a labour recruit's relatives allege that he was taken away without their consent, the press takes up the grievance. The press is right, but such episodes only show how repulsive compulsion is to freedom-loving human nature, and how impossible it is to expect that official zeal should never outrun

discretion. Many Indian patriots are at heart opposed to compulsion even in education, but in their solicitude to fall into line with other nations they advocate the policy of "doing a little wrong to do a great good." On the other hand necessity in war time compels the Government to restrict liberty in various directions, sometimes for the protection of the weak, as when prices and rents are regulated, or in the public interest as when the application of capital to industries of other than national importance is discouraged.

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Employment of Indians.

H.E. Lord Chelmsford announced in one of his earliest speeches in India that a Commission would consider how the scope for the employment of local talent might be enlarged in the Public Works Department. The recommendations of that Commission have on the whole given satisfaction to Indians. The Government Department will be reorganised, local bodies will be more largely entrusted with the work of that department, engineering firms will be encouraged to take up large works, and the training of Indians in local colleges will be made more efficient Non-official members of the Imperial Legislative Council would locally provide technical education of all kinds so that recruitment abroad might become unnecessary after a period, say, of ten years. Meanwhile, young men would be sent abroad for education and employed on their return. The Government is prepared to facilitate the employment of Indians in increasing numbers, but not to exclude others after a definite period, for the period cannot be defined.

Responsible Government.

It appears from H. E the Viceroy's speech at Delhi that the Secretary of State and the high officials consulted in India are in practical agreement on the constitutional reforms to be introduced. Apparently they will fall short of the minimum asked for by the National Congress and the Moslem League, but they will mark a substantial step forward in conferring responsible Government on the people. His Excellency's reference to the proposed deputation to England was probably intended to warn the Congress that agitation in England would be as fruitless as it would be unnecessary. The Socialists in England cherish high ideals regarding the destinies of nations, dependent as well as independent, small as well as large. Indian Home Rulers will try to enlist their support, but in details that support will not materially shake the Secretary of State's position. During the current session of the Imperial Council, the Government stood neutral towards certain proposals and rejected others. The proceedings, perhaps, indicated how far autonomy would be granted.

EAST & WEST.

VOL XVII. APRIL 1918. No. 198.

FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Delhi Season.

The Delhi season has come to a close. For the first time, in the history of India, the Secretary of State spent his winter in the eternal city of Hindustan. Delhi has been full of Mr. Montagu and the coming reforms. In the whispering galleries of the East the news has travelled that the scheme of reforms will gradually lead to the promised goal of responsible government. To anticipate the coming changes will be to spoil the precious joy of expectant waiting.

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Debates in the Council.

The Debates in the Imperial Council have been of more than ordinary interest.* They mark a change towards the reality. The non-officials have spoken with responsibility and restraint, and the officials have taken their share in the debates with greater freedom and confidence. His Excellency rightly remarked that traditions die hard. In these days when opinion is formed in an open forum, silent voting, helping to strengthen adverse opinion, has been out of place all along.

The Budget.

Sir William Meyer came to guide the Finances of India at a fateful moment. War broke out when he was hardly in the saddle. Difficult and new problems, unexpected and unprecedented demands came from all directions and he met them with calmness, courage and undeviating devotion to the interests of the Empire. No Finance Member directly responsible to the people of India could have discharged his duties with greater faithfulness. The stories of the battles that he fought remain in the keeping of the confidential files, and will never see the light; if they were allowed to speak, they could tell how the members of the Government of India discharge their trust. India would then know her friends and repay them with redoubled devotion and gratitude. Sir William Meyer has served India with his whole heart and his whole ability, he richly deserved the tributes paid to him in the Council Chamber and the Press.

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The Budget 1918-1919.

The fourth war budget is a triumph of careful Finance. The revised estimates for the year 1917 and 1918 show an Imperial surplus of 5,800,000. Nearly half the total increase came from the Railways. The forecast for the year 1918-1919 anticipates an income of 108,347 millions and an expenditure of 106,151 millions which provides a surplus of 2,196 millions. War still overshadows our Finance and cripples all fruitful activity. Productive and paying works have to wait, capital expenditure on Railways and Irrigation has fallen from 14 to 3 millions. The demand for renewals after the war will be so great that new and productive works will not get their turn for a long while.

The Price of Peace.

The military expenditure has increased in the last four years from 19 millions to nearly 30 millions, which is more than ⅓ of the whole revenue of India, if we deduct from it 25 millions on account of the permanent Home Charges. It hardly represents any thing like what England is spending on the war, and is not a heavy price for peace; England's gift to India in spite of the turmoil that is shaking the earth.

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India's Share.

The share that India has taken in shouldering Imperial burdens has been generously acknowledged by English statesmen. India's effort so far as we are aware has not been equalled by any other part of the Empire. Our soldiers on all fronts have breasted the storming enemy armies and given their lives for the glory of the Motherland and the Empire. The story of the gallant deeds of our cavalry men in France will be told some day. The bare narrative which has been published tells of our men taking enemy ground and holding on till ordered to retire. The cold silence which covers the epics of this war, is one of those fetishes which some time win worship and are not easily overthrown The silence has something ominous about it. Stories of brave regiments marching to battle with drums beating and colours flying would have touched popular imagination and braced gallant hearts to fresh deeds of glory.

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The Financial Contribution.

The Finance Member clearly set forth the story of India's Financial aid. India is not rich but has a big heart. The free gift of 100 millions which in times of Peace she could not raise for her own needs, and was not sure if money could be found in the

country, speaks for itself. She accepted the burden carefully in the hope that she would be able to pay the interest in any case, and future generations liquidate the debt. India has been able to raise 36 millions out of the promised 100 in the country. Princes of India who have been much in the foreground and rule over ⅓ of India have contributed £428,000. India will complete this year an additional loan of 83 millions, out of which 67 millions have already been paid, besides honouring cheques to the value of 111 millions for exports and other charges which are 3½ times the ordinary drawing of the Secretary of State and half as much as the total Indian Revenues. India has kept its traditions and her gift may be accepted as a poor man's mite. The will is there, it is only the means that are wanting.

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The Discordant Voice.

Hon'ble Mr. Webb in a note talks of the prosperity of India and condemns the reluctance to fresh taxation. Hon'ble Mr. Webb will do well to make an enquiry into Rural Economics on the lines of Dr. Harold Mann, before making such sweeping assertions. It will show him the other side of the picture, and he will realise that prosperity of which he speaks has come to great trade centres like Karachi, Calcutta and Bombay and has not reached the villages. The produce has fetched a higher price but its production has cost more, and the necessities of life have increased enormously in value. The wage earner has never been worse off then he is to-day. The Imperial Council is not likely to object to an increase in the super-tax if it is raised to 50 per cent on large incomes. It will only place great merchants on a level with the landholding

classes, who have paid for years 50 per cent of their assets as a land tax besides another 10 per cent in local rates.

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The Education Grant.

The Finance Minister announced with satisfaction that £200,000 will be available for Primary Education and an equal amount as an additional grant has been promised for the same purpose. It will be as well if the Provinces spend these grants to some good purpose and save the proviucial allotment from the waste of starting Lower Primary schools. The need of the times is :

A few village schools maintained in central places to serve as models teaching agriculture and allied crafts, without unsettling the mind of the villager and taking him away from his vocation. The need of religious education should also be recognised and grants given to different denominations who contribute an equal amount and open village schools.

The Financial Problem.

Sir William Meyer had served his apprenticeship at the Finance Office years ago and had high ambition that when his turn came he would at least

(1) Make Government Funds available to relieve trade stringency.

(2) Extend the use of paper currency.

(3) And raise capital in India for productive works, establishing a direct nexus between the State and the small investors.

He could look back with satisfaction to the success attained in these directions which has saved Indian Finances

from a collapse in these critical times. The next step which has been so often advocated is the creation of a *State Bank with branches in every district to strengthen and maintain the connection which has been formed between the small investor and the State.*

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Fluctuating Exchange.

Fluctuating exchange often endangered Indian Finance in the past and is again an important factor in the financial situation of to-day. The silver has again been cornered against the Government of India. It has advanced to Rs. 112/4/- per 100 tolahs, which means that with silver bar weight for weight you need less number of rupees to purchase a gold sovereign. The exchange has been advanced, but the fiction of Rs. 15/- to a pound is maintained. Now that a gold mint has been established in India and we may have it minting sovereigns next month, is there any reason why a gold standard should not be established in India? Those who poured ridicule over the idea of minting gold in India will laugh no more. A gold currency supported by paper money, silver and nickel coinage on a metric basis on the same lines as proposed for England will set the currency problem at rest for all times.

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Problems of Indian Administration.

Mr. Lovett Fraser in an illuminating article which he contributes to the January issue of the *Edinburgh Review* surveys the whole problem of India with knowledge and clearness of vision. The influence, however, of the educated classes is not correctly appraised. It is men with vested interests in all countries who bring strength and stability to a Government. The people with vested interests are generally educated, or in touch with the

educated opinion. The landlord, the lawyer, the large merchant, the men in various services stand to lose their all, and are, therefore, in all countries the staunchest supporters of law and order. How can then the educated classes in India with intelligence and vested interests drift away from the Government? The toiling millions are heavy laden and still unconscious of the great future that awaits them under the British rule, they are influenced by the catch words which the educated men supply them. The psychology of the crowd does not differ materially in India from that of the people of other countries. The Government of India, therefore, can only be strong by the support of men with vested interests; the educated and professional classes.

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Long Cycle of Strife.

Mr. Lovett Fraser writes, "The warning of history is that whenever Teutonic tribes in Northern Europe begin their war-like migrations a long cycle of strife has always followed, even if by some miracle the war ended to-morrow we should still be on the threshold of prolonged political and economic dissensions. We are confronted with a solid block of German influence, stretching from Antwerp to the upper waters of the Tigris, and the doors of the East are opening to our foes." The changed circumstances more than ever call for a unity of purpose and will, between England and India. India under British rule will have to guard the gates of the East and play no mean part in the affairs of the West. Mr. Lovett Fraser rightly remarks that the talk of the inscrutable East is all moonshine. "India is intensely emotional and the governing authorities, great and small, took no adequate steps to guide the generous

eagerness of the people of India into the right channels." This is really the key note of the situation. The people of India are conservative. They have a great regard for the British rule. They are anxious to serve and to help, but they need guidance and inspiration. It is only great English statesmen, dreaming great dreams about India, and with Indians who can guide the country in this its period of transition. The tendency to place too much reliance on the recent "development of scientific warfare which have placed in the hands of stable governments infinitely more potent means for the suppression of rebellion than have ever before existed" is out of place. India has proved her faith in flaming fires of the world war. From the young lives which sons of India have given freely spring imperishable love and strength and wisdom, and what is needed is statesmanship to use this love and strength and wisdom for the great good of India and England. No shop ideals ought to be permitted to overshadow the future relations of India and England.

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First Duty.

"Our first duty" writes Mr. Lovett Fraser "is to maintain the security of India and to guard against any weakening of the British control which alone shields India's millions from external attack and internal ruin." This is perfectly true, but the solid fabric of British rule can only be strengthened by the willing and active co-operation of the people. There is no other way. India has not failed in the past and can be trusted in the future. Mr. Fraser contemplates reforms on the lines suggested by Mr. Curtis working slowly towards responsible Government, and would reconstruct the India Office to secure greater efficiency. The

proposed reforms will provide the necessary machinery but nothing will win affection for the Government of India unless Indian affairs are handled by statesmen who know the value of imagination in politics and the value of educating opinion. The Government must bring home to the people that their largest interests and highest aspirations are safe in her hands. ***

The Forests.

India has a great asset in its forests and when this potential wealth is fully developed it will contribute in no small measure to the prosperity of the country. In the United Provinces nearly $\frac{1}{10}$ of the area is under forests. When we hear of the stringent grazing forest rules, we should also remember that no trees will grow with free grazing. Mr. Clutterbuck's report of the administration of the United Provinces Forests is an inspiring record of good work, promising great results in the future. One of the most interesting experiments undertaken is the afforestation of the Etawah Divisions on a substantial scale. Its success will mean in the near future the conversion of an unproductive ravine into a great fuel and fodder preserve. The other Provinces will do well to start on the same lines; an early start in plantations means a great advance. The enormous economic importance of these experiments cannot be exaggerated. In other directions experiments are being made of various grasses for paper factories. A factory has been established at Ramanagar for the manufacture of dyes. In Kumaun there is a possibility of distilling tar. Turpentine and Resin industries have made great progress. The factory at Bhowali contributed a profit of 3·3 lakhs. The net financial results show an income of 53·8 lakhs, and an expenditure of 28·4 lakhs leaving a surplus of 25 lakhs.

This is a record for the Province which we hope will be beaten many times over in the years to come.

* * *

Education in the Punjab.

The quinquennial report on the progress of education in the Punjab just issued is remarkably lucid and frank. The expenditure has risen from 69 lakhs in 1911-1912 to 109 lakhs in 1916-1917 and the number of students from 381,000 to 477,000 but these figures in a way are misleading as the aggregate in the two lowest Primary classes discounts 220,649. The Secondary and higher education are now safely started. The energies and the interests of the educated classes are a sure guarantee that education above the Primary standards will continue to receive great support and a greater impulse to progress, in the times to come.

* * *

Education of the Agriculturist.

It is the education of villagers and the women that deserves special attention. Village education is without the breath and inspiration of life, it has no practical or spiritual value. It is no wonder that the villagers leave it alone. The only way to make education easier in the villages of the Punjab is to give Punjabi its rightful position as the mother tongue of the Province, and leave the question of script to local option. To communities like the Sikhs who are working towards a system of village education there should be given freedom of working out their own curricula. The good old rule laid down by the Local Government in 1912-1913, that the Government would bear two-thirds of the cost of salaries of all trained teachers employed by local bodies and half of the cost of untrained teachers, and would also defray two-thirds

of the grants earned by aided elementary schools ought to be followed. It is well to err on the side of generosity.

* * *

Female Education.

Female Education somehow has not received anywhere in India the attention it deserves. The policy of Female Education is being shaped in a haphazard way. There is no Training College for women teachers in the Punjab. The make-shift arrangement for training women in ordinary colleges will never do. Female Education in the Punjab is just at its start, it is likely to expand in the coming ten years with greater rapidity than in any other province in India. Punjab will do well to train its women teachers. A Training College should be started immediately after the war entirely under English teachers who come from England with a mission to help their Indian sisters to a larger life. Money spent now will be money well spent, it will insure the future contentment and prosperity of Indian homes. We congratulate Mr. Richey on his report and in another five years we hope he will be in a position to report that education in the Punjab has passed through its present unsettled state and started on its upward path in response to the growing material, mental and spiritual, needs of the Province.

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The Defence of Drink.

Hon'ble Mr. Sarma's anti-drink resolution excited lively discussion and was eventually lost. The stout defenders of drink pleaded in the words of an Indian poet that it is not the drink that brings bad name, but rather the drink gets a bad name in the company of fools. However, the laws are made not for the wise men but for men who need restraint. It was said that the Sikhs are fond of drink. And yet " don't use fermented juice which

works the wit abuse," say the Sikh Gurus. All religions condemn drink and not without reason. Ask of the broken women when the bread earner takes to drink, if they like drink, ask the forlorn father, the deserted wife when lands are sold, and every thing goes to the pawn, what they think of drink. Ask the judges of the Chief Court of the Punjab, the crime that can be traced to drink, and then the defenders of drink will admit that they have voted for the Devil. If the Government cannot discourage drink *it might in any case provide an asylum for the habitual drunkards.* There is no such institution in India, and defenceless women have to suffer and endure the beast which drink awakens in man. Let the villagers have the option to close shops whenever they come to a mutual agreement about it. Take a population ignorant, illiterate and growing out of belief, who is to control it from going to the bad, if Government stands aside and talks of the petty utilities of drink ?

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The Grim Battle.

The Great German offensive in France with armies sweeping onward like a swarm of bees defying death and gaining ground by sheer weight of men, by our brave soldiers, we hope, has again been stopped. These are eventful days of suspense and hope and triumph. Mr. Asquith has given voice to the unchanging will of the English nation confident of ultimate victory. There is the same unwavering resolution, the same faith in the high ideals and the same thrilling resolution in the ultimate attainment of a complete victory which marked the early days of war. The future of India depends on the victory of British arms and thank God her beloved England is strong and the Empire and the immortal France.

HOW THE SONS OF INDIA GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE EMPIRE.

IN the rush and energy of the immediate present, with stirring events engaging the attention of all classes of our great community, there is a tendency to forget by what means in the past, we are enjoying at home our present security. Though one ally after another has entered into the arena of war to fight for the world's freedom, we must never lose sight of those who offered to aid us in our hour of pressing need.

When the European war broke out, it was the native princes, and men of India who were first to tender their personal services; and the assistance was most opportune for they are adepts in the arts of warfare, and were reasonably glad of the opportunity of exhibiting their soldierly proclivities for such a good cause.

With the raising of our new army at Home, of the 100,000 men called for by the late Lord Kitchener, came India's loyal proposal, which was received with deep feelings of pride. The Government knowing full well that reliance could be placed on such a valuable addition to our immediate home resources. Perhaps the magnificent welcome accorded to our King-Emperor, George V and his gracious Consort Queen Mary, at the Delhi Durbar may

have secretly led us to believe, that, should European hostilities ever break out, (the possibilities of which we had been constantly reminded) we had a faithful nation to turn to, that would never fail us after so many years of true, and tried devotion! We were not deceived in our hopes, neither had we over-estimated our grip on the hearts of the people. There was no holding back: no hesitation, no waiting to see what our colonies would do,—in this heart-whole spontaneous generosity, lay the chief value of India's loyalty.

Our Press was loud in the praise of such practical manifestation of brotherhood, and by none of us, however closely we are drawn towards our Eastern allies, was this message received with such just pride and satisfaction as by our King-Emperor himself, who expressed in words of affectionate readiness, his acceptation of such a grand coalition on the part of his beloved subjects.

The good news soon spread: gratitude was on the lips of many. A sense of security seemed to steady the nation, and all concerned in the conflict. 'The Indians are coming.' 'The Indian Princes are crossing the water and coming to our aid' and so forth.

It was forsooth a goodly company. The troops were accompanied by Princes and Maharajas of many States. A few names may be quoted from General French's Despatches at the time.

* The foremost on the list is the name of the veteran warrior, H. H. Sir Partab Singh Bahadur, G.S.C.I., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., A.D.C., who offered his services and brought his own

* This list is copied from "*Nelson's History of the War*," Vol 4, Page 254. The names mentioned here are included in Despatches by General French, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France.

regiment to France at his own expense. He was the chief of the Rahtor Rajputs, a descendant of the conquerors of Aurungzebe, who had already had a long and glorious career."

Hon. Lieut. H. H. The Maharaja of Jodhpur
Maharaja-Regent of Jodhpur;

Hon. Col. H. H. Sir Ganga Singh Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., A.D.C., Maharaja of Bikanir;

Hon. Major H. H. Sir Mandan Singh, K.C.S.I., Bahadur
Maharaja Dhiraj of Kishangarh;

Hon. Capt. The Hon'ble Malik Umar of Kishangarh, C.I.E., M.V.O., Tiwana;

Hon. Lieut. Raj-Kumar Hira Singh of Panna;

Hon. Lieut. Maharaj-Kumar Hitendra Narayan of Cooch Behar;

Lieut. Malik Mumtaz Mahomed Khan, Native Indian Land Forces;

Rasaldar Khwaja Mahomed Khan Bahadur, Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides.

Hon. Capt. Shah Mirza Beg and others are serving with the Indian Contingents."

Accompanied by the above were Gurkhas, Sikhs, Pathans and Sepoys.

Miss Massia Bibikoff in her book "*Our Indians at Marseilles*," (translated into English by Leonard Huxley) is very lavish in her praise of the Indian regiments that were stationed in the various camps, at Parc Borély, La Peune, and at Marseilles. She speaks often of the varied types of men, and is enthusiastic over their warlike and fine physique, often alluding especially to the 57th and 59th Sikhs as being of splendid warlike appearance. This

lady, who was permitted to visit the various stations for sketching and portraiture, met everywhere with the greatest courtesy and kindness, from the Maharajas and all in authority.

The Indians were not tardy in organising their plans, and calling out the troops who were to form the several divisions, to be placed at the service of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France.

One cloudless day in September 1914 the ships bearing a precious freight of fearless fighting men arrived at Marseilles. They embarked with that agility and silent stealthiness that is characteristic of the Oriental. Never had 'Fair France' beheld such a sight, or rejoiced more truly than when this crowd of earnest-minded troops formed in line, to march out to the several camps provided for their reception.

Gay with flags, rippling in the light breeze, from Cannebière, to the Prado, the progress along the road was a sight never to be forgotten. The crowd had waited in eager expectation to express their welcome, which could only be manifested by gesticulation—by the donning of their best attire—by strewing their path with flowers, by beaming smiles, and waving hands, and fluttering kerchief. The scene wore an animated Kaleidoscopic effect, as of a moving sea of many colours. The quaint foreign uniforms denoting the various castes moved the bystanders to curiosity and admiration. It was perchance the first time our bronzed-faced brothers had looked upon the fair-faced beautiful daughters of the West dawning into womanhood, and no wonder glances were exchanged, and smiles that faded to sadness too soon, as the long procession passed from

sight. But old and young, man or maid,—together with the peasant children were all impatient to express their unbridled joy, at so goodly a company in their midst on this festal day, prognostic of great future possibilities.

The glorious cloudless weather contributed to the honest welcome, and added warmth, as well as beauty to cheer those who had voyaged far, many for the first time in their lives having deserted their homes for a foreign land at the call to arms. It was a perfect day—such as the sons of India love and it was an event in the war that will for ever be engraven in the memory of all who participated therein.

When the pageant had passed away from sight and hearing—when the tramp,—tramp,—that sound that once heard, is never forgotten—that even, decisive, tread, of a one-souled company marching to reach a far distant goal—had resolved into silence—the crowd dispersed, and sadness for awhile held the listeners spell bound, as the echoing track of the recent procession alone vibrated in their hearts. The trampled flowers were soon the only witnesses left of that momentous event of colour, light, and movement, a phantasmagoria—out of whose mystery so much might emanate to influence the future of the world!

The camps were soon transformed from chaos into order, for those who were to sojourn therein. The distribution of the several Brigades had already been determined upon. Four camps had been assigned to the newly arrived Indian troops. These were the camps of La Barasse, La Valentine, St. Marcel, and La Prune. The second part of the first contingent was settled in the neighbourhood of Marseilles for the time being.

Unluckily, the glorious weather of bright warm sunshine did not long continue. The temperature lowered, and damp and cold which turned to drizzling rain set in, and continued more or less for some time. This proved very trying at first. It was a novel experience of a disagreeable nature, to which, however, the new comers adapted themselves with that stoicism that is an inherited trait of character among Orientals—a silent acceptance of what cannot be overcome by human intervention.

No time was lost. As early as the 19th and 20th of October, the services of the Indian troops were enlisted, and tasks were assigned to the several Divisions. The Lahore Division under Major-General Watkis was sent to support the 2nd Corps in the neighbourhood of Lacon, while the 2nd Battalion of the 7th Indian Brigade and some of the Lahore Division were heavily engaged in assisting the 7th Brigade in fighting round Neuve Chapelle. All these and others "did excellent service." The 47th Sikhs and the 20th and 21st companies of the 3rd Sappers and Miners were also mentioned in General French's despatches, as "having distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct in the attack on Neuve Chapelle." In fact the despatches already referred to are full of praise of the conduct of the Indian regiments. We must not forget to mention a few others. 'The Meerut Division,' 'the Secunderabad Cavalry Brigade,' 'the Jodhpur Lancers,' 'the 8th Gurkha Rifles of the Bareilly Brigade,' the 9th Bhopal Infantry and the 20th and 21st companies of the 1st Sappers and Miners. Their behaviour deeply impressed all who either commanded, or who came in touch with them.

The Indian method of warfare differing widely from that practiced by Europeans, particularly in the present

campaign, was bound to place them at a temporary disadvantage—for this reckless scientific conflict that stops at nothing in respect to its fiendish inventions, was bound to come as a revelation to Asiatics. Added to these detriments, the severity of the whole winter and early spring of 1914 and 1915, rendered speedy operations a difficult problem. Continual rain storms, fog, and mist, arising from the ploughed up ground, the liquid fire, wire entanglements, together with other obstacles to progress made the conditions under which the Indian soldiers fought new and perpetual hinderances to the utmost display of their inborn relentless fighting capacity. The cold, had culminated in ice, and first attacked them cruelly, with the painful experience of 'frost-bite' to which many alas eventually succumbed, or were invalided out of the ranks. Although a low temperature, is accompanied with snow in many parts of India, that severe *penetrating* cold, produced by damp and thaw, by fierce sweeping north east winds, and the ever present state of slush and icy mud, proved most uncongenial. These were ills to combat against which they had, had, but little experience hitherto.

Notwithstanding these new trials the Indians fought their many foes, bravely and unflinchingly. Their silent, stealthy methods often took the enemy unprepared. When peace and stillness seemed to hold all things; aided by deep shadows cast by the moonlight, they managed to creep noiselessly into the presence of the sleeping belligerent foe, and despatch a whole occupied trench with deadly precision. In these and other methods of their own, the Indians are adepts in the art of silent, but sure surprises!

As soon as the troops arrived in Europe, the organisation of hospitals for the reception of those wounded in battle

became a matter of deep concern both in France, and England. There were, however, many difficulties to be overcome, owing to the traditional and religious scruples that still exist between Eastern and Western nations. But the Indians brought with them their own doctors, and men nurses, their cooks, their dressers, and providers of food; for their meals required a special mode of preparation. The shadow of a Christian forgetfully being made to fall over a repast rendered the meal uneatable. Certain formalities, overlooked, often retarded the progress of the ménage.

Still this did not hinder our readiness to give them of our best. Although the wounded who were convalescent enough to be conveyed across the water, were, for a short time stationed under canvas in Hants, His Majesty King George not being satisfied with the shelter afforded to his beloved Indian subjects exhibited so much concern for their comfort, and well being, that shortly after their arrival, His Majesty visited Brockenhurst, Hants, England, where a special Hospital hereafter known as *Lady Hardinge Hospital for the Indian Wounded*, was planned. Day by day, and almost up to the midnight hours, the workmen, carpenters, and men of many trades, from the villages and elsewhere worked unceasingly at a very high rate of wages, till all arrangements were satisfactorily established. The huts were of wood, covered with corrugated iron, lined with asbestos to withstand the inclement weather, and every convenience possible was amply provided. This compound skirted the high road between Brockenhurst and Boldre. It had been a pasture field, and was generously loaned by Mrs. Morrant of Brockenhurst Park. Hotels, and even private houses, were also commandeered for war purposes, in

Lyndhurst, Limington, Milford-on-Sea, and in other vicinities around Brockenhurst, and Boldre.

The vast New Forest seemed to delight those who were stationed in the immediate neighbourhood. They were permitted to wander through its miles of golden flowering gorse, and purple ling and heather,—its radiant autumn tinted bracken, and its sun bathed mossy expanse of deep solitude, edged on the horison with the purple low hills of the Isle of Wight in the far far distance. For many months the Indian convalescent soldiers were to be seen. We met them in our village shops, bartering for homely purchases. We saw them in groups, conversing together. They often wandered to the railway station, when trains were due. Their interest in our historic surroundings was very real; but what seemed to charm them most, was the children of our poor: those little ones with flaxen, or golden hair, and deep blue eyes—with milk-white skins and rosy cheeks, who when the first shyness wore away, would clasp the hand, or smile fearlessly in return at the tall stranger who resembled to them the hero of their romantic folk-lore stories. Few could exchange words, though many soldiers picked up English readily enough.

The smile was *always* reciprocated, hospitality, and comradeship were never withheld. Awe-struck little children would gather posies of flowers, to press into the hands of those who resembled the heroes of their dreams and romances. The strange costumes and richly coloured turbans, wonderously arranged, so closely to the dark glittering eyes, seemed to suggest to their imagination the living embodiment of strength and prowess. Thus love overcame fear and only produced a wordless wonder that inspired awe and respect.

Asiatics in our midst soon created a profound impression. Daily the progress of the war proved the subject of vital interest to all. Rich and poor of all ages grew grave and thoughtful: for our small village community was becoming depleted, and from many homes even the bread winners were called to serve. The still nights that followed, made the incessant rumble of troop-ladened trains audible; and rumours that disturbed rest were constantly being brought home to us. The bravery and endurance and the splendid work of these sons of India, encouraged many to do as they had done, and leave all to join the great conflict of right against might. When we read of their fortitude on the wind-swept tracts of desolated France—on the muddy plains of Flanders, our gratitude deepened, we began to understand how much they had given up, in order to gain us security in our homes and how their presence on the battle fields, and in the deep, damp trenches, held the enemy at bay. We felt the chain of a true brotherhood was lengthening; new links were being added by the burning power of an all conquering Love.

* *

There in an alien land, many of our brothers by adoption now lie side by side with our own brave men. They gave their own lives that the lives of others might be prolonged. They fought and suffered and many fell as they wish to fall—heroes of the battle field for the gods have decreed "Thou shalt fight," and to die in battle is the dearest wish of every true born warrior.

Their story has yet to be written: when the final victory is proclaimed. Other hands than those of the writer of this humble tribute, will have that glorious task

of recounting the deeds of these brave men, who participated in the struggle and perchance marched side by side, shoulder to shoulder, into the area of strife.

When the huge cannon roars, and the lumbering tank traverses—when the aeroplanes soar, and the deadly schrapnel bursts with its murderous missiles; and the gas chokes and suffocates, and new armies and divisions still contend for their progress, mile by mile; over the worn and torn down-trodden lands, many an Indian lies at rest unheeding and deaf to all continual disturbances around.

Their work is finished. They have paid the supreme sacrifice. So far, good has not yet triumphed over evil, and enemies worse than brute beasts, indulge in crime and cruelty that cannot be disclosed, but the day of reckoning will come and the great High Priest of all Nations will mete out retribution with His own Just Hands.

Our noble allies have taken their part in this fight for Freedom, Justice, Honour, therefore, we have our part to play for them. We have to progress as they have aided us to hope for, therefore, we must exhibit and establish truer comradeship and Love ; aloofness must be rolled away for ever, even as the mist of the early morning disperses before the strength of the rising sun. A new born era must dawn equally for all with whom we have allied ourselves to serve one King-Emperor of many lands.

The intense wickedness that has stained the pages of the world's history on the one hand must bring into prominence the good, the bright, the beautiful on the other. We must open our hearts in return for all that has been achieved t

keep our enemies at bay—for this holy alliance has been sealed in blood ; and benefits must be reaped which will prove of lasting salve to our Indian people as well as to ourselves.

Sleep brothers sleep! there are many among us who will never forget your loyalty, and your glorious self-sacrifice. Your warfare is accomplished—your lives were not given in vain.

" Your last fierce fight with man, and fate, and self,
Is ended, and unaltered will remain,
To take the verdict of a Higher Court
Than this world can command—"
and surely *all is well.*

C. M. SALWEY.

HINDU CASTE—ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE caste-system of India is a favourite subject of declamation with learned persons. They consider it to be the one and only cause of Hindu degeneracy. They attribute it to priestcraft. A recent writer considered it to be a Brahminical (*ergo* devilish) institution, and sighed for the Vedic period in which competition regulated social position.

The reason why the caste-system is so much denounced is that it is based upon the idea of human inequality—an unlucky idea, however sound. Unlucky, because it is opposed to the idea of human equality—which, whether sound or unsound, has acquired a considerable influence over men's minds. Ever since the French Revolution, this doctrine of equality has been making a great noise in our little world. It is seldom clearly or correctly understood, but it sounds well—and that is, as a rule, all that we superficial moderns care for.

But are men really equal? Certainly not. There may, then, be classes among them? Quite so: but why divide them into castes? To some men this question is a puzzle. To others it is marvellously irritating—it upsets their reason, inflames their passions, and calls forth from them a world of indignation against Manu, Yajuyaralsaya

and others—primeval cheats and villains who forged the fetters of caste for the sake of priestly domination. But do things appear always in the same light? Did not the great Aristotle, who was neither priest nor Brahmin, divide men into Greeks and barbarians, and regard the latter as generically inferior to the former? Did not the brave Spartan treat the poor *helot* as a thing without individuality, without human sensibilities? Did not the proud Roman *patrician* consider the poor *plebeian* as fit only to do his work and fight his battles? Did not the haughty Norman Baron look upon the subjugated Anglo-Saxons as a race of cow-herds and swine-herds? And what is the history of an individual? Is it not a series of varying and inconstant impressions? Does he not, in childhood, look upon men and things in one light; in another light in youth; in yet another in manhood; in still another in old-age? Modes of thought and feeling change with time and country. Fetishism is not our religion, and the philosophy of Kapild sounds to our ears like a volley of riddles. Our moral and intellectual standpoint is different from that of the ancient Hindu sages. If, then, we find Manu dividing men into castes separated from each other by insurmountable barriers, what right have we to call him a designing villain, or, indeed, to regard his social legislation in any other light than as the natural and necessary expression of the national culture of his time?

It should also be noted that the caste-system—in the Indian form—existed among the ancient Persians, among the ancient Egyptians, among the Chaldeans, among the Babylonians and among many other of the primitive nations of Asia. Compulsory slavery, corresponding to the

slavery of the Indian Sudra, existed in Greece and in Rome, in Carthage and in Phoenicia. The Party of the Mountain and the Party of the Plain were two castes, just as were the *patricians* and *plebeians* of Rome. This wide geographical area of caste shews that it was in its time a natural and necessary institution without which society could not have developed or progressed.

But why make caste hereditary? If we ask, why not make caste hereditary, the reply is that it crushes talent and hinders progress—besides being unjust to the individual. But then, is not this a fact only recently established- one which it has taken Europe centuries to arrive at? Did the Greeks and the Romans frame their social institutions with the object of enabling their tanners, cobblers and blacksmiths to become soldiers, statesmen and philosophers? The Greek conceptionof national life differed from that of the Romans, and the Roman from that of the Egyptians. Even a particular nation is guided by diverse ideals at different periods in its comparatively short history. To take England as an example: the age of Elizabeth—the epoch of the pagan renaissance—had free natural life for its ideal; the next age aimed at a life of licensed libertinism; the age which followed that of the last Stuarts—the epoch of the Christian renaissance—announces its own ideal; while the present age is instinct with the spirit of industrialism. And have not English social and political institutions changed with each change in the ideal of national life? If so why should we condemn Indian caste because it is hereditary?

The system was organised by Manu, his predecessors and his successors, more than 3,000 years ago. At that

time there was no secular ideal of national life in India; the Hindus of that age were, like many primitive peoples, profoundly spiritual—caring more for their gods than for their goods. Therefore, their ideal of national life naturally could not be anything but a spiritual one; and the spiritual leaders of a spiritual people could not be expected to define social institutions in a way which would have secured the attainment of the secular ideal but recently embraced by the people of Europe. Even supposing, then, that the hereditary character of the Indian caste-system was owing to Brahmanical legislation, that legislation was certainly not evil in its purpose.

But it is more than probable that the hereditary character of Indian caste was not due to Brahmanical, or, indeed, to any sort of arbitrary legislation. Orientalists and students of Indian history agree in thinking that the laws of Manu, in many instances, simply reflect society as he found it. Legislation is generally based upon usage; and where it is not, it simply anticipates conditions which may appear to a superior mind to be consistent with the past development of the people for whom it is intended.

It is found that, left to themselves, men generally adopt the occupations of their fathers. The chief reason is that it is easier and more convenient to do this than to take up an entirely new occupation, never practised by anyone closely connected. It is easier because it is more natural, and in greater accordance with the laws of individual development. In some inscrutable manner, mental tendencies, spiritual as well as secular, descend from generation to generation. We all understand what is meant by family traits or characteristics; it is owing to these that families

become marked off from each other—broadly and distinctly—like individuals. This fact is daily felt and acknowledged by us in our social intercourse. One's first contact with an unknown family gives rise to shyness, reserve and hesitation; it fills the mind with the impression of a new presence, on an unknown manner of thinking and feeling, of a definite power capable of acting like an individual, of a peculiar and particular entity. We feel a family to be a *thing*—vague but real, diffuse but distinct, ideal but individual; it is a feeling of individuality like that of race, genus and species. The fact of which this feeling is an expression is the great fact of the hereditary transmission of moral tendencies, by means of which Herbert Spencer explains the moral development of the human race.

This transmission of domestic instincts has reference not only to man's emotional, but also to his active nature. Hence a blacksmith's son feels a greater inclination to be a blacksmith than to be a potter or a basket-maker. The principle operates not only in Asia but also in Europe, where hereditary caste has never existed. In England, for instance, the Granvilles, the Walpoles, the Pitts, the Derbys, the Mills, the Cannings, the Herschels, the Barings and the Morleys all furnish illustrations of this principle.

Indeed, this principle works everywhere, and, in the absence of opposing forces, gives to Society the form it has assumed in India. And its power is greatly enhanced by the circumstance that definite knowledge, training and experience are on the side on which it works. Thus a blacksmith's son has a smithy for a nursery. He breathes the atmosphere of his father's craft. Day after day he sees bellows, hammers falling upon anvils, iron bars glowing in the fire and so on; thus he becomes a smith in

thought and sentiment before he has learnt to lift a hammer or take a bar from the fire. On the other hand, the smith knows his own craft better than anything else and accordingly prefers to apprentice his son to it. This is quite natural. Even in Europe, where the industrial spirit is more plastic than in Asia, the case is not much different. European biographical literature shews that parents are partial to their own occupations, and that the force of this very natural prepossession is sufficient to produce domestic friction by exacting compliance with parental desires. Thus both father and son naturally gravitate towards hereditary labour.

Bearing these potent factors in mind, let us consider another important point bearing on the caste-system. Why is it that caste, hereditary in Asia, has never been so in Europe? Because, in the pursuit of material occupations, Europeans are more active, elastic, speculative and ambitious than Asiatics. This difference is a matter of climate and religion—or rather tone of mind. The climate of Asia is far more enervating than that of Europe: hence Asiatics are more fond of repose and less capable of sustaining the wear and tear of industrial life. Therefore, when an Asiatic takes up a particular occupation he becomes less disposed to change it—in fact, less capable of doing so—than a European; and as industrial education really begins in infancy and industrial instincts are strengthened before many years are attained, the natural inertia of the Asiatic fixes him in his occupation at too early an age for there to be much likelihood of his subsequently changing it.

This marked difference between the European and the Asiatic is often overlooked. For instance, at the present time it is properly considered that educated Hindus might

well engage in trade and other callings, but it is a false plea urged in their favour that it is lack of capital which prevents their doing so. What really keeps them away from independent labour is not lack of capital but rather that Asiatic languor of mind and body which avoids hard work as a curse and new work as a new infliction.

So much for the Asiatic climate, which thus makes for the adoption of the father's calling by the son. The attitude of the Hindu mind towards secular affairs is another influence exerted in the same direction. The *Vedanta* teaches that everything but the soul is transient, illusory, worthless; and in the circumstances of ancient Hindu life this doctrine made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the race. Being ambitious of nothing but absorption in the Deity, the Hindu naturally saw nothing wrong in hereditary caste; on the contrary, he felt it to be suited to his temperament, for it secured for him the conditions of a spiritual life and ensured their fulfilment by making it impossible for a secular ideal of life to arise in his mind—much less to take possession of it.

In the light of this explanation—of which priestly machination forms no part—the Hindu caste-system appears, not as an abuse from the faith of antiquity, but as a natural and necessary institution, having its basis in the deepest principles of human nature, in the most fundamental laws of Asiatic physical life and in the urgent spiritual call of the ancient Hindu heart. Viewed in this manner, it will not suffer by comparison with the classification of Society in the Vedic Age. Great merit is sometimes claimed for the latter because it gave more scope to talent, and because it left out of account the hereditary principle;

but it is often forgotten that a lower stage of civilisation implies imperfect social organisation, and that what appears to an advanced age to have been a wise institution of antiquity may be nothing more than the accident of an undeveloped condition of Society. A Society with few material requirements may dispense with many of those caste rules and restrictions which a more developed form of Society, with an ever-increasing demand for material production, finds it necessary to impose upon itself. In such a case, to credit the earlier and more unfettered Society with superior wisdom would be like crediting a community of savages in the enjoyment of complete personal freedom with greater political sagacity than the rulers of an advanced European or American community of our own time, with a minute system of laws governing their action, thought and speech.

Thus the Brahminical caste-system succeeding the Vedic classification did not mean decline, degeneracy or deliberate destruction ; it simply indicated the advent of a larger Society requiring severer and more systematic regulation. Manu certainly displays no evil intention in his institutions. There is nothing invidious in his regulations regarding the three "twice-born" castes. It is only in reference to the Sudras that he appears cruel, illiberal and unjust; but it is more than doubtful whether this apparent cruelty, illiberality and injustice were his own, or Brahminical in origin. For the Sudras were the subjugated aborigines of ancient India, gradually absorbed into Aryan society; they were known as Dasyas, and were regarded by the first Aryans as enemies of themselves and their gods, and considered to be a race of beings inferior to Man. All this is only too clear in the Vedic hymns, and is a guide as

to how we should interpret the cruelty and narrow-mindedness of Manu's legislation regarding the Sudra class. That legislation would have been equally severe had it been the work of the Vedic age.

There is another point of view from which we should consider Manu's legislation. Manu was a Brahmin—how does he treat his own caste? The *Sanhita* makes it perfectly clear that the discipline prescribed for the Brahminical class involved an amount of self-denial, self-annihilation and mental and bodily suffering considerably in excess of that which fell to the lot of the Sudra. In this he can hardly be accused of selfish priestcraft! Again, to sustain the theory that the slavery of the Indian Sudra was due to such a cause, it would be necessary to find a similar reason for that of the Spartan *helot*—in fact, for ancient slavery in general. On the contrary, there was little or no priestcraft in the Indian sense in Greece, Rome, Carthage, Phoenicia or Sicily—though in all of these places the condition of the slave was far more wretched than that of the Hindu Sudra. The fact is that the ancients thought differently from ourselves and looked upon men and things with a different eye—and this fact should be borne in mind when we are considering ancient institutions.

But whatever the true nature of Manu's caste, it is with regret that we observe the growth of a considerably more mischievous caste in India to-day. The educated Hindus are responsible for this new caste, and it works in a manner unknown in the ancient social system of the country. In that system, though caste was separated from caste by insurmountable social barriers, there were very

few of those moral barriers which the educated Hindus of to-day have set up between themselves and the great uneducated mass of their countrymen. The following account of the old village life will make this fact abundantly clear :

> The *karta* (*paterfamilias*) of a large and respected Brahmin or Kayasth family in a village has taken his seat, after nightfall, in his spacious *chandimandap* (reception hall). With him are sitting and conversing one or two servants of the *bagri* (low) caste and his *krishan* (agricultural servant), provided with a goodly stock of tobacco and a fire in an earthenware pot. Some gentlemen of the village come in and take their seats by the *karta's* side. The old *krishan* hears a lusty call from his master, and immediately the *hookah* begins to circulate. In a few minutes the *mandal*, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the barber, the agriculturist of the village make their welcome appearance, are lustily greeted by the *karta* and his friends, make their *pranams* (salutations) as lustily, and, with the assistance of the *karta's krishan*, help themselves to the delicious *chillum*. The *karta*, his friends, his servants and his visitors then engage in conversation—in the course of which the state of the crops is fully discussed, the village market is criticised; Uncle Blacksmith deplores the decline of business and receives a promise of work from the *karta* and his friends; his good friend the agriculturist reports the theft of his plough and is comforted by being told that the *karta* will give him an old plough next morning for friendship's sake; Cousin Barber informs the *karta* that Sister Tara (of the *bagri* caste) and Aunt Puddo (of the milkman caste) appeared in rags at the *hat* (market)—whereupon the *karta* tells his *krishan* that Sister Tara and Sister Puddo are each to receive some cloth next day. The company continues thus for hours till it

breaks up to meet again on the following evening. During the day the, *karta*, besides looking after his own affairs, attends to the affairs of all whose reduced condition requires general supervision—enquires at each poor house whether there is food in it, and finally takes his meal after the poorest man or woman in the village has received his or her handful of food.

Thus lived the high caste Hindu of old—loving and respecting everyone, loved and respected by everyone; tolerating no barriers between himself and the humblest person in the village; doing his best to satisfy everyone's wants, adjusting quarrels, discouraging intemperance and promoting good-feeling—a good friend to the poor and a true representative of the people. But who behaves in this manner now-a-days? Who is now the friend of the poor and the backbone of the race? None. The present-day Anglicized Hindu despises everyone but himself; he thinks it a humiliation to sit with, or converse familiarly with a *chasa* or a *karmiker*; to him the touch of a labourer is as the touch of vermin. He cares not whether the crops are good or bad, and he has never a grain of rice or a *pice* for the starving. Is it for him, an aristocrat, to stand between two quarrelling villagers? No—he has an aesthetic horror of the poorer quarters and takes care to confine his movements to the region between the solid house that was built by his forefathers and the pretentious gardens which he himself has planted. He thus becomes a world unto himself but a cipher to the great mass of his countrymen; his presence in his village is felt by none, and when he leaves it his departure is as that of a foreigner.

Does not this type of Hindu represent a caste of a very much more pernicious kind than the ancient Brahminical

caste which he is so fond of denouncing in the newspapers, at public meetings and to his European friends? The evil has gone far enough, but it is to be hoped that he will awake to the fact that so long as this monstrous modern caste remains unbroken neither his public nor his private life can be anything but a dreary blank. Only when his heart is with his people will political associations composed of his kind be of much value.

S. B. DAY.

THE VISION.

'Where there is no vision, the people perish.'

In a Vision, to-day, of the Vale of the Years,
In the Kingdoms of Time and of Space,
Where the Soul shall attain to a triumph of tears
That shall gird it again for the race;
Be it stern the descent to the nethermost woe
Of a rapt re-arising again,—
There are Feet, my belovèd, that come and that go
Unafraid, thro' the furnace of pain.

On a dial, the Angels may read as they run,
With a story of stars on its face,
In a Temple, that stands like a flower, in the sun,
On the messenger-paths they embrace;
There's a hand of divine intimation and dread;
There's a sound like the sound of the sea;—
And the Wings, my belovèd, of Music, are spread,
That shall tarry with you and with me.

O'er the edge of a world re-immersed in a mist
Of the mortal,—and fraught with alarm,
Howsoever the uttermost summit insist,
Or the innermost solitude charm;

'Mid the sun and the wind and the sleet and the rain
On the paths pioneers shall plod,—
My belovèd, the Voices are calling again;
That shall speak to the peoples, of God.

In the cursèd abyss of our sorrow and shame,
That's a tomb of the Spirit indeed,
Where the devils are legion, and legion the name
Of our own indescribable need;
In the loathèd retreats of our lust and our lies,
In the dens where we torture and slay,
My belovèd, e'en here shall the Vision arise,—
And the Angel shall stand in the way.

In the strenuous shades that the Spirit has sought
For a chrism of fire and of dew,
In the chambers where strange transmutations are
wrought,
In the name of the old and the new;
At the loom, at the forge, at the furnace of Life,
At the anvils of Praise and of Prayer,—
O there are, my belovèd, that stand in the strife,
With the Brows that have banished despair.

In a Garden of Sleep - that is lit of the stars,
That is lulled of the winds and the streams,
Where the Soul that escapes its corporeal bars,
Is caught up to a dower of dreams;
And upborne on the wings of the wind as I ween,
On Elysian paths of release;—
There are faces, belovèd, ashine in the sheen,
With the gift and the guerdon of peace.

And behold, on the day of redemption and death,
In the hour when the Soul shall attain,
And the body yield up of its beauty and breath,
With the fever and fret of the brain;
When the visible feet of the Messengers throng,
And the Spirit no more may delay,—
My beloved, the Hands of the Angel are strong
To uplift, and to bear it away.

E. M. HOLDEN.

MANLINESS IN ACTION.

Take up your arms, my soldier,
    You were not meant to fight
For Loveliness has given to you
    Her spirit of delight;

And while through sloth and weakness
Men let the monsters loose,
You fought for Life's great loveliness
And sought Life's perfect use.

Take up your arms, my soldier
And do it with a will.
For in your weakest brother
Your soul must find a place
Now for that greater selfhood
Your little self efface."

Max Plowman.

The mystery of the existence of evil is an insoluble problem for us in this stage of our being. We are but beating the wings of our intellect against the bars of our finite environment when we ask why Evil exists. When we shall have escaped into the larger space of Infinity we shall probably know the meaning of much that is beyond intellectual grasp, much that can only be known by unfettered, uncaged spirit. Meantime, we shall be preparing

ourselves for a more facile reception of the answer to our questioning if we accept the experiences of this phase of our life in open-minded reliance on the Creative and sustaining force of Divine Wisdom. For this is only another name for Love, and Love's purpose must be good. God is Love.

Few thinkers deny that war springs from the source of Evil. None deny the evil results of it. Yet indubitably much good is wrought both for individuals and nations by means of the evil of war. The good that we have to touch upon now is the rapid development of character directly traceable to the influence and stimulus of war, a development producing types of manhood that would probably never have reached the fulness and beauty that have been attained had not the need arisen for the capacities and powers proved to have been latent in men by their evolution and enlargement. This response to the call of necessity has brought exhilaration and happiness to individuals: it has enriched families, classes, communities; it has benefited countries ; it has ennobled races. All this in consequence of the conflict between Good and Evil which has made human life, broadly speaking, a vast battle-field. A conflict, of which the wars of history are mimic representations, fragmentary consequences. A conflict that makes life bristle with difficulties that call out the resources of our physical, mental, moral and spiritual equipment. War is a concentration of the obstacles and oppositions that are present throughout our life on earth in more or less force ; in it the opposition, that thwarts us and helps to determine our character, becomes concrete and active. Much of the discipline life is meant to be to us is evaded in times of Peace. It meets and grips us in the facts of War; we *must*

profit by our experiences and live a fuller life or we must step down as cravens and let life die down in us ignobly.

To begin with the lower stratum of character and society, the *wastrails*, to use an old, expressive word; the men and boys who had not begun to live when war began, the loungers and saunterers, who would have lounged and sauntered until they fell into untimely decrepitude and tottered into their graves unmourned and unregretted. Roused by the contagion of enthusiasm, faintly stirred by the "fun of the thing" run in by compulsion, they began to realise their possession of bodies and souls for use; to discover their ownership of muscles and faculties, to perceive more or less dimly a certain mastership over the movements of their bodies and instincts, instead of existing as ill-bred animals exist, slaves of their instincts and appetites. They learned to live. The evidence of our senses bears witness to the fact that the training which exercised all the patience, knowledge and resourcefulness of their Instructors developed a number of men capable of a certain measure of activity from a mass of human material aptly described as "loafers." They had existed; now they lived. A brief life for many of them. They may be said to have been trained to live that they might die for their country.

By that brief span of living the germ of life had been quickened in them and they had been prepared for the life beyond death impossible to those sunk in the lethargy of *inertia*. Something had been discovered in them by the shock of war and preparation for warfare that bomb nor shell nor other outward violence could destroy; something that

escapes the sting and grip of death, something that is probably developing under conditions other than our earthly circumstances. In that brief span there had been the output of bodily strength, in itself a source of satisfaction, if not of joy and a recognition of self as something more than a human animal. And this conversion of inert material into fibre under volitional control aided also the development of those who achieved the conversion. Only the drill-serjeants, the officers commissioned and non-commissioned are qualified to estimate the outlay of time, patience and variety of effort required in the training of raw-material and the "awkward squad."

With a bound and a high leap we go from the wastrail to the public schoolboy, the undergraduate, the man who has just finished his university career and entered upon his profession, and the home student undetermined about his career. We see here not a conversion of animal tissue into human organism but the almost miraculously rapid growth of boys into men. Years of life passed in the current of wonted ease, and ordered manner of living would not have developed character so fully and finally as has the swift alacrity of England's sons and the Empire's children beyond the seas to respond to the Call of Duty. The call sounded on the harsh baying of the dogs of war, and there is no doubt that excitement, stirring the spirit of adventure, had a share in the impetuosity with which these young sons rushed to the fore. But love of adventure and enterprise, dare-devilry and the undaunted, cheerful courage summed up in the word *pluck*, do not constitute the whole of manliness, nor the highest form of it, though all these are present in it. To follow a brave impulse shows courage; to resist the impulse to shrink from the call to

arms when the call is sounded by our country requires a finer courage still. It is great to excel in arms, in strategy, in organisation when war is a man's felt vocation; it is greater to throw the whole powers of body and mind, intellect and character into the Service for Duty's sake when the whole bent of a man's personality is for some other profession or pursuit. To do the impossible under the white heat of enthusiasm and contagion of zeal; to hold on when the grip means death to the holder because it will save those who follow after from being gripped by worse than death is to prove manliness capable of heroism. To have forecasted the impossible deed, to have balanced chances with his own power to seize the chances, to have weighed the inevitable result against the possibility of avoiding the risk and to have chosen the risk and forlorn hope into a glorious certainty by an act of deliberate self-sacrifice, is to have embodied manliness in the person of a hero.

We can best define the type by describing a personal representative of that type. We have in our mind a boy of great personal beauty and charm, whose university career was sufficiently brilliant for his world career to promise well. Belonging to a family devoted to the Services, Navy and Army, he chose the Army as his profession almost as a matter of course because he was expected to make it his choice. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he was claimed by his relatives, who held distinctive rank, than that he made choice himself, for no sooner did he taste the experience of the training than he found the whole bent of his personality to be in the direction of Literature, not Arms. With considerable courage he threw up his commission. Extremely sensitive he felt more keenly the pain

of disappointment he caused by this step than did those perhaps whom he disappointed. But the joy and exhilaration of finding his true vocation healed his own smart, and he raced gaily along a sunlit way till the thunder cloud of war darkened the air. Then he halted, abruptly but determinedly. He put down his pen and unsheathed his sword. Inclination had unbuckled it. Duty girt it on again. He was sent to train a body of miners. Their ruggedness responded to his alert teaching. His worth and their metal were proved. Then, quickly, he was sent to the Front. He went joyously to that which in itself, had no joy for him. He was "ready to stick it to the end" he said. The end came a fortnight after his arrival on the battle ground. His promotion to a higher ground than earth's battle field was rapid.

There is a applicability to him in Max Plowman's "Another Call to Arms," with which we have headed our paper. So also is there in an ode written by Dyneley Hussey to a Young Man killed in Flanders:

"Can it be true that thou art dead
In the hour of thy youth, in the day of thy strength?
Must I believe thy soul has fled
Through Heaven's length?

A scholar wast thou, learned in lore,
Poet was written in thine eyes,
Thou ne'er wast meant for bloody war
To seize in prize.

Yet when they asked thee, "Ho! what dost thou bring?
Thou gav'st thyself
Thou gav'st thy body, gav'st thy soul
Thou gav'st thyself one consecrated whole
To sacrificial torture for thy King."

"Poet was written in thine eyes."—It must have been. One day in his Oxford days he was lunching in the Refectory of a Religious House. "Who is that youth with the beautiful countenance ? asked one of his hosts in an undertone of his neighbour at table. "His face lights up the room". The speaker was nearly blind, a veteran in poetry, sanctity and knowledge of men and books The question startled the person to whom it was addressed who happened to be the youth's uncle, for it showed that more than physical beauty had caught the almost sightless eyes ! It was spiritual sunshine irradiating his outward person This radiance was not quenched by his surrender of the profession of his choice to return to the one repugnant to him. Our young happy warrior, exhilarated by his victory over himself, went on his way scattering words of hope and cheer as a health-giving breeze scatters leaves and fragrant flower-petals. At the height of this self conquest and mastery over circumstance death fell upon him, seeming to arrest his progress, to cut off his life.

But his life, laid down for his country, was really lifted up by means of the austere Angel, Death. Freed from earthly conditions, impeding the full exercise and growth of his powers, those powers, working now invisibly to us, serve as an inspiration, an influence, a beacon-light. He was a poet at heart though he may not have left published verse to testify to the fact.

But the war has developed a goodly army of articulate poets; whose virility has expressed itself in processional marches of cohorts of words as well as in deeds of bodily strength and valour. The regiments of which they and their comrades were members disappear, but these legions of

harmony that spring into being from their impulse of brain and heart and from the breath of their spirit make their way down the avenue of Time to wage a ceaseless warfare against Wrong, to fight immortally for Right and Freedom. We cannot touch upon this type in detail now. We mention them as proving that the shock of war makes patent the mysticism latent in manliness and enables Poetry to find a voice, as proving also the joy that such discovery brings. We will but quote from the words of one of the poet company, Julian Grenfell:

"Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stand
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings."

We pass on to the type of those silent speakers whose eloquence is the ready flow of service, modestly rendered. King George of England, our Emperor-King must have had this type of self-hidden heroes in his mind when he confessed that he could not take full pleasure in conferring honours and decorations because he felt that every man did his duty so strenuously that it was not fair to pick out the few for distinction. He wanted to do honour to them all, to show his appreciation of each.

Judging from the types that have passed under our personal observation the notes of distinction in characters developed by the war, the notes of their manliness, are

modesty, cheerfulness and zest for grappling with all sorts of difficulties and bearing all sorts of discomforts ranging from the obstacles which require every bit of strength natural and supernatural to overcome, to the ludicrous small circumstances that provide "copy" for *Punch*. Modesty does not presuppose ignorance of the possession of qualities by their possessor nor of the value of his own determinate will to use them self-sacrificingly, but it means that a man takes no credit to himself for possessing them. They are an endowment which he is in honour bound to use for the service of others, spending himself in the process if need be to the last ounce of his strength, the last drop of his blood.

Modesty always contains an element of greatness, or perhaps we ought to say Greatness is always modest. A great man never "brags." Achievement means for him that he has gained sight of a greater thing to do. A small man brags if he clears a low fence and sits on it to rest after his feat and show that it is high enough for his legs to dangle!

Modesty entered largely into the character of another personal friend of ours who helped to set the type of silent Manliness.

Not so radiant of face as the youth "with poet written in his eyes," not so vivid as he, but inspired with the same spirit of patriotism, dominated by the same sense of Duty. Always ready in his public school days and in his Oxford life to do what was required of him without fuss or protestation but with a quiet resoluteness that diffused a sense of security and reliance upon him among his friends, he stole into our hearts surely and unobtrusively. He was studying for the Bar when this war began.

Instantly he left all his civilian goods and followed the call. "He makes a good officer," we heard without surprise. We knew well the simplicity, directness, unselfishness of his nature. His men would love him and follow him to the death. It was in rescuing one of them from death that our friend was claimed by death. In carrying one of his men wounded out of a trench he was struck by the enemy's fire and killed instantaneously.

Not less real is the modesty, the cheerful modesty, of the unrecorded Tommy. We have the type before our eyes in the person of a Corporal known to us long before the war as a dutiful son and an honourable servant. He was never a member of the "awkward squad." His alacrity to do whatever he was asked to do, or saw there was a need for doing, had given him celerity and perfectness. "Where did that fellow get his muscles? asked the Colonel of our Tommy's regiment as he stood near our Corporal at drill. "How did you develop yourself" asked his Captain well pleased with the Colonel's notice. Corporal Tommy answered as deprecatingly as if he had been accused of a fault. "Well sir, I have done a bit of work in my time," implying that Providence had given him his muscles, circumstances had provided the need for using them. There was no hint of the unvarying attitude of his mind:—"Is there anything I can do for you?" has been ever the question readiest to our Corporal's lips. When war broke out he hurried to ask what he could do for his country. And no son of the empire is more dutifully bent on doing his "bit" with bright eyes and a smiling life than our good friend the little Corporal. Invalided home lately after two years' continuous service, he is on the eve of going again to the

Front. May he return in Peace to serve his country as a good civilian and a devoted son of toil.

Meanwhile our Corporal goes his manly unself-conscious way saying in deeds and in spirit, if not in speech, the words of a young Oxford poet* in her poem "God's Soldier."

"I fight, God fights, so fight we all!
One with the Conqueror be,
Fighting till death shall crown our day
With the laurels of Victory!

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

*Hope Fairfax Taylor.

LAND REVENUE AND THE RYOTS.

The various aspects of this historical controversy are well-known to the student of Indian politics and it is not necessary to refer to the literature on the subject. In this vital matter to the ryots the policy of the Government has continued to follow traditions which are an inheritance of of days when the Mughal Empire was breaking up. The Government has now, however, agreed to become 'responsible,' and it is in view of this undertaking that the attention of all well-wishers of India is invited to the subject once again, in order to enable the Government to change the system and bring it in level with modern ideas of taxation.

The most glaring evil of the system is that in tracts where a permanent settlement is not in force, the taxes of the people are raised by periodic revisions of assessment, *without giving the people concerned any chance whatsoever to examine and discuss the evidence on which the enhancement is based.* What happens is simply this, that a notification is published in the gazette and a host of officials headed by a Settlement Officer invade a district, compile certain statistics and raise the land revenue. It is *after the revenue has been raised* that the individual villages or owners concerned acquire the right to question the assessment. That, however, is not all. In the first place the Settlement

Officer and his subordinates (being after all human and mindful of their career and reputation) see to it that many objections are not launched. Secondly, the evidence on which the enhancement is based is not supplied to the persons concerned. Thirdly, the law is such that the very persons who have sanctioned the assessment of the Tahsil as a whole, are the officers who hear these objections, and consequently it is impossible for them to be impartial judges between themselves and their critics. Fourthly, and lastly, the vast majority of the objections are rejected as a matter of course. The whole thing, in fact, is a farce. The revenue-payer is treated as if he was not a party to the transaction.

It is not intended to convey the impression that the average Settlement Officer is unsympathetic. Far from it. The average Settlement Officer is more often than not sympathetic, but he is the slave of a mechanical system. Countless precedents prey on him. A horde of instructions keep him on the run. He acquires the look of the hunted and the instinct *to get away and be done with it at all costs*. It is impossible to expect him to make a stand and fight. The printed dragon—the Settlement Manual—is much too strong for him. He simply obeys it, but while he is doing its bidding his soul is not his own.

The system has still another and a wonderful peculiarity. It is this, that whereas all other taxes are subject to the scrutiny of a Legislative Council (though that scrutiny is purely nominal) the land-revenue which is the most important of all taxes grows automatically, and the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils are powerless to check its growth. Year after year the enhancement of land-revenue comes before them as an *accomplished fact*—as

a finality—and they can simply look on. The voice of the taxed is not permitted to raise itself.

At the present moment there are at least a score of districts in the various parts of India right in the midst of this periodic revision. The next year will see many more coming in, as the districts now in hand are finished. One may well ask what has district "X" done to get its taxes raised above its neighbour? Is the proposed enhancement to be spent in the district for some object affecting its prosperity? No. Have the people shown any sudden wickedness deserving punishment? No. Are the people rolling in wealth and an extra demand would not be felt? No. What then is the necessity? The one and only answer is, that the system which obtains makes the renewal of assessments inevitable.

No true Indian could possibly wish merely to embarrass the Government by offering destructive criticism. Nothing could be farther from the thoughts of the present writer, whose only wish is to place in the clearest possible light the position regarding land tax, having spent many years in settlement work.

The opinions expressed by the supporters of this system may be summarised as follows. They hold:—

Firstly—that the land-revenue system in vogue in India is not a British innovation but a mere inheritance from the former Governments of the country.

Secondly—that this inheritance confers on the State not merely the right to collect the revenue but the right of general ownership of the land.

Thirdly—that as a natural corollary the revenues collected are of the nature of rent and not of the nature of taxation.

Fourthly—that there can be and should be no reasonable objection to a periodic valuation of the rents due.

Fifthly—that the incidence of revenue is not only exceedingly moderate as compared with the exactions in pre-British times, but compares very favourably with countries where the circumstances are to some extent similar—such as Italy and Japan.

Sixthly—that the absence of this periodic revision of assessment has led to grave evils in tracts where the mistake of a permanent settlement has been committed.

And lastly that a backward country like India cannot hope to rise to the average level unless she submits to heavier taxation.

They also hint that the Government of India is exceptionally economical, whereas on the contrary the people of India are exceptionally wasteful, both on litigation and social occasions.

If the various propositions enumerated above are held to have been established, the following conclusions should be irresistible. First, that all criticism of the land-revenue policy of the Government of India is not only a wicked impertinence but a most unpatriotic undertaking. The Government being the owner of the land no critic has any legal *locus standi* to call in question the adjustment of rent between the owner and his tenant. If taxation is the test of progress, the larger the taxes the greater the progress, and whoever stands in the way of enhancement of assessments in the name of patriotism is a self-condemned ignoramus.

Secondly, that India being the most lightly taxed community in the world, and the Indian Government being the

most economical, the system should be pushed, to its logical extreme, subject, of course, to the condition that the incidence does not reach such a pitch as to become intolerable.

The above summary shows unmistakably that when a man has the toothache he simply says so. He does not stop to analyse the etiology of the disease. He simply yells it out. In the matter of revenue India has the toothache, and she has been yelling out her pain for the last two decades. It is next to impossible for the rulers to get into the skins of their subjects and feel things as the subject people do. They have dissected the entire structure of the jaw with faultless anatomical knowledge, and say that there should be no pain. In their own way they are right. They do not feel the pain and it is not a thing that can be shown to them. They neither feel it nor see it. For them it does not exist. But is it so for the Indian? Decidedly not. Mr. R. C. Dutt took up the question a quarter of a century ago He argued it to the best of his ability, and failed. He was bound to fail. So were all others including Mr. Digby. The reason was obvious—*viz*:—that they admitted the correctness, or at least the partial correctness of official premises and official statistics. Official statistics are prepared on a special plan, and it is as easy for official figures to lead to accurate conclusions as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. A very simple test can prove this. When the controversy between Mr. R. C. Dutt and Lord Curzon was at its highest, no official apologist ever dared to place the income per head higher than Rs. 37/- per annum. The critics of the Government placed it as low as Rs. 27/-. In those days the cost of merely feeding an under-trial prisoner in a jail was roughly Rs. 45/- per annum. How then did the Indian peasant

manage to exist? Evidently he must have starved, and taken only one meal instead of two.

It is not certain as to what the official average income per head is, just at present, but by no stretch of imagination can that income be placed higher than Rs. 55/- per annum. In these days the cost of feeding (apart from clothes, shoes etc.) an under-trial prisoner is approximately Rs. 66/- to Rs. 70/-. The majority of the people. considering that the richer classes spend tremendous amounts on their personal comforts, must in the matter of food be leading very much worse lives than is led by an under-trial prisoner. There can be many explanations for this apparent absurdity, but the fact is that the Indians have no rival in the art of existing. Clive's sepoys immortalised themselves by letting British soldiers have the rice and subsisting on the water in which the rice was boiled. The sepoys did it for a day or two. Indian ryots have now done it for well-nigh fifty years. They have not lived. they have only existed. The congested hamlets of India are strangely suggestive of ant-heaps, and yet the dwellers of these very ant-heaps are periodically called upon to give up the little that they have. "From him who hath but little even that little shall be taken away." By all means do it but do not say that he must not even cry. Take a concrete instance. In the Punjab the total land-revenue in 1911-12 was nearly half a crore more than what it was in 1906-07. Nearly half a crore has been added since then: a crore per annum in a decade. How one may ask has this additional crore per annum in the pocket of the Government fructified to the advantage of the people? The ant-heaps continue as before, disease continues as before, and mortality continues as before. Give India the power to spend her money herself

and in that case the money will fructify. At present it does not fructify. Henry George's system was based on the supposition that it would be applied in countries having a Government of the people by the people, and for the people. Mr. R. C. Dutt tried to fight against periodic revision of assessment, and the only assurance he got was that the enhancements would not be too sudden: the spirit of even this assurance has been trespassed. Mr. Dutt's mistake was that he overlooked one important fact just as the average assessing officer does. The fact that prices must never be applied to the gross produce but only to the surplus, the surplus left after allowance has been made for food consumption, and cattlefood, and for seed.

Even, however, if we argue on the basis of a money value applied to the gross produce, the case against the existing land-revenue system is exceptionally strong, if we bear in mind the fact that it is easier for a man with an income of Rs. 2,000 per annum to spare 50 % of his income for public purposes than for a man with an income of Rs. 50/- per annum to spare one per cent for similar objects. People in poor circumstances must be judged by a different standard from those in comfortable circumstances. The average income per head of population now in India is roughly Rs. 55/-per annum.

As the total population contains children whose consumption of food is less than that of adults, we will consider the case of a family of four—husband, wife and two children, or one old man and one child. The total gross income for these four would be Rs. 220 per annum. As the gross income has been arrived at after including the sale of all cotton and all grain, let us make an estimate of their cost of

living. The family must be supposed to have one plough cattle and one cow.

Food for family	2 seers of grain per diem or 18 mds. per annum.	Annual Value	Rs. 50/-
Ghi	nil		nil
Salt, Sugar, Wood Condiments,	Re. 1 per mensem	Rs.	12/-
Clothes	Rs. 30 per annum	„	30/-
Shoes (allowing none for children.)	Rs. 6 per annum	„	6/-
Food for two heads of cattle (without cost of green fodder)	Rs. 10 per mensem	„	120/-
Pulses, Vegetables and Oil for lighting and food.	Re. 1 per mensem	„	12/-
Medicine & Religion	Re. 1 per month	„	12/-
House repairs & renewal of agricultural implements	nil		nil
Taxation	Re. 1/8/- per head	„	6/-
Seed for 8 acres	Rs. 12/-	„	12/-

Total Rs. 260/-

According to this ridiculously low estimate the family cannot live on its income. It must be cutting out some item or other. It must be going without shoes and clothes, because seed and cattle cannot be cut out, nor can the allowance of two seers of grain be reduced further, as no allowance has been made for guests or beggars, nor any for litigation, nor liquor, nor for capital with which to buy bullocks in case of an epidemic. Nor has any allowance

been made for interest to be paid to the sahukar. This is the real situation leading to chronic indebtedness. Now the question is, what would the Indian peasant prefer to cut out of his budget on the debit side? Would it be shoes or the revenue? Would it be a shirt or the revenue? Certainly neither the shoes nor the shirt. But he is so situated that he has no choice. This is, however, still another way of looking at the question from the point of view of the nett annual income of the agricultural classes. This nett income is barely Rs. 20/- per head per annum. One way of looking at the question is that the Indian agriculturist pays in taxation only 1/20th of his nett income, which is lower in proportion than what is paid in Europe or Japan. But the Indian point of view is simply this, that no individual whether in India or anywhere else in the world should be taxed a penny if his nett income is only Rs. 20/- per annum, because a person with a nett income of Rs. 20/- per annum is an object of charity and not an object of taxation. It must not be forgotten that it is out of this nett income of Rs. 20/- per annum that the Indian has to clothe himself, to pay the interest on his debts and to meet the thousand and one calls on his purse. It is for spending this glorious sum of Rs. 1/10 per mensem that the Indian is being called luxurious and wasteful. This is the sum which has failed to fructify in the Indian's pocket.

An important part of the argument is that the British Government has only inherited this scheme of land revenue which is really indigenous to the soil. The Indian point of view on the other hand is most emphatically this, that the system is not inherited from the Mughals. We would have admitted the inheritance if like the Mughals the British Government had appointed

men like Mr. Gokhale and Sir Phiroze Shah Mehta and others to such posts as Chancellorship of the Exchequer, Governorship of Canada and so on. Where are the modern Todar Malls, Jai Singhs and Man Singhs? Nowhere, and yet as none knows better than the British that too was a part of the general administration which Akbar introduced. Sir Michael O'Dwyer in his evidence before the Royal Decentralization Commission drew pointed attention to the fact that the present day Government officials had unlimited powers to punish, but no power to reward. He referred specially to grants of land and revenue. It was a part of the Mughal system to reward service generously and to make no distinctions of caste or creed. Why was that not inherited?

It may be boldly stated that from the point of view of India this partial inheritence is of no use. Would Akbar, have levied the countervailing duties on piece-goods manufactured in India? In the face of these facts it is only very remotely true that the present system is the same old system revivified. In reality it is a new system. The Government is taking what it can, and in the best way that it can, regardless of precedents and solely on grounds of expediency. The rent theory is advanced because it serves best to answer the critics but now that the fluctuating system of assessment is coming more and more into vogue who can deny that land-revenue is really a tax on tillage. For the essence of the fluctuating system is, no crops, no revenue. The very fact that the Government felt the necessity of having a Land Acquisition Act shows conclusively that land-revenue really is a tax. The controversy on this point, however, is really endless and

has no practical interest. None knows better than the Government that the rent theory cannot be pushed to its logical extreme.

It must not be supposed from the above that the present writer is opposed to the taxation of the agricultural produce. The sole aim and the object of the above criticism is to help the Government to see things in their proper light, and to devise means towards an equitable distribution of the burdens of administration. It is foolish to wrangle about theories, for it must be plain to all, that whether the Government collects rents or whether the Government imposes taxes, in the last resort it is always human beings that have to bear the burden. It is *human labour and nothing else*—whether the labour be on land or in factories or in shops—that has ultimately to coin its time into money. There is no getting out of that. It is always finally men, women and children, who despite their constant labour and sacrifices find bread and comfort so dear, suffering and sorrow so cheap.

No reference has been made as yet to the intense hardship caused by the administrative details of working out an exceedingly complicated system. The treatment of that aspect of the case requires volumes, but in this place it would be sufficient to draw attention to the fact that from its very nature land-revenue administration depends on a host of ill-paid officials with tremendous powers. The amount of work to be done by these underlings is vast and unceasing, and the supervision at its best is perfunctory. It must be emphasized once again that it is not the functionaries who are to blame. It is the

system which among other incidental requirements lays down that if a man transfers land even worth a dollar he must report the transfer and be present when it pleases the revenue-officer to come round and attest the transfer, or otherwise suffer the penalty of a fine. A shopkeeper in the city may sell merchandise worth a lakh of rupees without being accountable to any official, but the poor land-owner apart from the worries of registration at the head quarters of the tahsil or district, is bound to comply with another set of rules in order to help the bringing of the revenue records up to date. India is often taunted for her reckless litigation, but all officers of any revenue and judicial experience know that it is the land-revenue system which is at the bottom of at least half the litigation. Theoretically the system is the very acme of perfection, but as was once pointed out by an exceedingly able administrator, it is this very perfection which has in it the possibilities of becoming a terrible engine of oppression—because among other things the system implies the constant accumulation of evidence of every conceivable description concerning crops, their yields, their areas, the limits of fields, the limits of villages, rivers and so on. Some of this evidence is bound to be prepared in an incorrect manner and hence result suits—revenue, civil and criminal.

What then is the remedy if the system is so radically unsuited to the circumstances of the country both as regards the incidence of the demand and the practical effect of its working? If the Government is prepared to give up its sentimental attachment to the rent theory, and recognises the plain and simple fact that the revenue (no matter what

name be given to it) is a portion of the profits of agriculture, the remedy is simple and easy. At the present moment the Government gets its money from the people who make the least profit out of agriculture—*viz*:—the Zemindars. This fact in reality deserves to be noticed with greater emphasis than the scope of this article permits. Suffice it to say that this is another inherent defect of the present land-revenue system that it raises funds from the agricultural produce of the country just when it is selling at the lowest price. The half-yearly instalments of revenue are made payable immediately after each harvest, and this demand compels the Zemindars to part with the result of their labour at the lowest market rates. It is really the capitalist who buys things cheap at harvest time to whom the existing system is most favourable. It is he and the exporter who wax fat on the produce of the land, whereas the poor worker on the soil has sometimes to borrow money at exorbitant rates even to procure seed. One way of getting rid of all these evils is to stop all reassessments, and to impose a light export tax on the cereals and cotton, at all Indian ports. A beginning might be made with a light duty of £1 per ton. As experience is gained and the trend of the world markets is accurately gauged the tariff, if necessary, might be raised. Enormous revenues could be raised in this way without adding to the burdens of India, and without appreciably diminishing the world demand for Indian raw products. Simultaneously with the above in all large cities a terminal tax may be tried. Many municipalities have actually given up the imposition of the Octroi duty and they find that a terminal tax causes much less worry and gives better results. There is no reason why the Government should not raise money in

that way. The whole process is extraordinarily cheap and simple. By working on these lines it may, in fact, be possible to abolish the system altogether. If, however, for some reason the Government is not open to conviction, and the usual official stiffness of inertia stands in the way of an innovation, the only other alternative is to insist on the following guarantees :—

Firstly, that assessment reports before being considered by the Revenue Board, or the Chief Revenue authority of the Province, must be published in the vernacular of the district, and distributed to the people concerned for any representation that the people may have to make regarding the facts and the proposals embodied in the report. At present these reports see the light of day, months and months after the revenue has been announced to the villages, and the law of limitation applying to objections to assessments makes it futile to criticise them when there can be no practical result. It is but reasonable that a document which is to decide the fate of a large mass of population for 20 or 30 years should be open to criticism *before and not after* it has become operative and final.

Secondly, it must be clearly laid down that in future at least half of the enhancement announced at a reassessment must be spent in the district by a council of the Zemindars absolutely free of *all official control*. The council may at first waste its money but wisdom comes by experience, and after a while these councils (which should be different from the present moribund district boards) would do real good work. The council may decide to work their wells by electricity, or the council may invest the money in a stud for horses and bulls, or on canals, or on village schools and sanitation, but the great thing is to

let the people do with the money what they think is best for them, and not what the outsider thinks is best for them.

Lastly, and this perhaps should come first of all, it must be insisted that in future even before the preparation of an assessment report, the average outturn of the various crops for various classes of soil and the average prices assumed must be settled after full consultation with the Zemindars. And when this has been done the prices assumed must be applied to the surplus produce (whether grain or fodder) and not as is the custom to the gross produce. The surplus produce too must be estimated in consultation with the people and not behind closed doors.

It is only with these safeguards that the present system can be worked justly, with due regard to the interests of the Government and the people. There can be no doubt that relation between social conditions and the revenue system is intimate and close. "That relation" writes an eminent European "is nowhere more close than in India, and goes far towards justifying the use of the word 'revenue' to denote "general administration,". The same writer says elsewhere, "Had the Government thought from the outset of fitting the people for the various and rapidly-changing conditions of life, their administration might have contributed more in the end to moral and political as well as to material progress." This evidence coming as it does from a supporter of the present system should convince the authorities, if nothing else can, that it is high time that the Government did something towards abolishing the present land-revenue system, and improving it so that the peasant may have a determining voice.

BANDOBASTI.

A MARITAL TRAGEDY

It grieves me sore that cruel Fortune found
No better partner for thy life: thy grace
Was mated to that rustic soul, thy days
To him in sacred marriage vows were bound.
'Tis hard to bear those burly arms twine round
Thy slender body and that burly face
Press thy rosy cheek: his cheerless ways,
Each precious hour of thine, with gloom surround.

And shuddering, I dread that he might rear
His children too by thee, a sorry race
Of mortals, poor in limb and brain and soul.
Should niggard Fate such darkened life unroll
Before thy lovely youth, such luckless days
Destine for thee who art so good and fair?

Benares. P. SESHADRI.

DIARY FROM A WAR HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

Continued from the July issue.

May 17th. To-day again an evacuation. Some fifty of our convalescents to be started off on their way to their depot, the first stage towards the trenches.

By half past seven the morning world of the streets leading down to the station was all at its doors and windows, summoned thither by the tramping feet, and by the singing of our brown-green company, burdened with the rolls of their heavy "*chiniels*," the great coats which they roll together so artistically, and with all their worldly possessions in knapsacks and bundles. Not that many of them carry their own bundles; the proper etiquette on these occasions is for the equipment to be carried by a comrade. It is a sign of real unpopularity when a man carries his own baggage. Arrived at the station, a circle is usually formed, within which the best dancers perform for the last time for the benefit of those they leave behind. "He would make a fortune in New York", remarked one of the American *infirmières* to-day watching Marinok dancing in his heavy military boots.

A Frenchwoman wanted to know if they were going home, as they were singing, and seemed so content. They were not going home, and they were not content. They sing because it is the Russian custom to march to music,

and because it is at once an outlet and a cloak for the emotions. Yet tears are shed nevertheless. For me, there is one word which rings in my ears on these occasions, the old formula of the arena, " Cæsar, those who are about to die, salute you ".

At the station there is usually a hunt for pencils and note-books in which to jot down addresses, Russian, French, American. On this occasion an incident occurred only too typical of the temper of the times in France. . Some of the young girls who help in different ways in the hospital had taken armsful of roses to distribute among the departing soldiers. And they were met with reproaches from the by-standers. "Why do you give flowers to the Russians, and not to the French?" they were asked. To which there was only the obvious reply, that the flowers were for those who were going away.

Lately the feeling between the two races, never too cordial, has become much embittered by the talk in Russia of a separate peace. To begin with, the Cannois always resented the occupation of several hospitals of their town by the Russians, and the Russians have been keenly sensible of the popular antagonism towards them.

For those who in the intimate association of the sick-room have learnt to know and love the Russian soldier, the soldier who is here precisely because he has given his health, his blood, all he holds most dear, for the *same cause* for which the Frenchman fights, to us *infirmières*, it is often a bit hard not to grow indignant over the attitude prevalent here towards the Russian soldiers—an attitude which finds its outlet, inside the hospital as out, in the fabrication of all manner of stories, mostly made out of whole cloth, to the

discredit of the Russians. They have their faults truly, but the worst of them, drunkenness, is unhappily in no degree a monopoly of the Russian army. They are probably no more drunken than the soldiers of the other armies in the field, always excepting the French, notably of a superior sobriety, and perhaps the Italians.

It is needful for those who know the Russians best to pause every little while, deliberately, to consider the French situation in order to make allowance for French sentiments, to realise in how great a measure ever since the beginning France has borne the burden and the heat of the War, always borne it for when others had not come in, or were wavering about going out, France was holding on, grimly and desperately, only half prepared and meagrely supplied with munitions of war, whilst England was making an army. When England at last was ready, and had grasped the greatness of the task that stood in front of her, France, still sweating blood behind her tireless guns, saw once more the vision of a great concerted offensive which would end the war, fade away like a mirage into the shadow of the Russian revolution.

It is no wonder that France is bitter when she counts what it has cost her, that long long line of defence, against which the Germans have been free to mass their strongest forces whilst England was off fighting the Turk at Gallipoli and Russia retreating. It is no wonder that there are few among the people great enough to be just. Only—there are some. And it was a poor working-woman, a mother with one son dead in the trenches, and another in hospital, who spoke the other night. "Certainly, Russia has failed us, they have given us a bad blow. But what have these

poor children to do with that? They have fought, they have given of their blood like the rest".

Others, more instructed, might reflect to the same purpose, might remember that their own revolution, their own rejection of the age-long, iron-clamped rule of absolutism and privilege was not exactly an orderly, or a peaceful, or a pleasant affair. Life did not move on oiled wheels in France in 1893, any more than it does in Russia to-day. Beside the Reign of Terror and the Place de la Guillotine, the Russian inauguration of a new national life over the heads of a hundred and fifty millions of people looks almost tame and cold. It has interfered with that other immense business, the Russian share of the Great War. Alas! once more the Allies have demonstrated their inability to act together.

June 1st. One of our *infirmières* has come back from a holiday spent with her family in an Italian town. And she has been telling of the sufferings of the Italian soldiers, among the loneliness of eternal snows, the cold, benumbing senses and soul, the avalanches. So many lose their reason. So that one day replacing a volunteer worker in a bureau of the war, she spent more than two whole hours copying the names and addresses of those unfortunates recently notified as having gone mad at their posts among the Alps. Among the mountain silences hatred and honor go hand in hand. How do the women keep their reason at home? Sometimes that too seems a mystery. Back among the hills beyond Cannes there is a solitary cottage farm-house, where a woman lives alone. A year ago came word that her only child was dying of his wounds in a hospital at Nice. The parents hurried down to his bedside; there was

a street-car collision, the father was killed. Now on her little farm, round which the wind wails day and night, Madame Girard makes little cheeses to sell in Cannes.

Another story is different, a contrast. This was the mother of seven sons, a well-to-do family, prosperous *bourgeoisie* of a town. All the sons were at the Front, the mother supplied the place of the elder in the business. Now two are dead, and two maimed for life, They say she never uttered a complaint, she "took it all as it came from God."

Such stories could be repeated indefinitely. "Que voulez vous? l'est la querre".

June 6th. Do you know what the word "*cafard*" means? Everyone unhappily knows the thing for which it stands, the state of mind which English-speaking peoples call" the blues", and which the French more appropriately term "the blacks". "*Cafard*" is French army slang of before the war. It is a malady of periodicity in the trenches, in the hospitals, in the prisons, above all in the prisons. In the trenches it lends fury to the assault, and kills itself in action. It is born of the miseries of enforced idleness, of home-sickness, of a haunting sense of the injustice of things. Often its determining factor is the lack of letters, that is, of news from home. When it comes on a man the life goes out of him, his limbs hang listless, scarcely he can bear to open his lips in speech. He is devoured by a moral *malaise*, by presentiments of evil, by hatred and loathing of his surroundings. Should a comrade annoy him at this moment he may fling himself upon him in a sudden rage of exasperation, which for a moment makes him like a wild beast. While it lasts, and it may last sometime, according to temperament, the victim of the "*cafard*" loses appetite,

and goes down in weight. Occasionally, a Russian would come to you with tears in his eyes terrified like a lonely child, " Little Sister, I feel the sickness coming on again. Do something for me ".

I have thought, without being certain, that it is the "*cafard*" which almost always causes our convalescents to lose weight about a certain time of their recovery. At first they are so happy not to be suffering, to feel health coming back, they go up steadily, then they begin to lose, a little each week, without any apparent reason.

The Russians suffer even more from the "*cafard*" than do the French soldiers, and that seems quite natural, since they have even more in their circumstances to depress them, together with less racial vivacity, and less facility for occupying themselves. Turn a French soldier into a bare room, and the next thing you know he will be carving rings out of bits of aluminium, or making watch-chains out of horse hair, or framing his own, and his comrades' treasured photographs in colored cottons. And he loves all kinds of games, checkers and chess and backgammon and puzzles. The Russian soldier does not use his hands so cleverly, and he cares very little generally about any game, save cards, with which he is an inveterate gambler. When the card fever strikes a group of men they will sit absorbed from rising in the morning to lights out at night, reluctantly pausing for meals. And it is well if they do not switch the lights on again after all lawful hours. Many of them are more musical than are the French, a concertina, a mandolin, or especially a "*balaika*" keeps them happy for hours—when they are to be had.

They have their periods of feverish writing, when they will sit down twice in a day, and dash off letters to those far-off homes whence so rarely answer comes. It is nearly three months now since the revolution, and no one has had any letters from home since then. Now I take care not to carry a letter into the wards, since once I took one unthinkingly in my hand, and the light came into several pairs of eyes, "Is it a letter, little sister? Is it for me?"

Yesterday it was Stepan who felt suddenly the heavy hand of Giant Despair weighing him down, after the last mail had come. Heaven knows why he hoped for news particularly just then. We had been out on a little excursion, and sometimes in returning after an absence there is a feeling that one will find something longed for.

Stepan is a Pole, of a different temperament to the Russians, very adaptable, quick and clever with his hands and feet, a dancer, a player on the "*balaika*", with some idea of drawing. And he is so small with a pretty round baby face, and very bright eyes, he looks more than anything like a toy soldier. It is difficult to think of him as a married man with two babies at home, and a wife, he says, just his own height. We think that the babies must most resemble those displayed in shop windows at Christmas time.

When Stepan arrived at the hospital, frail, emaciated with a head swathed in bandages, he seemed no more than a child himself. Now the comrades are never tired of teasing him about his littleness, playing all kinds of small jokes on him, and he takes it just as they do.

After we had got him nicely settled with us, and found out his nationality, we thought perhaps we ought to give him up, as the hospital has made a point of keeping the

Poles together. But Stepan did not seem to care anything about joining his compatriots, he wanted to stay with us; the administration said nothing, so we kept him.

This little group of Poles has presented something of a problem to the hospital at times not by their own fault, but rather through the indiscretion of some of their visitors. For some reason they have a great many visitors from outside, and one or two whose ardent political views have compelled final exclusion. For what is the use, after all, of preaching to this, the most unfortunate of peoples, against service in the Russian army? Even should such service bring to them no ultimate national good, what else is there to do? How would they be any better off under German domination? But how one hopes that the Russian revolution may be the beginning of freedom for Poland.

Stepan spoke about it one day, and of the separation between him and the Russian comrades, with whom he gets on so well. "Yes, we are very well together—in the trenches or in the hospital. And, after the war,—Poland will be free. "A Republic?" I asked. He nodded a glowing affirmative. "*Da, respublika*" with so proud a hope that the words actually seemed to shine.

But Stepan and his brother Poles are not the sole representatives of submerged peoples with a faith and a language of their own among our Russian invalids. In my ward alone there is a Sett, a representative of a strange, said-to-be-disappearing, tribe from the Urals, whose name I hardly know how to render in English orthography, and a little Tartar from Kazan. The name Tartar is popularly supposed to convey an impression of extreme ferocity, mingled with repulsive manners, whereas our little

Moukhamed might offer points on mildness to the lambs. When the Surgeon operated on him, as he is so foud of doing, with nothing more than a local anæsthetic Moukhamed clung to my hand, and gritted his teeth to keep back a moan. The only trouble which he has ever given arises from his absolute passivity. He will submit to any treatment with bland resignation, but he will not make the least effort to exercise his stiff hand, however we and the doctor may talk. All day he sits around, smiling amiably when smiled at, but letting every one alone and let alone. Occasionally he amuses himself by chanting an endless monotone, which we assume to be the verses of the Koran, and once, just once. he gave me a confidence, regarding the inferiority of the Russians and the Russian language as compared with Tartars and the Tartar language, a sentiment which the Russians obviously return from their side.

How strange it all seems, this multiplicity of dispossessed vanquished nations, living unreconciled under the banner of the conqueror, despising and despised, fighting for him but never loving him.

"Dear little Cinderella", say the Big Sisters in their condescending way, "how fortunate you are to be taken care of by Us, to sit warming yourself by the nice hearth-fire we keep alight for you. We will protect you. WE will let you sit in our warm cinders so long as you behave yourself, and remember what you owe to Us, incapable of self-government as you are. Only you must be dutiful, and very loyal to Us, and never never listen to the wicked princes and powers who would like to steal you away from Us, We, who guard you from the very highest motives, and do everything entirely

for your own good. Did you never hear of the White Man's burden, my child?"

And all the time the Polish Cinderella, or the Croatian Cinderella, or the Finnish Cinderella, or the Irish Cinderella is watching out of the corners of her pretty eyes, where the tears lie just below, for the glint in the far-off sunshine of the blue cloak of the Fairy Godmother coming down the street with the gift of freedom in her apron pocket.

July 4. And American troops landed in France. The thrill of enthusiasm in the country can be felt even in the self-centered life of the hospital. In that renewal of anticipation after the long strain of endurance, the sickness of hope deferred, there is perceptible the slackening of tension, the relief that is halfway between laughter and tears. France, always generous towards America, is not afraid to be enthusiastic in her welcome of her new ally. And she has nothing to take back of all that has passed between the nations in the long months since war began. For France has never been in haste to cry, "America has no soul, because she is not fighting *our* battles". The French people, and the French Press, have never forgotten that America is an individual nation with problems and responsibilities, with ideals, and characteristics, opinions, and conflicting interests, all its own, and all of which its representatives and the White House is bound to respect, and does respect. In other words they put themselves in her place, and thus realising something of her complex problems, as well as of her friendliness of spirit, they have confidence that she has done, and will do, just about what she ought, as the time is ripe.

Lately almost every morning has seen the flight through the sunny air of Cote d'Azur of an American aeroplane or two, winging up from the encampment on the western side of the Esterels. To many eyes that have looked on them they have seemed to hear something of the same message that the wings of their dove gave to the dwellers in the Ark, the pledge of safety, the promise of deliverance.

Yesterday there went forth municipal orders directing a display of flags, (the convenient French word is "*pavoiser*",) on all public buildings, and, so far as possible, on all private houses, in honour of the "glorious Fourth".

With this in mind it seemed hopeful to apply to the Mairie for permission to eat cakes and ice-cream on Wednesday afternoon in celebration of American Independence. And this gained, the next step was to hang out flags on our own account. Our soldiers were very busy and content decorating the balcony on which some of the rooms of our "service" open, but they naturally wanted to know what it was all about, and when I had told them, "*Godovshina svobodu Amerika*" "the day of American liberty," my lingual resources were about at an end.

And the French needed no instruction. "But, one must well honour America", observed the proprietor of one of the crowded bazaars whose contents over-flow on to the sun-steeped sidewalks, to-day so well "*pavoise*" as to call for compliments.

A little lower down, across from the Flower Market, Madame over her packages of tea and chocolate looks wistfully at the Stars and Stripes. "Ah, I would gladly put one out as well, but does it cost more than fifty centimes? For everything is so dear these days".

Fortunately, this flag was not too large to be transferred to the eager grasp of a blue-eyed, black-haired small Suzanne, who danced as gayly beneath its "broad stripes and bright stars", as if they had been her birthright, or she were waving them in honor of "peace with victory".

Up by the station bridge there is a momentary waft of excitement. A troop train is passing, and someone catching the excitement of the moment, has started the cry that "les Americains" are arriving. But of course it is only the old story, more troops bound for Salonika.

Later, when the sun had begun to leave the terrace, the scene was laid for the little fête. The soldiers lined long benches in the shade of the house, opposite the big solid trunks of the palm trees bearing the unwonted decoration of national emblems, French, Russian, American, and sheltering the white tables, covered with flowers, cakes and candies. Between the two flit the white uniforms of the *infirmières*, and in the background a detachment of patients preside joyfully over the operation of their beloved Samovar.

And afterwards they sing, the weird, wonderful, fascinating songs of their native land—the songs of which they seem to have an endless store. And that song which is called, " For the Evening " with its haunting refrain, " Let us go home, let us go home ".

When, ah, when, will they hush the cannon East and West and—let us go home, and let us go home, to heal our wounds in peace?

August 20. We have had the rather unusual experience of getting off half a dozen of our invalids at three a. m. It has happened once before, to those who

were *reformé*, and sent back to Russia. They are ordered to take the express which passes through Cannes *en route* for Paris at 3-20. Last time several of our *reformés* were very lame, and the Administration flatly refused to interest themselves in getting transportation for them. So they hobbled down as best they could, making the fifteen minutes walk with the comrades carrying the baggage. This time nothing was said about transportation, so it was quite in order that an ambulance should be provided, and should come to seek the invalids at the hospital when they were already halfway to the station. But one must give even the devil his due, and on this occasion the Administration has most unexpectedly provided a generous supply of food for our cripples on the journey.

At two o' clock the *infirmières* came down from a few hours of light slumber to start off their invalids. Mine were sound asleep, Guerassimov with the frightful scars on his head, tokens of his double trepanation. Plotinkov with his incurable kidney disease, Plotnikov has spent eight months in the hospital, and he asked the last Commission either to send him back to the trenches, or home.

Rather surprisingly no one was awake or willing to wake, to help carry the baggage to the station. Ivan, the boy with the bad eyes, whom I call Johnny, to distinguish him from all the other Ivans, roused himself at length with infinite difficulty sufficiently to offer to accompany the comrades. "If you will go too, little Sister". There are not many things one can refuse to Ivan, he is such a dear boy, an affectionate real boy about twelve years old in ways and mind, in spite of his two years of war, the sparse hairs on his upper lip, and the martyrdom the hospitals have put him through. He came to us about six weeks ago, walking

in incidentally one morning with his eyes in a very bad condition and a diagnosis of "catarrhal conjunctivis double." They had operated on him in M—, then sent him back to his depot, where it was quickly necessary to hospitalise him again. So he was sent to Nice, to a hospital where were no other Russians. After a month there, in some rather obscure manner, he was consigned to us. The day following his arrival the Secretary appeared riding his customary steed, the high horse. "That new arrival is to go out immediately. He is marked for his depot, and I won't be responsible for keeping him here." I said, "That new arrival will never go out. His eyes are very bad. He has begun a treatment with a specialist. He stays, or I never take another under such conditions". He stayed, and his eyes are nearly well or as well as they will ever be, since he was "martyrise" as the specialist says in that other hospital.

Meanwhile the nurses have been getting ready, coffee, American coffee sent over in cans by a Red Cross Society, and bread, for the departing ones.

We start out about twenty-five into the starlit night, *reformes*, comrades, two *infirmières*. But at the station there is a crowd, for the other hospitals have sent their contingent of the halt and the maimed. No other nurses though, for of all the Cannes hospitals ours alone has the distinction of offering the last farewells from the nurses to their sick. It is something the soldiers appreciate very much, and I think they will not forget it. After a time the train rolls in through the darkness, a very few empty, primitive third-class compartments vacant for the military. It seems for a while as if it would be impossible for them to find place. But at last they are all packed in, like sardines,

the Secretary who is going with them, furious at the lack of accommodation, for himself. And so they start off on the long hot three days journey to Brest, propped together on the comfortless wooden seats. The sea journey they all dread most. And what will they find at home, at the end of it all?

September 3rd. I write to you from a tiny village, a hamlet among the hills, rather bare and arid, of the Basses Alpes. This little cluster of houses has piles of time-worn stone which date from Roman times, a round tower which is said to have served Cæsar for a granary, though it is hard to understand why Cæsar wished a granary here, or what he did with one. The meadows that encircle the two or three narrow streets grow nothing now but sunburnt grass; beyond are the chains of low blue hills through which the wind sweeps day and night.

Yesterday was the village fete and fair. This year only a sale of cattle, horses, cows, sheep, goats, on the wide *pré*, where the great chestnut trees make a welcome shelter. Before the war they say it was a charming country fête, the streets garlanded with green boughs, which the boys fetched in from the further country, all the young people dancing in the streets. Now the only young man in the village has left a leg in the hospital,—and no one wants to dance at all.

Why am I here folding my hands among the grasshoppers in this "*petit pays*", wind-haunted from the summits of the hills?

On the 27th an order went round to all the heads of services. "Your sick will be evacuated to-morrow morning to Hospital 75. You are to have their papers ready this

afternoon". I do not know whether the blow fell hardest on them or on us. One of the wounded, who has a gift of words propped himself on his crutches in the little bureau of my service, and spoke as follows. "The French", he said, "are in their own country, to them it does not matter so much, they have their families, their letters, their compatriots. But we are exiles, we have nothing, to us the hospital has to be father and mother, home and friends. They should not send us away. Everywhere the soldiers are in tears".

Where they go the hospital is military, which means that there is the maximum of discipline with the minimum of care. It was told me of one of our old sick the other day, that in a certain military hospital he was put into a plaster cast, and then forgotten. The doctor simply forgot to take him out again. Probably there were no nurses, only orderlies.

By nine o'clock of August 30th, the last gray uniform had left the hospital, some wept, some went with the air of men stunned by a blow. The rest of the day the nurses set their house in order, and the following they hurried away anywhere from that house of the dead.

This abruptly ended the association, the friendship, and the concerted efforts of fourteen months. . . . . .

The following are the war stories of two of those to whom during nine long months we have tried to be father and mother, house and friends.

The first is a Polish boy, said to be nineteen, but appearing at least two years younger. The first time I saw him last December, lying almost in a state of collapse, he needed only a braid of his fair hair on either shoulder to

look exactly like a blond girl of fifteen. With the coming of the Germans to Varsovie a black curtain has shut down between him and his home which has never lifted so much as let him tell his father and mother that he is a soldier in the Russian army. Only once has he had indirect news from his country—that the people have to eat as the beasts.

The train that took his regiment from Petrograd to Archangel, was wrecked, presumably the work of spies, and many of the soldiers were killed and wounded. Afterwards there was great privation on the crowded dirty boat. Stepan describes the comrades, how their cheeks had fallen into hollows, and how big their eyes had grown. On reaching Brest he was very ill. They sent him to the camp at St. R—, and then on to us, in the early days of December. He has never been near the Front, he has never seen wounds or blood-shed, except on that fatal train, he has never had any definite illness, only continual weakness, emaciation and the terrible home sickness. Often he sits quietly crying, or he lies in bed a prey to desolating fever and headache. He is just one more human life, caught up in the cruel fury of war, and broken to pieces a bit of floating wreckage against the rocks of man's inhumanity.

With him is another Pole, much older, married; they sleep in the same room, they are always together. Before the war Jan was overseer in a factory; he had a little farm besides, which his parents and his wife cared for. There were two babies. It was a quiet happy life, prosperous after their fashion, looking down on the Russian peasants and their poverty in the Polish way. Then came the war.

The Germans took whatever they wished from the little farm, the Russians took what was left. Or perhaps it was the Russians who came first, I am not sure. At all events all went, the cows, the horses, and Jan went to war.

Now he has some obscure internal trouble, brought on by a fall in the trenches, and fever. When it seizes him he suffers acutely, and delirium makes it difficult to keep him in bed. In spite of his stocky sturdy figure he is of an intensely nervous temperament. Just once he has had news from home during his nine months in hospital, a letter, long on the way, telling of the death of both his children months before—from hardship and privation.

In the number of our patients discharged on Hospital 75 there were two who should have left us that same day for other points. One who came to us from another hospital in town only two weeks ago, already marked to go to Vichy for treatment. Two days after his admission there came the Russian commission, and told him that he could not possibly go to Vichy. So he was marked to go somewhere else. On Monday arrived papers made out by his other hospital authorising his evacuation to Vichy. After a period of uncertainty the Administration decided to send him to Vichy. Tuesday came the order to send everyone to Hospital 75, so there he went with the rest.

The other patient has long been marked for a hospital in Paris where he should receive special treatment. He is partly paralysed, and drags himself along on crutches. Also he speaks no word of French. Saturday the Secretary said, "Dimenti is to go to Paris on Wednesday". "With whom is he going?" "He will have to go by himself. I

have no one to go with him". "Impossible", I said, "How could he got on the train? How could he manage, unable to speak to anyone?"

He shrugged, "Well he will have to go. Here is the order. Do you think I am going to get dropped on for disobeying an order for the sake of a Russian soldier?"

So I sought the doctor's signature to a paper certifying Dimenti unfit to travel alone. In the dispute that eusued it transpired that the order for Dimenti's evacuation has been reposing in the bureau siuce six days, during which time there have been three perfectly good opportunities of sending him to Paris under capable escort.

Only the pen of a Dickens could do justice to official indifferenee, to official capacity, *"c'est la vie militaire, il ne faut pas chercher á comprendre."*.

* * * * *

Before I leave you there is one word which I would say, a word which has been burning loug in my heart, which I have longed to say to all the mothers weeping for sons dead "on the field of honour". A word which I have brought away ever more and more clearly, more strongly from the white wards during these two and a half years. And it is this. You Mothers, you who have lost, you have also gained. You must be sorry, but you must also be glad. For you have gained a son with the gift of Immortal Youth. Your boy had not lost, he will never lose, his wonderful boyhood. Youth with its grace and its graciousness, its loveableness, its openness to all good influences, its never realisable hope and ideals, its faith and confidence, its gaiety and mirth, its wilfulness, the winningness of even its faults—his birthright, never lost or forfeited.

Recalling those whom I have sent away, back to the trenches, back to face Death once more, it is the boys who stand out fresh in memory, clear and dear and clean, gallant, generous, gay. If one of those boys whom I have loved should fall on the battle-field, I should be struck to the breast, but I should be glad too.

For he would go with the glory of the dawn in his soul, generously and proudly, unclaimed by the world, unjaded, unconquered by the sordid, the commonplace, the meanness, the drudgery, the cares of life. On the feet of the young there may be the dust of the road, but not in their eyes nor their souls.

How often in these months which have swept by I have felt for Shelley's lines, half in mind, half forgotten . . "He is not dead, he doth but sleep . . From that unrest that men miscall delight . . . Envy and calumny and grief and pain. From the contagion of the world's slow stain, He is secure".

I do not quote it all, nor all correctly, those noble lines which call the instant response of the heart . . . . . .

"*From the contagion of the world's slow stain. He is secure*"

K. W.

THE FALSE ALARM.

The Heavens are calm,— from whence those sounds disturbing,
That wake the drowsy hours ere it is day?
Beyond the stillness is some old world burning
Or, falling meteors crashing in mid-way?

Throughout immensity Night's stars are gleaming,
Scarcely a shadow films the sky, or sand,
The scented atmosphere,— though flowers are dreaming
Has stolen from the Citron groves at hand.

How strange this murmur, louder than men's praying:
No golden spear has cleft the sombre east,
No breath of Dawn the canvas tent is swaying
No signal-gun proclaims a fast, or feast.

From yonder City, —with the desert vying
Echoes the clanking of a fetter'd limb—
The wail of death, —perchance a captive dying,
As Kismet brings his freedom back to him.

That breathless city and its sun-baked quarters,
Its thorny cactus, stagnant, foul birket;
O for the wide plain near our Nile's green waters,
The Well! the Palms! and slender Minaret.

I pass the curtain —where our guard feign
sleeping
But no Emir? I listen, pause, still gaze,
Yet naught appears — I see a white fox creeping
Close to black Sultan, who awakes and neighs.

How softly, not in welcome, 'tis a warning,
He stands there loosely saddled in the line,
The racing camels drank much yester morning—
Our water-skins are tight as drums,—the sign!

Alas! that roar, what monstrous thing is crossing,
Darker than darkness?— fearing I look back,
It moves and whirs—its great wings now are
tossing
I shriek! it is the Prophet on Burak.*

'Tis come the Judgment! O sad day of weeping!
I fall face downwards, 'Allâhhu-akbar'.
Then hear a voice,— 'O woman cease thy bleating
And mount Gamâl; we ride both fast and far.'

I shiver in new fear at this betraying,
There stands my lord Omar with a grim smile,
'Thy cheek is pale', said he, 'but no delaying—
Mount! mount! and pray as we speed mile on
mile.'

VIOLET de MALORTIE.

*Al Burak was the miraculous winged steed which translated the Prophet Mohammed to Heaven, and upon him he will return at the 'Day of Reckoning.'

LA MARSEILLAISE.

NOW that the War has set the final seal upon the Entente-Cordiale, and that there exists a rapprochement such as has never before been dreamed of, between the French, their manners and customs, and ourselves, I imagine there are few Englishmen who have not thrilled at the sound of that most beautiful of all the National Songs of the Allies,—"The Marseillaise". Nearly every one knows that it was written by Rouget de Lisle, and that since the War began the remains of this once humble officer have been removed from Choisy-le-Roi, to a grander resting place, —The Invalides—where they are now not far from those of the Great Napoleon himself. I am certain, however, that not all Englishmen know the exact circumstances under which the song was written and that fewer still know how it came by its name, so I will try to give the facts here as briefly as possible. "The Marseillaise" which was at first baptised "Chant de Guerre pour l'armée du Rhin" and later destined to be called "La Strasbourgeoise," was composed at Strasburg on the night of April 25-26th, 1792, immediately after the declaration of War by France to Austria and Prussia.

On this occasion Rouget de Lisle, then Captain in the French Engineers, was present, with a distinguished company of French and German Officers, at a supper given by Diétrich, Mayor of Strasburg.

Some one expressed the regret that the French Army possessed no song really worthy of it, and it was finally suggested to Captain de Lisle, who was known as a very distinguished musician and a not inferior poet, that he should try and write one. At one o'clock in the morning the guests departed, having sung, played, and toasted to the success of the French Army in excellent champagne, and they bade one another farewell with these words. "Aux Armes, Citoyens, l'etendard de la guerre est deployé! Marchons! Soyons libres jusqu'au dernier soupir."

(To arms, citizens, the Standard of War is unfurled. March onwards! Let us be free till our last breath.")

Rouget de Lisle went home to his room No 15 Grande Rue, (now No. 126.) and there in a state of great enthusiasm he sat down and wrote the words and music of his "Chant de Guerre pour l'armèe du Rhin," accompanying himself on his violin.

The next day he first showed his song to his friend Maselet, an officer on the Staff and then carried it to Dietrich, who sang it in his fine tenor voice. Shortly after it was printed and published and was performed for the first time in public on Sunday, 29th. April, 1792, its popularity having from the first been so great that only four days were needed to make it famous

After this copies were sent to several contemporary musicians, including Grétry and Gossec, and the song was rapidly known nearly everywhere.

The first person to sing and play it at Marseilles is said to have been a doctor from Montpellier named Mireur, who came of a bourgeois family from Grasse. This young man, an ardent patriot, had enlisted in April 1792, and

was mobilised in the following June when he was at once sent to Marseilles to help to arrange for the departure for Paris of a large contingent of soldiers.

Mireur, who was an excellent orator, made a magnificent speech in Marseilles, at the meeting place of the "Société Jacobine" in which he praised the glories of France and her army, and at the close he produced a copy of Rouget de Lisle's "Chant de Guerre", and sang it.

The effect was marvellous, all present clamoured for copies, never before had the town of Marseilles been so thrilled by any music at once so warlike and so delightful and the next day the newspaper of the Midi "Le Journal des Départements Meridionaux et des Debats" printed it and devoted some space to its praise.

The people of Marseilles are often laughed at for their extreme volubility and enthusiasm, and it appears that on that occasion they all, especially the young recruits who thronged the Cannebière, devoted so much exuberant energy to the singing of de Lisle's song, that very soon they imagined the song was their special property, and throughout France wherever they went they shouted it in their warm full voices. They adopted it so fully, calling it "our song", that its first name gradually disappeared, it was known as the "Chant des Gens de Marseilles", and finally as "La Marseillaise", for that town had made it her own so completely that its origin threatened to be forgotten.

It was in 1820 that it was finally and officially baptised "The Marseillaise", and ten years later the new king of France, Louis Philippe, ex-Duke of Chartres, recognised it and finally and formally declared it to be the National War Song of his Country.

As for Captain Rouget de Lisle, like many another man who should have been rich and famous, he died in the utmost poverty on June 26th. 1836, at the age of 66, and it is only of late that France, and in fact all the World, has recognised his genius, and has made tardy recompense. In any case it cannot be said of him as said Robert Browning of other neglected geniuses—

"Their work drops groundward, but themselves I know,
Reach many a time a heaven unknown to us".

for the immortal "Marseillaise" soars ever further and further heavenward, and will never "drop groundward", not even after the day of the final victory, for we have too much need of the Marseillaise and all its music means to us, ever to let it fall into unmerited oblivion.

MARGARITA YATES.

THE BANSHEE.

Grief encompassed the home of MacMahon of Morna. MacMahon lay stricken with a grievous illness, and his eldest son Maurice, having going through the inferno of Suvla Bay, was one of those in whom the waves of the Bulgarian strength had broken and shattered, and again broken and again. The story of their heroism had come to rekindle the old martial pride of the race, to recall memories of the men who crossed the sea with Sarsfield, who under Lally and O'Brien had fought from Cremona to Ypres and never without honour, and finally of that MacMahon, the brave soldier and true gentleman, the last of the Brigade, to whom in the dark days that followed the Franco-Prussian War, France entrusted the leadership of the race, and confessed it had never been in worthier hands. Yes, the tale of heroic deeds had come, but the price which had been paid for their fame was not known.

The rain lashed the windows of the room in which the sick man lay. He looked towards them, and his thoughts fled from the storm-swept shores of Connaught to that bleaker landscape on which the hills look down on Lake Doiran, and to the men who had fallen there whom the buffets of time and fate would trouble no more. A girl sat by the bedside. She turned when he moved on the bed

and seeing the sad dreamy expression in his eyes, she asked anxiously "What is the matter, dad? What are you thinking of!" "Sad thoughts, sad thoughts, cushla" he replied. I was thinking of the many whom but a few months ago we saw leaving Morna. Many of them will never return. Their last looks have been not on the hills of Connaught, but the dreary Balkans. There are sad hearts around us to-night. Grief is on the air. What's that?"

A low wailing sound crept round the house. Despite the fury of the storm, the sound was distinctly audible and seemed something apart from and unaffected by the noise of the wind. It rose and fell weaving as it were a tissue of intangible grief.

"What is it, Maureen?' he repeated.

The girl shivered, she knew not why. "It is the wind, dad, the wind in the trees. A melancholy sound, is it not?"

"Indeed, it is. It is like the lament of a lost soul. You remember those poems of Emily Lawless on the "Wild Geese." Perhaps, it was on such a night as this, she conceived them. One might imagine that this was the wailing of the spirits of the dead returning from the Dardannelles and the Balkans to bid farewell to the old land!"

The girl bent down, kissed her father's forehead, and then shaking a playful finger at him, she exclaimed in a voice of assumed cheerfulness, "No more sad thoughts, daddy o'mine. You must hurry to get well again, and be able to keep our warrior in his place when he returns in glory from his campaigns."

MacMahon smiled sadly, but it was plain that his thoughts were far away. He was still looking towards the

window as one who waits for something to appear. The strange melancholy strain was still audible, it seemed to be nearer, more perceptible as if it were a presence in the room. Suddenly a piercing shriek was heard from outside followed by the sound of hurrying footsteps.

"I wonder what has happened" said MacMahon. The girl did not reply. She was looking towards the door. The sound of footsteps was heard approaching, and somebody tapped lightly. An old woman appeared on the threshold. Her face was white with fear, her hands trembled. She glanced beyond the girl who had opened the door for her, and a look of relief came to her face when she saw the figure on the bed.

"What's the matter, nurse?" asked the girl.

"Musha, nothin' at all, achree, stammered the old woman. I only thought, may be, you might be after wantin' something."

"Come in Molly," said the sick man. "Maureen" turning to his daughter, "it is time for you to have your dinner. See that you take it. Molly will remain here until the doctor comes. He promised to be here about nine."

When the girl had left the room, he turned to the old nurse. "Molly," said he, "who was that who shrieked outside just now?"

"Shrieked is it MacMahon?" repeated the old woman visibly embarrassed. "Musha don't trouble your head about that. Sure the wind has been shrieking all the evening, enough to frighten anybody. It is always the same with this house, there are so many corners and windows on it."

"But this wasn't the wind, Molly. I heard the shriek and the noise of somebody running."

" An' its ashamed of herself she ought to be, MacMahon, to disturb yeh with her foolish screamin."

"But who was it?" he persisted.

"Oh musha, it was that ownshuck (fool) of a girl Bridget "she thought she saw—saw somethin."

"Was it the Banshee, she thought she saw?" asked the sick man.

"Banshee, whishe, what put that iday in your head MacMahon. Sure it's little raison the Banshee has to come to the house of MacMahon. Aren't you nearly as well as iver ye were. Banshee, nigh!" Again and ever more pressingly the wail throbbed in the air. The old woman half turning from the bed crossed herself hurriedly and fell to praying, her beads in her hand. The sick man turned his face to the wall and seemed to sleep.

* * * *

The door was opened to the doctor by a maid servant whose face was convulsed with weeping.

"What's the matter, Bridget. Has any thing happened?

"Oh, Doctor, Master Maurice," and the girl sobbed aloud.

" What is it, tell me, girl."

He's dead, Doctor. Killed in the fighting. The news came half an hour ago.

"And MacMahon does he know?"

No, doctor, he is asleep. Miss Maureen is waiting for you in the drawing room.

The doctor slowly ascended the stairs. He paused frequently seeking to recover composure. For several moments he waited on the threshold. To his knock, there came no

answer, but the sound of sobbing. He opened the door and entered the room. The girl knelt by the couch, her face hidden in her hands, her dishevelled hair falling round her. Dry sobs seemed to rend her. She seemed pitiably exhausted. The doctor remained looking at her for a short time then he lifted her, pushed back the hair from her face and holding her hands in his, he spoke to her in stern tones.

"Listen to me. Maureen MacMahon," said he. "Your brother is dead. It is a terrible grief, but he died as a MacMahon should die with his face to the foe and his people around him. You must face life as bravely as he faced death. He has been true to his race. It's your turn to show yourself possessed of the same spirit. Sometimes 'tis easier to face death than to face life. Are you going to shrink from your duty. MacMahon must not be told of this until he is stronger to bear it. I rely on you."

As he spoke the girl ceased sobbing. She remained with eyes downcast for a moment after he had finished, and then she drew herself up.

"You are right," Doctor, she said. "I was wrong. I was weak. Come, we shall go to see dad."

The nurse met them at the door of the sick room. "I think he is sleeping, doctor," said she. MacMahon lay still with a smile on his face. There was no need of words "See" said the doctor, turning to the girl, "see, they have already met in Heaven."

* * * *

The hills around Lake Doiran were covered with a thin pall of snow. Beneath rested the dead in their blood sodden shallow graves. A pale moon struggling through masses of clouds peeped down on the resting place of the dead.

From the shadow of a clump of firs a jackal crept cautiously out into the open. Noiselessly he trotted across the snow sniffing at the ground. He stopped, looked around, and then began to throw aside the snow with his paws. In a few minutes, the white coverlet was cast away, and the brown earth appeared. Suddenly the jackal stopped. He became rigid. He looked fearfully round. A faint melancholy sound came up from the valley and then died away. The jackal shook himself and again resumed his occupation. Again he stopped. The sound became more distinct, more plaintive. The jackal with neck outstretched gazed down into the valley. His hair bristled, he trembled. He crept away with shaking limbs a few paces, looked down again into the valley, and then fled away into the darkness. The wind swept up the slopes of the hill. It gathered the snow as it came and scattered it over the place uncovered by the jackal. The plaintive wail ceased. The moon peeping down saw the snow pall smooth and untrodden as before.

MACLIR.

A GREAT BOOK.

(*Recollections by John Viscount Morley O. M. Hon: Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. In two volumes. Sixth Edition. Macmillan, London.*

I.

This eagerly awaited work has not disappointed public expectation. Deeply interesting as such a record was sure to be, it is educational in the literary sense of the word, epigrammatic, witty and last but not least, very entertaining. Grave, momentous pages are relieved by delightful touches of humour and the author does not hesitate to let his readers enjoy a smile at his own expense.

It was in the early seventies that I first met Mr. John Morley at the house of his friend, the late distinguished Professor Beesly. The guest of the evening had already attained a brilliant position in the world of letters. Indeed no writers outside imaginative literature stood higher. His *Edmund Burke*, *Voltaire* and *Compromise* had already appeared. He was Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and of the *English Men of Letters* series. Finest personalities are often the least describable. Add to the type of an English gentleman and a scholar, the qualities of reserve, adaptability to the circumstances of the moment and an utter

absence of attempts to shine, such was my dinner-table impression of Mr. Morley.

Quite naturally the conversation of such a quartette turned upon books and authors. I well remember with what enthusiasm the Editor spoke of a recent work by Thomas Hardy, maybe, the celebrated "*Far from the madding Crowd.*" I always play the part of listener when in good company and I don't think that I had then read the story or I might have here had my innings. Being a practical farmer I could have showed, how like Tom, Dick and Harry, or the wisest, the novelist made himself ridiculous when talking of things he did not understand. His heroine Bathsheba is described as offering her own wheat for sale in the Market Hall, precincts closed to women farmers as rigidly as the other sex are shut out of the harem! Like my Suffolk neighbours, widows and spinsters having their names on their wagons, my samples of corn in little brown paper bags were shown by my headman and among the more important of us, by a farm-bailiff. Hardy, by the way a writer much too Zola esq to please me and his pictures of farming life are exactly the opposite of my own and thoroughly practical experiences.

The second time I met Mr. Morley was on the celebration of Queen Victoria'sJubilee, 1897. Upon that occasion, a soirée was given by women writers, each being permitted to invite a guest of the other sex. Some lady had been fortunate enough to secure Mr. Morley, then Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Member for Blackburn, Irish Secretary, and close friend and supporter of Mr. Gladstone. A short, very short conversation is my last recollection of one to whose editorial encouragement I owed much. No one had taken more interest in my studies of French life, and we

talked for just five minutes about Arthur Young "that wise and honest traveller" as he had styled him, whose famous *Travels in France* I had edited for Bohn's Library. No more. But it was something.

Although savouring of egotism I add a few pleasant memories. Mr Morley's editorial letters of which I had many were always short and to the purpose. Of my novel "*Love and Mirage*" (now published by Hutchinson in their cheap series) he wrote "graceful, interesting and pathetic" and he accepted for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Macmillan many of my sketches of French and German life. Most of the former have since been incorporated in my recent volumes on French life and literature. Of the latter I am about to reissue the series entitled "*Letters from an Island*" giving an account of a summer sojourn in the island of Rügen, with some very poignant notes of German society and an anecdote of naval officers who landed and had a drinking bout on the shore.

Memorable had been the intervening years in Mr. Morley's career and more memorable still were to follow.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for January, of the present year another great Victorian has paid a noble tribute to his friend, without at the same time withholding a word of criticism regarding his *Recollections* as a literary work. The title, urges Mr. Frederic Harrison, should be *Recollections and Meditations*. "Half of the book," he writes, "is literature that may rank with that of our great essayists from Bacon to Burke. Half of it is History interspersed with memories of our leading statesmen. It is the political testament of a statesman who has held great offices in critical times and has been at the helm in many a storm. Again it

is the life-long study of literature by one who now for fifty years has had no superior in the prose writing of this age."

The defect, perhaps inevitable, of the volume is a certain discursiveness, of *disjecta membra*. The narrative is not as the French say, *coulant*; connecting links are wanting, we are too suddenly plunged from one subject into another. At the same time, there is a charm in these incongruities. Thus when writing to Lord Minto, Viceroy in 1906, himself being Secretary of State for India, he rings the changes on grave political matters thus :—

"I am the least of a sportsman that ever was born and the sight of a tiger except behind the bars of the Zoological Gardens would frighten me out of my wits; but I do rejoice to think that you, who I sincerely believe are the most heavily burdened public servant in the Empire, are seeing the fresh life of the jungle, the Zemindars, (land holders) and all the rest that you so very pleasantly describe."

Perhaps the most valuable pages of Lord Morley's work are those in his second volume devoted to India. Many chapters, it is hoped, will be translated into the vernacular. Aristotle has named magnanimity as the crowning virtue, and certainly the very quality here needed. Nobly did the Secretary of State protest against harsh and repressive measures.

Thus in October 1908 he writes to Lord Minto:—

"You speak of our having 'too much respect for the doctrines of the Western world quite unsuited to the East,' I make bold to ask you what doctrines? There is no doctrine that I know of involved in regarding, for instance, transportation for life in such a case as Tinnevelly? as a monstrous outrage on common-sense. And what are we in India for? Surely in order to implant slowly,

prudently, judiciously—those ideas of justice, law, humanity, which are the foundation of our own civilization? It makes me sick when I am told that scores on scores would make short work of seditious writers and spouters. I can imagine a certain potentate answering me—if I were to hint that boiling offenders in oil, cutting their throats, blowing them from a gun for small peculation, were rather dubious proceedings—that I was a bewildered sentimentalist, with a brain turned full of a pack of nonsense quite unsuited to the East! "

Lord Morley is, certes, no courtier. Has he not in his first volume spoken of Queen Victoria's chilling reception of himself? It is pleasant to find from jottings here and there that he was a *persona grata* at the court of the great Edward VII and of his son. Thus in this same year he writes:—"I'm bidden to Windsor for four days—very agreeable always, only not *rest*."

Here is a gleaning from Lord Morley's sheaf of dicta, epigrams and witticisms, many of these as certain to be incorporated into the English tongue as have been those of his great forerunners, the "*Time is Money*" of Franklin, the "*Comparisons are odious*" of Marlowe, the "*Enough is as good as a feast*" of Heywood—leaving out the Shakespearian thousands, to come to later times, the "*Handsome is that handsome does*" of Goldsmith, the "*Chip of the old block*" of Burke, the "*Hand and Glove*" of Cowper, the "*Keep your powder dry*" of Colonel Blacker and of our Victorian age, the "*Muscular Christianity*" of Disraeli; the "*Rich in all—saving commonsense*" of Tennyson, the "*Sweetness and light*" of Swift, popularized by Matthew Arnold, and of the Georgians, have we not goodly promise?

From Lord Morley's great book I quote the following—many citations cut out, of course, belonging to the Edwardian period.

"We talked away without saying anything, as men are so curiously, apt to do."

"So and so looks as if he were well up in his business and as if he minded that before other things—the beginning of virtue in this world."

"What's the use of a historic sense if you don't recollect your history?"

"The proper memory for a politician is one that knows what to remember and what to forget."

(Of a magazine article on himself.) "It was the ill-natured word for a defect when the good-natured word would have done quite as well."

"I'm always finding the commonplace is the true essential."

"All modern history and tradition associate empires with war.'

"War ostracises, demoralizes, brutalises reason."

(Certain) "People with a genius for picking up pins."

"People of good temper are not always kind people." (Philanthrophists and agitators) "Most of what is decently-good in our curious world has been done by these two much abused sets of folk."

"Our master, the Man in the Street."

"Time is one thing, and eternity is another."

"A shining day worth living for."

"Waste of public money is like the Sin against the Holy Ghost."

"That most tiresome of all things, an Act of Parliament."

(Of Keir Hardie 1907) "Perhaps it is only these men with unscrupulous preconceptions—knocking their heads against stone walls — who force the world along."

"I demur, in the uplifted spirit of the Troldeu Worm." (Concerning a stormy scene forthcoming in the House of Commons) "I shall survive in some shape or another and even if I don't, the sun will rise with his usual punctuality next morning."

(Under similar conditions) "We will not bid good-morrow to the Devil until we meet him."

"Do not count me a Slow Coach."

(Concerning an emblazoned Indian inscription 1909 promising Lord Ripon, Lord Minto and himself a life in the Indian heart to all eternity—) "Time is quite enough for me, and you (Lord Minto) are welcome to my share of the other, as well as your own."

"Deep is history in man, even although he may seldom be alive to it."

"The humane attraction of a hale old age."

"Dramas are not made by words but by situations."

"Loose logic is not enough to turn men somnambulists.'

"Needs of life and circumstance are the constant spur."

(Of the Victorian age) "New truths were welcomed in free minds and free minds make brave men."

(Of his pet dog) "My little humble friend squats on her haunches, looking wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the fading twilight."

A most poetic ending to pre-eminently *the* book of 1917.

Hastings,
ENGLAND.

BETHAM EDWARDS.

INDIAN RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

The Partnership Scheme.

Some of us would have liked to support Mr. Curtis' well thought-out "Joint" Scheme for a *via media* between the demands of the home ruler and the non-possumus of the conservative, but, while sincerely appreciating the scholarly manner in which this scheme has been worked out, have been unable to feel satisfied that the system of divided authority (diarchy), on which it is based, would not prove unworkable in practice, or that under it a single class might not permanently capture the purely elected bodies it would create.

Under these circumstances the following scheme, which may be known as the "partnership" scheme has been tentatively sketched for discussion. It differs from the "Joint" scheme, in that it is based upon the principle of partnership, as opposed to that of diarchy, also that it provides against the capture of the governmental machine by any single class. It seeks to ascertain how gradual progress could best be made towards the system of government obtaining in Great Britain and the Dominions, such safeguards being added as to prevent evils dependent on the difference in the conditions concerned.

The difference referred to is that, whereas in Great Britain and in the Dominions, the people generally are

sufficiently advanced in development to understand political questions, and to act, accordingly, in their own interests, this is the case only with certain classes in India, at the present time.

To what extent then, does this difference in conditions prevent the establishment of parliamentary government, with full financial control, in the Indian imperial and provincial legislative councils, with corresponding changes in district boards, municipalities, and village assemblies?

Let us imagine full parliamentary government accorded, and then see what restrictions would have to be added in order to meet reasonable objections.

For political purposes in India, the population may be classed as :—(*a*) educated Europeans, (*b*) educated Indians, (*c*) uneducated Indians.

Of these three classes, the educated European already enjoys, in his own country, the whole of the institutions in question. He is clearly fitted for them in India. Few to are likely to dispute the fact that the educated Indian is also fitted. There remains then only the uneducated Indian, who thus becomes the crux of the matter.

Let us see to what extent it is necessary to modify full parliamentary institutions, if introduced in India, in order to prevent the uneducated Indian from either suffering himself, or from upsetting the balance to the detriment of either of the other two classes concerned.

The enquiry will be simplified by noticing that the only way the uneducated Indian can affect the situation is through those who represent him, and that if his representatives be adequate, disinterested, and efficient, reasonable objection to full parliamentary government for India falls to the ground.

What then is required to enable the uneducated Indian to be adequately, disinterestedly, and efficiently represented?

The educated Indian has replied, "by myself undertaking the task." The educated European has said, "by retaining the whole present complicated system of bureaucratic government and all that it implies." These two proposals are mutually antagonistic. Is it impossible to find a way of bringing them into union?

CONSTITUENCIES.

One of the difficulties to be encountered, in any attempt to introduce responsible government, is the now existing antagonism between classes, creeds, and races. With a view to reducing this antagonism it might be laid down that, for the purposes of the reforms, the term "Indian," should be held to apply equally to every British subject, irrespective of race, creed, or place of birth, provided that he had resided in India, as adult, for the greater part of ten years, *e. g.*, a Parsee, doing business in India, would be entitled to representation as an Indian, even though born in Persia and residing part of the time in Persia, provided he were a British subject, and that, subsequent to having reached the age of twenty-one years, he had spent the greater portion of ten years in India. The same would apply to persons of European parentage earning their livelihood in India, even though born in Great Britain and returning to that country periodically. On the other hand, in order that all sections of the community might be represented in proportion to their importance in the life of the country, the literate should be given larger representation than the illiterate, and those in charge of activities of such far

reaching consequence to the general community as agriculture, education, manufacture, banking, and trade, should have a larger voice in the government than individuals of equal scholastic attainments, whose activities had less effect upon the prosperity of the country. In other words, the stake in India of the individual or community concerned, rather than any question of race, creed or place of birth, should be taken into account in fixing the amount of representation accorded.

The first thing then would be to divide up the population into constituencies on these principles, the seats to be classed either as (a) "educated", in which case they would be filled by election on whatever franchise might be most convenient in the community concerned, a matter that could be settled eventually by the Government to be constituted, or as (b) "uneducated", in which case they would be filled by nomination by the Governor General, whose duty it would be to choose suitable persons, not necessarily belonging to the community concerned, to represent the constituency in council. Such nominees might also be officials. This would remove the main objection, which we have seen exists, to parliamentary government in India, since persons selected as suitable, by the Governor General, could hardly be regarded with suspicion. A British parliamentary commission might be appointed periodically to decide the standard of education to be required for admission to an "educated" constituency.

So long as the "uneducated" constituencies exceeded the "educated" ones, bureaucratic government would prevail. There would be no restriction upon the discussions, however, except such as might be imposed by the vote of

the members themselves. All returns and other information, ordinarily furnished to members of the House of Commons, would be supplied, as a matter of course. The debates, in consequence, would be better informed than at present, and would extend over a wider range of subjects, and hence the sessions would be longer than at present. The bureaucracy would have a majority, however, and there would be no turning them out, though substantial progress towards responsible government would have been made in the widening of the debates, and the removal of secretariat officials too busy to take part in them effectually.

The situation would change, as successive parliamentary committees transferred seats from the "uneducated" to the "educated" category. The bureaucratic Government would still remain in power, but it would do so only by shaping its policy so as to secure the support of the more conservative of the party of progress. Even if the bureaucrats were turned out they could be succeeded only by a government commanding the support of the more moderate of the elected members, since the moment a new government failed to carry the moderates with it, the majority on which it depended would disappear. In practice, the policy of a new government would differ too little from that of the government it displaced, to affect stability anywhere. A popular leader might soon succeed an official as Prime Minister, but the policy of his government would be almost identical with that of the party he turned out. Otherwise, he would himself be promptly out-voted. A veto in the hands of the Governor General should then be sufficient to check hasty legislation, or resolutions inconsiderately passed. A member of the House might be appointed

parliamentary secretary in each department to keep in touch with the permanent officials.

The allegation has been made that, under such a system, no transfer of power would take place until the elected members formed a government for themselves, and that, therefore, eventually, the whole responsibility would have to be made over in one lump, but seems to be based upon a misconception. Such a thing would be prevented owing to there being a period—long or short as succeeding British parliamentary commissions would decide—during which the elected and bureaucratic elements would be more or less equally balanced, and during which, therefore, the bureaucratic Cabinet would, for its own stability, invite elected moderates to accept portfolios. There need be no more difficulty about this in India than has been found in England where what is essentially a Liberal-Unionist government is, at this moment, allied with the Labour Party which holds several places in the Cabinet. The arrangement would be so natural that an Indian bureaucratic Cabinet would hardly require prompting from outside to adopt it. A standing order from the Secretary of State, however, that this procedure was expected, should be sufficient to ensure its adoption from the commencement. European and Indian moderates, whose views most nearly coincided with those of the bureaucracy, would be offered, at first minor, and in a very short time, more important seats in the Cabinet. An elected Prime Minister might be looked forward to any day, and, backed as he would be by a highly efficient bureaucracy, his success would be no question of experiment, since it would be assured from the very beginning. This stage would be a transitory one,

since, with the successive transfer of constituencies from the "uneducated" to the "educated" category, the elected members would eventually have an absolute majority. The bureaucratic members would then go out of power, but would still be numerous enough to ensure the preponderance of the moderates with whom they would continue to ally themselves. As the result, the administration would continue in the hands of trained men who had already been members of the bureaucratic Cabinet. When the number of the bureaucratic members became further reduced, more advanced thinkers might secure admission to the Cabinet in power, but a sufficient leaven of trained moderates would remain to prevent any such thing as catastrophic change.

Once the bureaucrats were in a minority they would be required to support one or other of the elected parties, and this would cause no friction, since they could resign if they objected, in which case the Governor General would appoint less stiff-necked successors, his own duty having become merely to choose which of the competing elected parties should be kept in power.

The rules of the House might require the bureaucratic members to record reasons in writing whenever they voted contrary to the majority of the elected members.

Deadlock could be dealt with by requiring the Governor General, either to dissolve the Council and issue writs for new elections, or else to select new bureaucrats. Should this not end the deadlock, it would become the function of the Secretary of State either to send out another Governor General, or else to suspend the Council and empower the existing Governor General to revert to the present system

of administering the country through the agency of the permanent officials.

It is suggested (1) that none, other than a member of the particular community concerned, should be eligible to represent an elective constituency in Council; that (2) in any rearrangement of constituencies, the main point to be kept in view should be the bringing into Council of those who have most real weight in the community; that (3) the qualification for the franchise constituency should be one of the matters to be decided by the Government in an elective concerned; that (4) redistribution of provinces should be a matter for the Imperial Council; (5) that all cabinet ministers should receive pay equivalent to that of the executive council members they would have displaced; (6) that all other members of the assemblies should receive salaries analogous to those attached to seats in the House of Commons. Officials holding seats representative of uneducated constituencies should receive ordinary grade pay plus the seat salary, and this might also be adopted as a standard in fixing the remuneration of any non-officials appointed on a whole time basis for similar work: non-officials holding such appointments on a part time basis would receive only the ordinary seat salary.

A Prime Minister would not invite anyone to join the Cabinet unless prepared to work loyally with his colleagues. Anyone who joined and then failed to fulfil this condition would be promptly ejected by the Cabinet itself. Similarly no government would remain in power which had not a majority behind it in the House. The authority of the government would also be supreme over the executive. There would be no room for friction, since there would be

no dual control. The fact that the bureaucratic members in the House (following the instructions of the British parliament, which would dismiss them if they rebelled) sometimes went into a lobby other than that entered by some of the elected members (who would be obeying the behest of educated electorates in India, which would similarly turn them out if necessary) would be no more than equivalent to Mr. Redmond's followers in the House of Commons not voting with those of Mr. Lloyd George. The nominated members would not differ materially from those members of the House of Commons who are so fortunate as to hold safe seats.

Some Indians may say that the operation of the scheme would be too slow to satisfy them. Some Europeans may object that it would be too fast. The scheme offers, however, certain manifest advantages. It would promote co-operation between the bureaucracy and the more moderate leaders of educated opinion, from the very first, since the one party would have to depend upon the other. Again, abrupt changes would be avoided, and the friction inseparable from tentative arrangements would not be incurred. At the same time, progress towards responsible government would be continuous, and the ultimate triumph of democratic methods would be ensured. The rate of progress would depend upon the pace at which responsible electorates could be brought into being.

An argument that may be used against the proposal is that the members of the first popular Government to overthrow a bureaucratic one, might enter upon their task insufficiently trained in political responsibility. This objection appears more serious when stated in general

terms, however, than when dissected. Let us suppose the bureaucratic Government unable to command a majority, and the Governor General consequently obliged to send for an non-official Prime Minister. The most influential of the leading moderates would, of course, be selected, and the bureaucratic vote would be transferred to him.

So long as the Prime Minister consulted the views of his official supporters, he could remain in power. On the other hand, if he went in for dangerous experiments, the bureaucratic vote would be taken from him, and, (with parties as closely balanced as they would necessarily be on the first occasion of a change of government), he would very soon find himself in a minority, since he could hold his own, only by keeping together every member of what had previously been the opposition. Long before the waning bureaucratic majority had been converted into a minority, however, the bureaucratic government would have given places in the Cabinet to the more prominent of the elected moderates, who would thus be trained in administration. It would only be after the bureaucrats had been further weeded out, that the leaders of any extreme wing would have their chance ; and by that time the system would have been so long in operation, and so many men would have been trained in office, that no difficulty would arise.

As the assemblies, under the scheme, would be safeguarded against disastrous mistakes, they may be charged with being a worse training ground for electorates than if this were not the case. The village council, not the provincial assembly, however, should obviously be the

school for electorates, since mistakes would then be least costly to rectify.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this system are ; (1) that it could be introduced, at once, without dislocation of existing institutions ;

(2) that, as complete governmental control would be vested, at once, in the existing legislative councils, which would need only to be expanded, there would be no period of friction and opposition, at the beginning, such as would be inevitable, if any tentative system were to be adopted, which would set the bureaucracy up in arms to defend its threatened privileges and to prove that popular methods were a failure. Again, the function of successive parliamentary commissions would not be the thorny one of passing judgment upon the success or failure of legislative bodies, but the infinitely easier one of deciding the standard of education to be required of a member of an elective constituency.

(3) The conferring upon legislative assemblies of complete parliamentary control of the executive, at once, would be appreciated by all educated Indians as a sincere endeavour to meet, in liberal and whole-hearted spirit, the real grievance under which they suffer, which is that they are left out of the government of their own country.

(4) The fact that only those classes obviously fitted for responsible government would elect their members, and that the Governor General's nominees would represent the rest, would afford the most absolute guarantee against dangerous measures, thereby meeting the main objection amongst Europeans to parliamentary institutions for India.

Difference of opinion would, of course, remain, as to the standard of education necessary for the franchise. But this difference would be only in degree. The main principle, which is to bring the elected leaders of the people—European as well as Indian— into complete partnership in the Government, is one to which all classes should be able to subscribe, without surrendering any of the claims for which they stand.

The scheme is thus half-way between that of the radical who demands complete parliamentary institutions, at once, and that of the conservative who would postpone parliamentary institutions indefinitely.

It proposes that complete parliamentary institutions should be brought into operation, at once, with the proviso only that communities which cannot be shown, to the satisfaction of a British parliamentary committee, to be sufficiently advanced in civilization to be capable of taking advantageous part in political questions, should be represented by bureaucratic nominees. It goes as far in the direction of satisfying the Indian demand as is possible without violating—and as it involves no catastrophic change it does not violate—the principles underlying the attitude of moderate-minded Europeans.

SUMMARY.

(1) Europeans and Indians resident in India are equally entitled to a growing share in the government of the country in which they dwell; such share to be proportionate to their respective stakes in it.

(2) The Indian's complaint that he is left out of the government of his own country is a legitimate one, which

the European is desirous of meeting, so far as can be done without endangering good administration.

(3) The proposal is to give the Indian what he asks for, but to do so gradually, and in such manner as not to endanger the principles for which the European rightly stands. This appears to be capable of being accomplished by progressively increasing the partnership of elected European and Indian representatives in all branches of the Government, through the agency of the existing legislative Councils, which already deal with the legislation of the entire country.

(4) There appears to be no good reason why the demand of the educated Indian, for elected representation in these councils, should not be granted, at once, to the full extent of the claimant's stake in the country, if two provisos be fulfilled. The first of these provisos is that the population of India should be divided up into such constituencies as to enable the educated European and the uneducated Indian to be both represented to the extent of their respective stakes in the country. The second proviso is that such uneducated Indians, as are at present incapable of taking advantageous part in political life, should be represented so long as this inability continues, by persons not liable to be suspected of using the ignorance of those they represent to push measures detrimental to others. The last named condition would be fulfilled, if the uneducated Indians in question were represented in the councils, to the extent of their stake in the country, by officials or others nominated by some such impartial authority as the Governor General. In this way the councils would become entirely composed of representatives of educated Europeans,

educated Indians, and uneducated Indians, and each representative would speak on behalf of a definite constituency. The representatives of uneducated communities would be either officials or nominated non-officials.

(5) In order to ensure that no community should be classed as uneducated, and thus disqualified from electing its own representatives, after it had become capable of taking advantageous part in political life, all that would be necessary would be that some such disinterested tribunal, as a British parliamentary commission, should assemble periodically, to decide applications for the transfer of constituencies from the "uneducated" to the "educated" category, and *vice versa*.

(6) Provided the safeguards above enumerated be established, which would prevent any sudden change in the administration, there need be no further delay in granting the Indian demand that the councils should be given full parliamentary control of the executive, including finance. An elected member might be appointed to represent each government department in the Council, in the capacity of paid parliamentary secretary, thereby keeping close touch with the permanent officials. The Governor General would be endowed with a veto.

(7) Authority would then be vested in a bureaucratic Cabinet, which would be progressively diluted by European and Indian elected members. These elected members would exercise continually growing influence on the administration, and would be themselves increasingly exercised in responsibility, until they became a majority in a Cabinet which would long have reflected their opinions. The Prime-Minister by now would be an elected member. Which might

also occur while bureaucrats were still in a majority in the Cabinet. The next stage would be the disappearance of bureaucrats from the Cabinet, altogether, while still retaining a majority in the House. A further stage would be where the bureaucrats in the House were in a minority, but still numerous enough to turn out any particular Cabinet, by combining with one of the other parties. Later on, the bureaucrats would become so few in the House that they would cease to affect the balance. The final stage would be when the last bureaucrat made his bow to the House and reverted to his office as a permanent official, leaving a parliament consisting of nobody but elected members to rule the country.

(8) This procedure is easy of introduction, and eventually, without any catastrophic change, would give all that the Indian asks. It would promote co-operation between the elected element and the permanent official, from the very beginning. It would give the elected element a real voice in the administration, at once, and as constituencies were transferred from the "uneducated" to the "educated" category, it would lead, by smooth and gradual process, to ultimately complete popular control The only point, on which difference of opinion would remain, would be as to how long the transition stages should last—and this would depend upon the British Parliament.

Proposed Constituencies For Bengal

Existing Constituencies (Elective)

Landlords, district and local boards, municipalities, Calcutta University, Calcutta Trades, and Calcutta and Chittagong Port Trusts. ... 25 Seats

New Constituencies (Elective)

Mofussil retail trade,	...	...	1 Seat
Jute Mills,	...	...	1 „
Jute Balers,	...	...	1 „
Import Trade,	...	...	1 „
Shipping Combine,	...	...	1 „
Engineering Trade,	...	...	1 „
Bankers,	...	...	1 „
Grain and Seed Trade,	...	...	1 „
Darjeeling, Dooars, } Tea industry	...	...	2 „
Coal Trade,	...	...	1 „
Railways (2 seats)	...	...	2 „

New Constituencies

(Elective or nominated according to education.)

Burdwan Division		
Literates (863, 036 population) (elective)	2	„
Illiterates (6,704,278) (nominated)	7	„
Presidency Division.		
Literates (997,228), (elective)	2	„
Illiterates (8,448,034) (nominated)	8	„
Rajshahi Division		
Literates (526,980 population) (elective) .	1	„
Illiterates (9,617,322) (nominated) ..	9	„
Dacca Division		
Literates (770,433) (elective)	1	„
Illiterates (11,267,216) (nominated) .	11	„
Chittagong Division		
Literates (364,377) (elective) ...	1	„
Illiterates (5,030,114) (nominated)	5	..

Twelve seats might be added to enable the Governor General to nominate leading members of any communities not otherwise sufficiently represented ... ... 12 Seats

TOTAL 97 seats.

This compares with 45 seats in the present Bengal Legislative Council. The existing seats for Indian commerce, European mofussil commerce, and Bengal Chamber are omitted, the two first as creating an unnecessary race distinction, the third as being covered by representatives of the constituent associations of the Chamber.

The seats held by permanent officials, as such, have also disappeared, the permanent official now coming in, only so far as may be necessary, to provide suitable representatives for constituencies not yet sufficiently advanced to elect members for themselves.

In the case of constituencies representing trades, manufacturers, bankers, railways etc., the franchise might be exercised by the directorates of the firms and companies concerned, the number of votes to be accorded to each concern to be proportionate to its turnover *e.g.*, a big jute mill would have more votes in electing the representative of the jute mills constituency than would a small jute mill. The managing agent would exercise the franchise.

In the case of the new divisional educated constituencies, the franchise might be exercised, at first, by such adults residing in the division, as could produce a university matriculation certificate. The Council itself would decide to what extent this standard should be maintained.

Periodical Parliamentary Commissions would decide what proportion of the population at large was to be considered literate, *i. e.* how many seats should be elective.

Other provinces might be provided with constituencies upon somewhat similar lines.

Governors would exercise, in regard to provincial legislative councils, the powers of the Governor General towards the Imperial Legislative Council.

The Imperial Legislative Council might be constituted of representatives of similar constituencies, coopted by the members of those constituencies in the provincial councils. The Imperial Legislative Council would exercise over the provincial councils powers similar to those now exercised by the Government of India over provincial governments. Redistribution of functions between the Imperial and Provincial Councils could be effected gradually, hereafter, under the orders of the Secretary of State as advised by the Governor General, in the light of cumulative experience.

Grand Hotel;
SIMLA. } EVERARD COTES.

[The above scheme has been materially modified, since originally drafted, in consequence of criticisms and suggestions for which the writer is indebted to members of the European and Indian communities, including leaders of thought in both the Moderate and the Home Rule camps, who have been so good as to discuss it with him informally. He acknowledges their help generally, and not by name, lest he should appear to claim political support for the scheme to which it is not entitled.]

IN ALL LANDS.

The War.

The long expected offensive was launched by the enemy in the latter half of last month. He had not only concentrated all available troops on the western front, but had improved his machinery as well. Krupp has invented a long range gun which, to the astonishment of Frenchmen, could bombard the suburbs of Paris. At the end of the month Mr. Lloyd George asked for the unfaltering support of the nation for the Allied line had to be slightly withdrawn and the crisis was not over. The enemy, however, had suffered heavy losses, and villages were being taken and retaken. The struggle will evoke the most fixed determination of the armies engaged, and the belief in England was that the situation, though grave, was not pessimistic.

* *

The Command.

The battle will rage the most fiercely on French soil; the enemy's immediate objectives would be the French capital and the French coast; and in the event of a reverse—which Heaven avert—France will probably be the heaviest loser. In the circumstances, apart from the comparative qualifications of the several commanders, it was appropriate, from a political standpoint, to assign the su-

preme command to a French General. Not much is hitherto known of General Foch, but the Allies must be presumed to have selected the most capable man available. President Wilson has expressed his confidence in him, and though a nation that produced a Duke of Wellington may feel its prestige rather shaken, Mr. Lloyd George must have yielded to graver considerations.

* * *

America's Part.

According to newspapers America is training millions of soldiers. How many have arrived in France is not equally clear. The transport across the waters is beset with dangers, and what General Pershing thinks of the number that can fight with maximum effect and a minimum loss of life must also be a great consideration. In the accounts of the heroic deeds done on the western front we read frequently of British and French aeronauts, but only occasionally of American fighters. Evidently large numbers have not yet arrived. At any rate Mr. Lloyd George has urged upon President Wilson the necessity of rendering substantial help as early as possible. The publication of this appeal seems to show that the arrival of American comrades is anxiously expected by the army in the field. The Allies have always welcomed Time as their friend. He is much needed now.

* * *

Loss of Shipping.

Predictions by the experts who inspire the Allied press have often been much too sanguine. They are required to keep up the spirit of the nations that have to make such heavy sacrifices, but they cannot be acted upon. It

was thought that the enemy's submarine campaign would fail in six months. It did fail if the object was to starve the British, but it inflicted heavy losses on the Allied shipping. The British War Cabinet hoped that increased shipbuilding activity would fully make up for the losses, while the enemy would not be able to replace the destroyed submarines with equal readiness. The review of the situation by Sir Eric Geddes did not satisfy the press last month, but the voice of discontent was quickly hushed by the boom of the guns on the western front. The Allies have decided to take over neutral shipping. The situation is undoubtedly getting more complicated.

***

Plight of Russia.

The ink had hardly dried from our chronicle of events last month when the German advance upon Petrograd and the internal state of that city compelled the Bolsheviks to sign the treaty dictated by the enemy. A German Commission is reported to be sitting at Petrograd to safeguard compliance with the terms of the peace. The Government, such as may be said to exist, is removed from there and the embassies of the Allies reside elsewhere. "Forced, painful, and humiliating" was the peace, in the language of the Soviets, but what honour or consideration can a nation without an army expect from an enemy? They have still hopes of the European proletariat coming to their rescue. No power is likely to dominate the world or a continent for a long time, and things will right themselves sooner or later. But a tornado does not leave things as they were, and what will be left to Russia?

***

Austria and Germany.

The destiny of the provinces severed from Russia appears to be undecided. Count Hertling explained recently that it would have to be settled by negotiation with Austria. It is not improbable that Germany will aspire to control the valleys of the northern rivers, while Austria will similarly insist upon dominating the valleys of the southern rivers. At any rate Austria at one time hoped to appropriate Ukraine, which had been occupied by Russia after several struggles with Austria and Turkey. There was at one time one "sick man" among the rulers of Europe, and some would place Austria now in the same category. But Germany has made enemies all over the world, and Austria may hope to derive adequate support from some of them in a possible contest with Germany. Russian banks are said to be dominated by Germans, while Turkey is said to have entrusted to Austrians the work of constructing a tunnel from Constantinople to the coast opposite.

***

Asia and the War.

It is not yet clear what Turkey is to get in the division of the spoil. The Asiatic districts severed from Russia will be allowed "self-determination." They would presumably like to throw in their lot with Turkey, but Turkey is said to have asked for a slice of Persia, which has remained neutral in the present war. The reports that we get about the aspirations of the Central Powers are perhaps intelligent conjectures, and it is premature to speculate on the destiny of any portions of Asia. The released prisoners in Siberia, who were believed to be armed by Germany, have not provoked Japan to execute

her threat. The Bolsheviks are said to maintain friendly relations with Japan and China. They must be extremely foolish to court the risk of being shorn on all sides. For the present all eyes are centred on the events in France.

***

Indian Home Rule.

At the last session of the Imperial Legislative Council at Delhi, officials were on two occasions allowed to vote as they pleased, and not necessarily with Government. At the first of these debates Mr. Montagu was present and the question was whether provinces should be divided according to the languages spoken. The Government remained neutral and the Council threw out the proposition as unnecessary and impracticable. On the second occasion the Government proposed to include agricultural income in the total amount which determines the class in which a payer of income-tax would be placed. Some high officials voted against Government and the proposal was negatived. This departure from the old custom seems to foreshadow one of the reforms which Mr. Montagu will introduce. The Home Rulers insist on a compliance with their demands within a specified period. They will send a deputation to England. An anti-Home Rule deputation from Madras is also spoken of.

***

The New Spirit.

The Home Rule movement is only a partial expression of the new spirit with which educated India is seething. Recent events in Kaira, a district of the Bombay Presidency, reveal another phase of it. Crops failed in that district, and the question was to what extent they had

failed and who were entitled to a suspension or remission of the revenue under the rules in force. Mr. Gandhi and others insisted that the official valuation was exaggerated and unfair and demanded an independent investigation. The Government refused to throw the men on the spot overboard. Mr. Gandhi and others thereupon preached passive resistance and hundreds have signed a pledge not to pay the revenue. This movement raises very important questions of principle, but further developments can be recorded only next month. It may be mentioned that the late Sir W. Wedderburn and others were opposed to the principle of making executive officials the sole arbiters of revenue demands.

***

Passive Resistance.

Mr. Gandhi's plan of passive resistance was tried last month not only in a dispute between the officials and the cultivators, but also in a labour dispute. The operatives at Ahmedabad demanded an increase of 50 per cent. in their wages, while the mill-owners were prepared to add only 20 per cent. to the pre-war rate. Mr. Gandhi and others interposed, and a public meeting, which is said to have represented both parties, passed a resolution recommending an increase of 35 per cent. Subsequently, however, it appears that some of the workmen repudiated the authority of the meeting and charged Mr. Gandhi and others with driving in motor cars and siding with the rich, to the detriment of the poor. Thereupon the mill-owners also refused to accept the resolution of the meeting. Mr. Gandhi then convened another meeting, and protested that as a God-fearing man he regarded such conduct with horror and he

would starve himself to death if sacred obligations were disregarded. And the parties at once came to terms!

Object Lessons.

Why did the Government of India allow officials to vote as they pleased on its own proposal to assess income-tax in a particular way? Why did the Madras Government abandon a certain piece of legislation when it was opposed by the zamindars? These questions have been asked by many. One answer is that the policy declared by Government at the beginning of the war was to undertake no controversial legislation during the war. Some have suggested the moral that if a second legislative chamber be formed in India, the interests of the poor will be sacrificed to those of the rich, because Sir W. Meyer had earnestly pleaded that his financial proposal was intended to obviate such injustice. As English democrats are jealous of the rights of the poor, these episodes are likely to be treated as object lessons when Parliament discusses Mr. Montagu's proposals.

Classes and Masses.

It was represented to Mr. Montagu by the leaders of certain communities that in the present social condition of India, Home Rule would lead to the oppression of the poor by the rich, of the depressed by the higher castes. Sir W. Meyer's proposal was thrown out because, though indirectly and to a small extent, it brought agricultural income within the purview of the Income-tax Act, which exempts the income taxed under the land revenue system. Where inequalities exist under the existing system of taxation, remedies may indeed be devised, and Home Rulers will do well to suggest how the feat may be accomplished.

If old promises favoured certain classes, new promises may favour others. Taxation always causes a sense of invidiousness and injustice and it is not easy to please all classes. We are likely to hear more of these disputes after the war. Home Rulers acted wisely in mustering strong at the last annual conference of the Depressed Classes Mission under the presidency of H. H. the Gackwar.

* * *

Abolition of Untouchability.

It is a peculiar feature of Hindu social life that millions of people cannot be touched by the higher castes. Mohamedans, Christians and others are entitled to say that the prejudices of a few high caste Hindus should not stand in the way of the political progress of the general community. The Sankaracharya of the Karavira Matha, an enlightened Hindu ecclesiastic, sympathises with the idea of "abolishing untouchability" in most cases, but he would allow priests to maintain their ceremonial cleanliness according to their own notions. These priests, it may be added, would not touch a European or a Musalman. The Depressed Classes may propose to attach certain political disabilities to such prejudices, for the Indian population does not consist of high caste Hindus only. It is, however, incumbent on the high castes to remove a social stigma which affects the economic condition of millions.

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